00065918

BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from

H.T. Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 28 December, 2018

THE LAND OF THE BOXERS

CAPT. PELL CAPT. PHILLIPS COL. O'SULLIVAN

LIEUT. STEEL GEN. BARROW GEN. SIR A. GASELEE, K.C.B.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND STAFF OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN NORTH CHINA

THE LAND OF THE BOXERS

OR

CHINA UNDER THE ALLIES

BY

CAPTAIN GORDON CASSERLY

INDIAN ARMY

65918

WITH 15 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A PLAN

2x6 1-2

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

1903

All rights reserved

c915.1
ear/kan
65918

TO

THE OFFICERS

OF THE

AMERICAN AND BRITISH

NAVAL AND MILITARY FORCES

IN CHINA

PREFACE

WRITTEN many thousand miles from the ever-troubled land of China, with no opportunity for reference, this book doubtless contains many errors, for which the reader's indulgence is asked. The criticisms of the various armies are not the result of my own unaided impressions, but a *résumé* of the opinions of the many officers of the different contingents with whom I conversed on the subject.

My thanks are due to Sir Richard Harrison, K.C.B., Inspector-General of Fortifications, who served with the Allied Army which captured Pekin in 1860, for his courtesy in permitting me to use some of the excellent photographs taken by the Photo Section, Royal Engineers.

THE AUTHOR

LONDON, 1903

Its transport system in China—Splendid infantry—The courage of the Japanese—Excellence of their Intelligence Department—Its working—The East sown with their agents—The discipline of the Japanese soldiers—Their bravery in action—Moderation in victory—Friendship for our sepoys—The American troops—Continental criticism—The American army of the future—Gallantry of the Americans at the capture of Tientsin—General Dorward's praise—Friendship between the American and British troops—Discomfiture of an English subaltern—The Italians—Holland's imposing contingent—The Indian army—A revelation to the world—Indian troops acting alone—Fighting qualities of the various races—The British officers of the Indian army—Organisation of an Indian regiment—Indian cavalry—Loyalty of the sepoy . . . . . *pages* 34-63

CHAPTER IV

PEKIN

To the capital—The railway journey—Von Waldersee's introduction to our Royal Horse Artillery—The Temple of Heaven—The Temples of the Sun and Moon—The Centre of the Universe—The Chien Mên Gate—Legation Street—The Hôtel du Nord—Description of Pekin—The famous walls—The Tartar City—The Imperial City—The Forbidden City—Coal Hill—The Ming Pagoda—The streets of Pekin—A visit to the Legations—The siege—Pekin mud—A wet day—A princely palace—Chong Wong Foo—A visit to the Forbidden City—The Imperial eunuchs—Seated on the Emperor's throne—His Majesty's harem—A quaint notice—A giant bronze—The Imperial apartments—The Emperor's bedroom—The Empress-Dowager's pavilion—Musical-boxes and toys—Her Majesty's bed—The Imperial Garden—The view from Coal Hill . . . . . *pages* 64-94

CHAPTER V

RAMBLES IN PEKIN

The Peitan—Defence of the Cathedral—A prelate of the Church militant—A gallant defence—Aspect of Pekin after the restoration of order—A stroll down Ha-ta-man Street—Street scenes—Peddlers—Jugglers—Peep-shows and a shock—A dancing bear—Shoeing a pony—The sorrows of a Pekin shopkeeper—Silk and fan shops—A pottery store—A market-place—A chaffering crowd—Beggars—The Legation wall—Visit to the Great Lama Temple

—The outer gate—The first court—Lama priests—Rapacious beggars—The central temple—Colossal statue of Buddha—The lesser temples—Improper gods—Photographing the priests—The Temple of Confucius—A bare interior—A visit to a Pekin *cloisonné* factory—Method of manufacture—Deft artists—Firing—The enamel—The humiliation of China—The standards of the victors . . . . . *pages* 95-114

CHAPTER VI

THE SUMMER PALACE

Our ponies—The ride through the streets—Evil-smelling lanes—The walls—The shattered gate-towers—The Japanese guard—The taking of the City and relief of the Legations—The paved high-road—A fertile country—The villages—A ruined temple—Bengal Lancers and Mounted Infantrymen—A ride through the fields—Distant view of the palace—The ornamental gate—The entrance—The sepoy guard—The outer courtyard—Bronzes on the temple verandah—A network of courts—Royal Artillery mess in the pavilion that had served as the Emperor's prison—The shaded courtyard—Officers' quarters looking out on the lake—A marble-walled lake—Lotos—Boats—A walk round the lake—The covered terrace—The Bersagliere guard—Pretty summer-houses—The Empress's temples—The marble junk—A marble bridge—Lunch in a monarch's prison—The hill over the lake—A lovely view—The Hall of Ten Thousand Ages—Vandalism—Shattered Buddhas—The Bronze Pagoda—The island—The distant hills—Summer quarters of the British Legation—The ride back—Tropical rain—Flooded streets—A swim *pages* 115-132

CHAPTER VII

A TRIP TO SHANHAIKWAN

A long journey—The junction at Tong-ku—Mud flats—A fertile country—Walled villages—Mud forts—Defended stations—The canal—Tong-shan—The refreshment room—The coal mines—Hills—Roving brigands—Shanhaikwan—Stranded at the station—Borrowing a bed—Hunting for a meal—A Continental café—Spatch-cocks—A woman without pride—A mosquito concert with refreshments—Rigging up a net—A surprise for the British and Russian station officers—A midnight introduction—An admiring Russian—Kind hospitality—Good Samaritans—The Gurkha mess—Fording a stream—A Russian cart—The Great Wall of

China—Snipe—The forts—The old camp—The walls of the city—On the cliffs by the sea—The arrival of the Japanese fleet—A shock for a Russian dinner-party—The sea frozen in winter—A cricket match—Shooting snipe on the cricket pitch—Dining with my Russian friends—Vodki—Mixed drinks—The wily Russian and the Newchwang railway—Tea à la Russe—Heavy rain—The line flooded—Cossacks on a raft—Cut off from everywhere—An orderly of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry—A sowar's opinion of the Russian invasion of India—Collapsed houses—Friendly scene between Japanese soldiers and our sepoys—The floods subside—The return—Smuggling arms—Lieutenant Stirling, D.S.O.

pages 133–168

CHAPTER VIII

OUR STRONGHOLD IN THE FAR EAST

HONG KONG AND THE KOWLOON HINTERLAND

Importance of Hong Kong as a naval and military base—An object-lesson of Empire—Its marvellous rise—The constant menace of famine—Cause of Hong Kong's prosperity—Its geographical position—An archipelago—Approaching Hong Kong by sea—First view of Victoria—A crowded harbour—The mainland—The Kowloon Peninsula—The city of Victoria—Queen's Road—Shops, hotels, banks—The City Hall—The palatial club—The Brigade Parade Ground—The base Commissariat Officer, Major Williams, I.S.C.—The Naval Dockyard—Sir Francis Powell, K.C.M.G.—Barracks and Arsenal—The Happy Valley—A *memento mori*—The polo ground—Lyeemoon Pass—The southern side of the Island—The Peak—The cable tramway—View from the Peak—The residential quarter—The floating population of Hong Kong—The sampans—Their dangers in the past—The rising suburb of Kowloon—The Hong Kong regiment—The docks—The Chinese city of Kowloon—Street scenes in Hong Kong—Social amusements of the colony—Society in Hong Kong and Kowloon—The Kowloon Peninsula—Danger to Hong Kong averted by its possession—Character of the peninsula—The frontier—The Chinese territory beyond it—The taking over of the Hinterland in 1898—A small campaign—The chances of a land invasion of Hong Kong—The garrison of Hong Kong—Advisability of mounted infantry . . . *pages* 169–201

CHAPTER IX

ON COLUMN IN SOUTHERN CHINA

A camp on the British frontier—Fears of outbreaks in Canton—The Black Flags—Alarm in Hong Kong—General Gaselee's troops diverted to Hong Kong and Shanghai—His authority among the Allies weakened in consequence—Wild rumours in Canton—The reform party in the south—The Triads—Rebellion in the Kwang-tung province—Admiral Ho—Troops despatched from Hong Kong to guard the frontier—The Frontier Field Force—Its composition—The departure of the column—A picturesque voyage—An Imperial Chinese Customs gunboat—The Samchun River—War junks—Our first camp—Admiral Ho's army—Consternation among the Chinese troops—They march away—No official maps of the Hinterland—A Customs station—Britishers in danger—Chinese-made modern guns—A false alarm—A phantom battle—Chinese fireworks—A smart trick at the storming of the Peiyang Arsenal—A visit to Samchun—A game of bluff—Taking tea with a mandarin—Round the town—Cockroaches as a luxury—A Yankee Chinaman—A grateful escort—Terrified Chinese soldiers—An official visit to a mandarin—Southern Chinese soldiers—The Imperial troops in the north—A real alarm—A night raid—A disappointment . . . *pages* 202–230

CHAPTER X

IN THE PORTUGUESE COLONY OF MACAO

Early history of Macao—Its decay—A source of danger to Hong Kong—Fleet of the Hong Kong, Canton, and Macao Steamboat Company—The *Heungshan* and its passengers—Guarding against piracy—Macao from the sea—An awkward Chinaman—The Boa Vista Hotel—View over the city—The Praia Grande—Around the peninsula—In the Public Gardens—Administration of Macao—A night alarm—A mutinous regiment—Portuguese and Macaese society—A visit to the Governor—An adventure with the police—An arrest—Insolent treatment of British subjects—Redress—An arrest in Japan—Chinese gambling-houses—*Fan-tan*—The sights of Macao . . . . *pages* 231–255

CHAPTER XI

A GLIMPSE OF CANTON

Hostility of Canton to foreigners—The scare in 1900—History of Canton's relations with the outer world—Its capture and occupation by the English and French—The foreign settlement—The river journey from Hong Kong to Canton—River scenes at Canton—A floating city—Description of Canton—The streets—A visit to the shops—Feather workers—Ivory carvers—Embroidery shops—Temple of the Five Hundred Genii—Marco Polo among the gods—The prison—The *cangue*—Insolent prisoners—Chinese punishments—Death of a Thousand Cuts—The Temple of Horrors—The Examination Hall—Shameen—The English and French concessions—Foreign gunboats—The trade of Canton—French designs—Energy of their consuls—Our weak forbearance—An attack on Canton by river and by land . *pages* 256-278

CHAPTER XII

CHINA—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

At England's mercy in the past—An easy and tempting prize—Patriotism unknown—The Chinaman's wonderful love of his family—Causes of his want of patriotism—His indifference as to his rulers—The Chinese abroad—Hatred of foreigners in China—Its causes—This hatred common to all classes—A substitute for the non-existent patriotism—Can we blame the Chinese?—A comparison—If England were like China—Our country invaded by Chinese, Coreans, Siamese, and Kamschatkans—The missionaries in China—The gospel of love becomes the doctrine of revenge—The China of the present—Tyranny and corruption—What the future may prove—Japan's example—Japan in the past and now—What she is China may become—Intelligence of the Chinese—Their success in other countries—The Chinaman as a soldier—Splendid material—Examples: the Boxers; the Regulars who attacked Seymour and Tientsin; the military students at Tientsin; the behaviour of our Chinese Regiment under fire—Heavy losses among the Allies in the beginning of the campaign—Comparison of the Egyptian fellaheen—The Chinese army of the future—A reformed Empire *pages* 279-298

INDEX . . . . . *pages* 299-307

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND STAFF OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN NORTH CHINA . . . . *Frontispiece*

PLAN OF PEKIN xvi

EUROPEAN CONCESSIONS, TIENTSIN, AND THE PEIHO RIVER . . 17

EXECUTION OF A BOXER BY THE FRENCH 28

PUBLIC GARDENS AND GORDON HALL IN THE VICTORIA ROAD, ENGLISH CONCESSION 28

FRENCH COLONIAL INFANTRY MARCHING THROUGH THE FRENCH CONCESSION, TIENTSIN 38

GERMAN OFFICERS WELCOMING FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON WALDERSEE AT THE RAILWAY STATION, TIENTSIN . . 38

UNITED STATES CAVALRYMAN 51

GERMAN AND INDIAN SOLDIERS 56

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON WALDERSEE REVIEWING THE ALLIED TROOPS IN PEKIN 68

A STREET IN THE CHINESE CITY, PEKIN 72

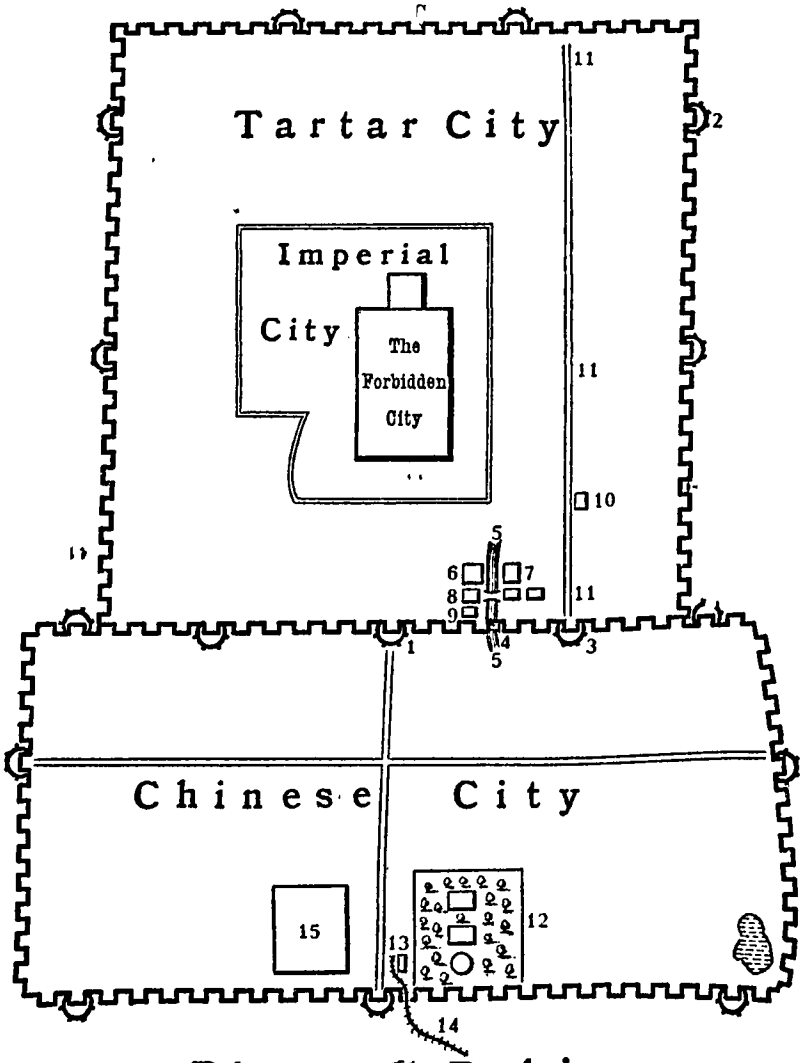
FRONT FACE OF THE DEFENCES OF THE LEGATIONS . . . 78

GROUNDS OF THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKIN 107

A STREET IN THE TARTAR CITY, PEKIN, AFTER HEAVY RAIN . . 127

THE MARBLE JUNK 127

THE CANGUE 269



Plan of Pekin.

Gates.

1. Chien Mên Gate. 2. Tung-Chi Gate, attacked by the Japanese. 3. Ha-ta-man Gate. 4. The Water-gate, a tunnel in the Wall between the Tartar and Chinese cities. By this the Indian troops entered the Legations. 5, 5. Nullah draining the Tartar City. 6. The English Legation. 7. The Japanese Legation. 8. The Russian Legation. 9. The American Legation. 10. The Hotel du Nord. 11, 11, 11. Ha-ta-man Street. 12. The Temple of Heaven. 13. Temporary railway station. 14. Railway line passing through a breach in the Wall 15. The Temple of Agriculture, occupied by the Americans.

THE LAND OF THE BOXERS

CHAPTER I

FROM WEI-HAI-WEI TO TIENTSIN

OUR transport steamed over a glassy sea along the bold and rugged coast of Shan-tung in Northern China. Ahead of us, a confused jumble of hills dark against the setting sun, lay Wei-hai-wei.* A German steamer homeward bound from Chifu dipped her flag to the blue ensign with crossed swords flying at our peak. Close inshore an occasional junk, with weird outlines and quaint sail, lay becalmed. On our deck, lying in easy-chairs, were a dozen officers of various branches of the Service, all bound for Pekin. Some were fresh from South African battlefields, others were there whose soldiering had been done in India or in Burma.

Among our number was a well-known and popular military chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Hardy,

* Pronounced "Way high way."

author of the famous *How to be Happy though Married.* A living testimony to the success of his own theory, he was the most genial and delightful shipmate I have ever met. Dowered with all an Irishman's wit and humour, he had been the life and soul of everyone on board. He had recently arrived in Hong Kong from Europe, having travelled across America, where his studied carelessness of dress and wild, untrimmed beard had been a constant source of wonderment to the smart citizens of the United States. "In Salt Lake City," he told us, "a stranger addressed me one day in my hotel. 'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'would you oblige me and my friends at this table by deciding a small bet we have made?' 'I fear I shall be of little use,' replied Mr. Hardy; 'I have only just reached your city.' 'Not at all. The bet is about yourself. We can't make out which of three things you are—a Mormon elder, a Boer General, or a Scotchman.' And, faith," added our Irish *padré* when he told us the tale, "I think I felt most insulted at their last guess."

The sun went down slowly behind a chain of rugged hills. But soon before us, set in a silver sea, the island of Wei-hai-wei rose dark and sombre under a glorious moon. In the glistening water lay the dim shapes of several warships, their black hulls pierced with gleaming portholes. On their decks, bright with electric lamps, bands were playing, their strains swelling louder and louder as

we drew near. Far off the hills of the mainland stood out sharply against the sky, with here and there below a twinkling light from the villages or the barracks of the Chinese Regiment.

As our steamer rounded a long, low point, on which lay a deserted fort, every line distinct in the brilliant moonlight, the town came into view. The houses nestled down close to the water's edge, while above them the island rose in gentle slope to a conical peak. Our anchor plunged sullenly into the sea, and we lay at rest in England's most Eastern harbour. Considerations of quarantine prevented us from going ashore, and we were forced to wait for daylight to see what the place was like.

Early on deck next morning we watched the mists fade away until Wei-hai-wei stood revealed in the strong light of the sun. Our latest possession in the East consists of a small island, called Liu-Kung-tao, on which stands the town. It lies about four miles from the mainland, of which a few hundred square miles has been leased to England. The harbour is sheltered to the south by the hills on the coast, to the north by the island. It affords ample anchorage for a large fleet, but could not be adequately defended without a large expenditure. During the China-Japan War the Chinese fleet sheltered in it until routed out by the Japanese torpedo boats; while the Japanese army marched along the heights of the mainland, seized the forts

on them, and, turning their guns on the island, forced its surrender.

At the end of the island, round which our transport had passed, was a small peninsula, on which stood the fort we had seen. Dismantled now, it was unused by the present garrison. Close by, on reclaimed land, lay the recreation ground; and even at the early hour at which we saw it, tennis and cricket were in full swing. Just above it, in that close proximity of life and death found ever in the East, was the cemetery, where many crosses and tombstones showed already the price we pay for empire. Near at hand was the magazine, over which a Royal Marine sentry watched. Below, to the right, lay the Naval Dockyard with a pier running out into the harbour, one destroyer alongside it, another moored a short distance out. Along the sea-front and rising in tier after tier stood well-built stone Chinese houses, which now, large-windowed and improved, serve as residences, shops, and offices for Europeans. A staring whitewashed wall bore the inscription in big, black letters, "Ah Ting. Naval Dairy Farm." A picturesque, open-work wall with Chinese summer-houses at either end enclosed the Club. Farther on, a little above the harbour, stone steps through walled terraces led up to the Headquarter Office, once the Yamen—a long row of single-storied houses with a quaint gateway, on either side of which were painted grim Chinese figures of heroic size. On the terrace in

front stood some large Krupp guns with shields, taken in the present campaign. The Queen's House, as these buildings are called, divides the naval from the military quarter of the town, the latter lying to the right. A few good European bungalows sheltered the General, the Commanding Royal Engineer, and the local representative of the famous firm of Jardine, Mathieson, and Company. In the lines of Chinese houses close by were the residences of the military officers and the hotel. To the right stacks of fodder proclaimed the presence of the Indian Commissariat. Past open ground lay a small camp and a few more houses.

Above the town the island rises in terraced slopes to the summit, four to six hundred feet high, the regular outline of which was broken by mounds of upturned earth that marked the beginning of a new fort. On the hillside are long stone walls with gates at intervals, which date from the Chinese occupation, built by them, not to keep the enemy out in time of war, but to keep their own soldiers in. Well-laid roads lead to the summit or round the island. The slopes are green with small shrubs and grass, but nothing worthy of the name of tree is apparent. Towards the eastern end were the rifle-ranges, near which a fort was being constructed.

In the harbour was a powerful squadron of British battleships and cruisers; for Wei-hai-wei is the summer rendezvous of our fleet in Chinese waters.

To the south the mainland lay in a semicircle. Rugged, barren hills rise abruptly—in many places almost from the water's edge. Where the ground slopes more gently back from the sea lines of substantial stone barracks have been erected for the Chinese Regiment, with excellent officers' quarters and a good mess. Nestling among trees—almost the only ones to be seen on the iron-bound coast—lies a large village. East of it a long triangle of embrasured stone wall—the base on the shore, the apex half-way up the hill behind—guards the original town of Wei-hai-wei, which still owns Chinese sovereignty, though all the country round is British territory. A few good bungalows and a large and well-built hotel mark where the future Brighton of North China has already begun to claim a recognition; for in the summer months the European residents of Tientsin, Pekin, even of Shanghai are commencing to congregate there in search of cool breezes and a healthy climate. High up above all towers the chain of rugged hills from whose summits the victorious Japanese gazed down on the wrecked Chinese fleet and the battered forts of the island. Behind it, forty miles away, lies the little-known treaty port of Chifu with its prosperous foreign settlement.

The day advanced. From the warships in the harbour the bugle-calls rang out merrily in the morning air, answered by the brazen clangour of the trumpets of the Royal Artillery ashore. The rattle

of musketry came from the rifle-ranges, where squads of marines were firing. Along the sea-front tramped a guard of the Chinese Regiment. Clad in khaki with blue putties and straw hats, they marched with a soldierly swing to the Queen's House, climbed the steps, and disappeared in the gateway. Coolies laboured at the new fortifications. Boats shot out from the pier and headed for the warships. Volumes of dense black smoke poured from the chimneys of the condensing works—for no water fit for drinking is found on the island. A cruiser steamed out from her moorings to gun-practice in the bay. And hour after hour we waited for the coming of the Health Officer, who alone could allow us to land. But, instead, the Transport Officer arrived, bearing orders for the ship to start at once for Taku. And so, with never a chance for us to go ashore, the anchor rumbled up and out we headed by the eastern passage. As we steamed out to sea we passed the tiny Sun Island, merely a deserted fort, still showing how cruelly battered and torn it had been by the Japanese shells. Round the steep north side of the island we swung and shaped our course for Taku in the track of the Allied Fleets that had swept in vengeful haste over those same waters to the merited punishment of China. All that day we passed along a rocky and mountainous coast and in among islands of strange and fantastic shape. Here an elephant, there a lion, carved in stone lay in slumber on the placid

sea. Yonder a camel reposed in Nirvana-like abstraction. On one islet, the only sign of life or human habitation we saw, stood a lighthouse, like unto lighthouses all the world over.

Next morning we awoke to find the ship at anchor. "Taku at last," was the cry; and, pyjama clad, we rushed on deck. To see what? Where *was* Taku? All around a heaving, troubled waste of muddy sea, bearing on its bosom the ponderous shapes of warships — British, French, Russian, German, Austrian, Italian, Japanese. Close by, a fleet of merchantmen flying the red ensign, the horizontal stripes of the "Vaterland," or the red ball on white ground of the marvellous little islands that claim to be the England of the Far East. Tugs and lighters were making for a German transport, the decks of which were crowded with soldiers. But of land not a sign. For the roadstead of Taku is so shallow that no ship of any considerable draught can approach the shore, and we were then ten miles out from the coast. Passengers and cargo must be taken ashore in tugs and lighters. Only those who have seen the place can appreciate the difficulties under which the transport officers of the various armies laboured in landing men, horses, guns, and the necessary vast stores of every description. And Captain Elderton, Royal Indian Marine, well deserved the D.S.O. which rewarded him for the excellent work he performed at the beginning of the

campaign; when, having successfully conveyed our expedition ashore, he was able to lend invaluable assistance to the troops of many of the Allies.

The bar at the mouth of the Peiho River, which flows into the sea at Taku, can only be crossed at high tide; so we were forced to remain on board until the afternoon. Then, embarking on a launch that had come out to meet us, we steamed in to the land through a rough and tumbling sea. As we drew near, the low-lying shore rose into view. On each side of the entrance to the Peiho ran long lines of solid earthworks — the famous Taku Forts. Taken in reverse and bombarded by the gunboats lying in the river, gallantly assaulted by landing parties from the Allied Fleets, which, owing to the shallowness of the water, could lend no other assistance, they fell after a desperate struggle, and now from their ramparts flew the flags of the conquering nations. Here paced an Italian sentry, there a Russian soldier leaned on a quick-firing Krupp gun; for the forts were armed with the most modern ordnance. The red coat of a British marine or the white clothing of a group of Japanese artillerymen lent a few specks of bright colour to the dingy earthworks.

Close to the entrance of the Peiho stands a tall stone building; near it is the Taku Pilots' Club, their houses, comfortable bungalows, close at hand. Between flat, marshy shores the river

winds, its banks crowded with mud huts. Farther up we passed a small dock, in which lay a gunboat flying the Russian flag. Then more gunboats—American, French, and Japanese. A few miles from the mouth of the river is Tong-ku, the terminus of the Tientsin-Pekin Railway. At the outset of the campaign all nationalities, except the British, had chosen this for their landing-place and established their depôts here. As we steamed past, we looked on a scene of restless activity. Russian, French, German, and Italian soldiers were busy disembarking stores and *matériel* from the lighters alongside, loading railway trucks in the temporary sidings, entraining horses and guns. The English, more practical, had selected a landing-place a few miles farther up, at Hsin-ho. Here they found themselves in sole occupation, and the confusion inevitable among so many different nationalities was consequently absent. An excellent wharf had been built, large storehouses erected, and a siding constructed from a temporary station on the railway. Hsin-ho was our destination. Our launch stopped at the quay, alongside which two shallow-draught steamers and a fleet of lighters were lying. Men of the Coolie Corps were hard at work; close by stood a guard of the stalwart Punjaub sepoys of the Hong Kong Regiment. Overhead flew the Union Jack.

Our luggage was speedily disembarked. Most of our fellow-passengers, learning that a train for

Tientsin was due to leave almost at once, hurried off to the railway station, about a mile away. Three of us of the same regiment were met by a brother officer, who was in charge of a detachment at Hsin-ho. He offered us the hospitality of the station mess, composed of those employed on various duties at the place; and, desirous of seeing how the work of the disembarkation of a large force was carried out, we determined to remain for the night.

We visited Tong-ku that afternoon, and found a marked difference in the methods prevailing there and at Hsin-ho. The presence of so many different nationalities naturally entailed great confusion. At the railway station a very babel of languages resounded on every side.

One truck with German stores had to be detached from a goods train and sent down one siding; the next, with French cavalry horses, sent down another; a Russian and an Italian officer disputed the ownership of a third. Lost baggage-guards stood disconsolate or wandered round aimlessly until rescued by their transport officers. Detachments of Continental troops stood helplessly waiting for someone to conduct them to their proper trains. Disorder reigned supreme.

At Hsin-ho everything proceeded without confusion. It might have been an up-country station in the heart of India. Comfortable huts had been built for the detachment responsible for the guard

duties; and the various details were equally well accommodated. The military officers had established themselves in a stone house that had formerly been the quarters of a railway engineer. The Royal Indian Marine officers in charge of the naval transport had settled down with the readiness with which sailors adapt themselves to shore life. A line of felt-roofed, mud huts had been turned by them into an excellent mess and quarters. A raised terrace looked down on a tennis-court, on the far side of which a pond in the mud flats, stretching away to the horizon, boasted a couple of canoes. From a tall flagstaff that stood on the terrace floated the blue ensign and Star of India of their Service.

The railway siding ran past large and well-built storehouses. On the river bank long lines of mules were picketed, looking in excellent condition despite the hard work they had gone through. In a little cutting in the bank was an old and tiny steam tug, which had been turned into a condenser for drinking-water. Everything was trim and tidy. The work of disembarking the stores from the lighters in the river and putting them into the railway trucks almost alongside went on in perfect order, all in marked contrast to the confusion that prevailed at Tong-ku.

Early next morning we were *en route* for Tientsin. My brother officers and I tramped down through awful mud to the long platform which was

dignified by the title of "Hsin-ho Railway Station." A small house close by sheltered the railway employees and the telegraph staff, signallers of the Army Telegraph Department.

The train from the Tong-ku terminus soon appeared, and as it steamed in presented a—to us—novel appearance. Leaning out of the windows was a motley crowd of many nationalities. Out of one appeared the heads of a boyish Cossack and a bearded Sikh. The next displayed the chubby face of a German soldier beside the dark features of an Italian sailor. When the train stopped, a smart Australian bluejacket stepped out of the brake-van. He was the guard. In the corridor cars were Yagers, Austrian sailors, brawny American soldiers, baggy-trousered Zouave and red-breeched Chasseur d'Afrique. Sturdy little Japanese infantrymen sat beside tall Bengal Lancers. A small Frenchman chatted volubly with a German trooper from the Lost Provinces. Smart Tommy Atkins gazed in wondering disdain at the smaller Continental soldiers, or listened with an amused smile to the vitriolic comments of a Yankee friend on the manners and appearance of "those darned Dagoes." And among them, perfectly at his ease, sat the imperturbable Chinaman, apparently a little bored but otherwise quite uninterested in the "foreign devils."

The first-class carriages were filled with the officers of every nation whose flag now waved on

Chinese soil. Russians in white coats with flat caps and gold shoulder-straps sat side by side with khaki-clad Britishers; Italian officers in yellow; Frenchmen in every shade of supposed-to-be khaki; Germans with silver belts and sashes; Japanese with many medals and enamelled decorations on their breasts. As we entered our carriage we touched our helmets to the previous occupants—a salute which was punctiliously returned by everyone present. Settling ourselves in our seats, our interest was at first fully absorbed by the various uniforms around us; and it was some time before we could devote our attention to the scenery through which we were passing.

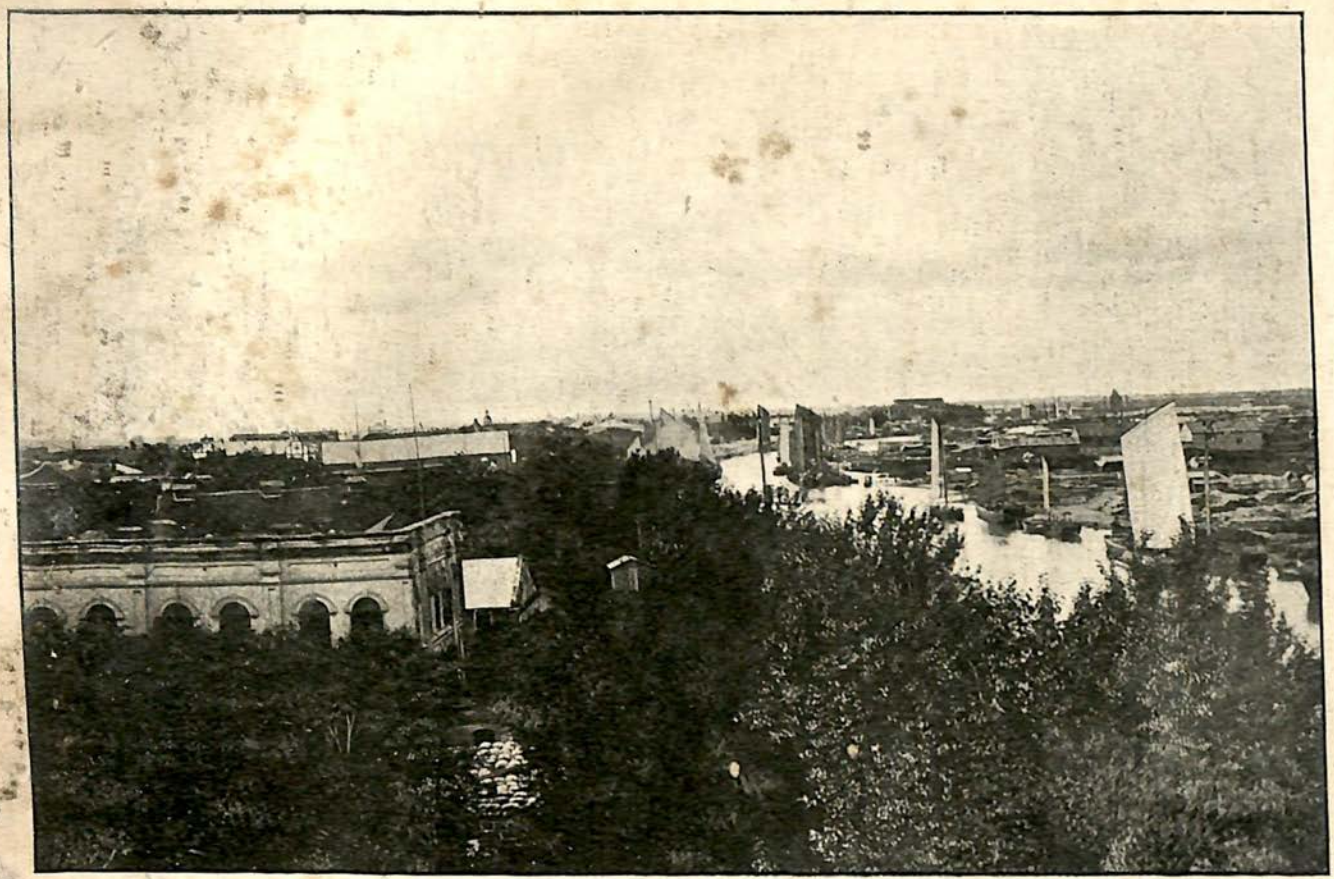
The train ran first over wide-stretching mud flats, then through a level, monotonous country, flooded or covered with high crops; and, barely seen above the tall vegetation, here and there roofless houses and ruined villages showed the track of war. At every bridge and culvert stood a tent with a guard of an Indian regiment, the sentry presenting arms as the train passed. The stations along the line were numerous. Over their stone buildings floated the Union Jack, for the railway was now in British hands. On each platform the same scene presented itself. The English Staff Officer in khaki and red-banded forage cap; the stalwart Indian sentry; a varied mob of French and German soldiers, Sikhs, Mussulmans, Chinese.

The fields of luxuriant, waving grain stretched

away to the rim of the distant horizon. A trail of smoke, the tall masts of junks showed where the river wound in frequent bends. At length we passed the extensive buildings and high chimneys of the Chinese Arsenal, captured by our marines and held by the Russians; and above the trees towers and domes told that we were nearing Tientsin. Then through a gap in a big earthen wall that is twenty miles in circumference, past many sidings and long lines of iron trucks and waggons with bullet-marked sides, eloquent of fierce fighting, we ran into the station.

A commonplace, uninteresting place at first sight —just the ordinary railway station with the usual sheds, iron bridge, offices, refreshment-room. Yet here, not long before, white men and yellow had closed in deadly struggle, and the rails and platforms had been dyed red with the blood of heroes. The sides of the iron water-tank, the walls of the engine-house, were patched and repaired; for shells from the most modern guns had rained on them for days. The stone walls were loopholed and bullet-splashed. Many of the buildings were roofless, their shattered ruins attesting the accuracy of the Chinese gunners. At yonder corner the fanatical Boxers had burst in a wild night attack, and even European soldiers had retreated before the fury of their onslaught. But the men of the hitherto untried Hong Kong Regiment, sturdy sons of the Punjaub plains or Frontier hills, had swept down

on them with the cold steel and bayoneted them in and under the trucks; until even Chinese fanaticism could stand it no longer and the few survivors fled in the friendly darkness. For that brave exploit, the Subhedar Major of the corps now wears the Star of the Indian Empire. From the mud walls of that village, scarce two hundred yards away, the European-drilled Imperial troops, armed with the latest magazine rifles, had searched with deadly aim every yard of open ground over which the defenders advanced. Across this ditch the Boxers, invincible in their mad belief, had swarmed in the face of a murderous fire, and filled it with their dead. Not a foot of ground in that prosaic railway station but had its tale of desperate fanaticism or disciplined valour



EUROPEAN CONCESSIONS, TIENTSIN, AND THE PEIHO RIVER

CHAPTER II

TIENTSIN

THE foreign settlement of Tientsin and the Chinese city are entirely separate, and lie some distance apart. The former, resembling more a European town than an alien lodgment in the heart of the Celestial Empire, boasts wide roads and well-kept streets, large offices and lofty warehouses, good public buildings and comfortable villas, a racecourse and a polo-ground. It is divided into the Concessions of the various nationalities, of which the English, in size and mercantile importance, is easily first. The difference between it and the next largest—the French—is very marked. The latter, though possessing a few good streets, several hotels, and at least one long business thoroughfare with fine shops, speaks all too plainly of stagnation. The British quarter, bustling, crowded, tells just as clearly of thriving trade. In it are found most of the banks, the offices of the more considerable merchants, and all the municipal buildings.

The Chinese city, perhaps, has more charm for the lover of the picturesque, though it is less interesting now than formerly, since the formidable

embrasured wall surrounding it has been pulled down by order of the Allied generals. In it stands a grim memento of another outburst of fanaticism against the hated foreigner—the ruins of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, destroyed by the Chinese in 1870. The city itself is like unto all other Celestial cities. Narrow lanes, low houses, ill-kept thoroughfares, gaudiness and dirt intermingled, stench and filth abominable. To it, however, was wont to go the seeker after curiosities, choice silks, or rich furs from Manchuria and Corea. But the retributive looting that fell on it after its capture has left it bare indeed.

On the platform of the railway station almost the first friendly face we saw was that of perhaps the best-known man in North China, Major Whittal, Hyderabad Contingent. Interpreter in Russian, fluent in French and German, his linguistic abilities had been responsible for his appointment to the scarcely enviable post of Railway Staff Officer at Tientsin. In a town that held the headquarters of every foreign army, where troops and stores of all kinds were despatched or arrived daily in charge of representatives of the different forces, such a position required the possession of a genius for organisation and infinite tact and patience. Even as we greeted him, French, Russian, or German officers and soldiers crowded round, to harry him with questions in divers tongues or propound problems as to the departure of troop trains or

the disposal of waggons loaded with supplies for their respective armies. The Britisher is usually supposed to be the least versed of any in foreign languages. But the Continental officers were very much surprised to find how many linguists we boasted in our expeditionary force. At every important railway station we had a staff officer who was an interpreter in one or more European languages. There were many who had passed examinations in Chinese. A French major remarked to me one day: "*Voilà, monsieur*, we have always thought that an Englishman knows no tongue but his own. Yet we find but few of your officers who cannot converse with us in ours. Not all well, certainly; but, on the other hand, how many of us can talk with you in English? Scarcely any. And many of you speak Russian, German, or Italian." It was not the only surprising fact they learned about the hitherto despised Anglo-Indian army.

Leaving Major Whittal surrounded by a polyglot crowd, and handing over the luggage to our sword orderlies, we seated ourselves in rickshas and set out in search of quarters. The European settlement is separated from the railway station by the Peiho River. We crossed over a bridge of boats, which swings aside to allow the passage of vessels up or down. At either end stood a French sentry, to stop the traffic when the bridge was about to open. The stream was crowded with junks loaded with stores for the various armies, and flying

the flag of the nation in whose service they were employed. A steamer lay at a wharf—an unusual sight, for few ships of any draught can safely overcome the difficulties of the shallow river. Along the far bank ran a broad road, known as the Bund, bordered with well-built warehouses and offices. Some of these bore eloquent testimony to the severity of the Chinese shell fire during the siege. The Tricolour flew over the first houses we passed, for the French Concession lies nearest the station. At the gates of those buildings, used as barracks, lounged men of the Infanterie Coloniale, clad in loose white or blue uniforms, with large and clumsy helmets. A few hundred yards farther down we reached the English settlement, and turned up a wide street, in which was situated the fine official residence of the British Consul-General. We arrived at last at the mess of the Hong Kong Regiment, where two of us were to find quarters. It stood in a narrow lane surrounded by houses shattered by shells during the siege. Close by were the messes of the Royal Welch Fusiliers and the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry in dark and gloomy Chinese buildings.

In the afternoon we paid our first visit to the Tientsin Club. It was crowded with representatives of almost every nationality. Britishers, Americans, French, Russians, and Austrians were clinking glasses amid a chorus of "A votre santé!" "Good health!" "Svatches doróvia!" and "Here's how!"

Even an occasional smart little Japanese officer was to be seen. Naval uniforms were almost as much in evidence as military garb; for the officers of the Allied Fleets lying off Taku varied the monotony of riding at anchor, out of sight of the land, by an occasional run ashore and a visit to Tientsin and Pekin. The utmost good fellowship prevailed among the different nationalities. French was the usual medium of intercourse between Continental officers and those of the English-speaking races. Britishers might be seen labouring through the intricacies of the irregular verbs which had vexed their brains during schooldays, or lamenting their neglect to keep up their early acquaintance with the language of diplomacy and international courtesy. The bond of a common tongue drew the Americans and the English still more closely together, and the greatest friendship existed between all ranks of both nationalities. The heroic bravery of the sailors and soldiers of the great Republic of the West earned the praise and admiration of their British comrades, who were justly proud of the kinship that was more marked than ever during those days when the Stars and Stripes flew side by side with the Union Jack. The famous saying of the American commodore, "Blood is stronger than water," and the timely aid given by him to our imperilled sailors in this same vexed land of China, were green in our memory. The language difficulty unfortunately prevented much intercourse

with the Japanese officers. Some of them, however, were acquainted with English, and these were readily welcomed by British and Americans.

The club stands in the broad, tree-shaded Victoria Road. Next to it is the Gordon Hall, a handsome structure famous as the refuge of the women and children during the bombardment. It contains a theatre and a public library, and is the scene of most of the festivities in Tientsin. Before its door stands an object-lesson of the siege—two small guns of Seymour's gallant column flanked by enormous shells captured from the Chinese. The two tall towers were a conspicuous mark for the hostile artillerymen, as was the even loftier German Club facing it. Close by are the small but pretty Public Gardens, where, in the afternoons, the bands of the various regiments used to play. Nearer the French Concession stands a large hotel, the Astor House; its long verandah was the favourite resort of the foreign officers. The groups in varied uniforms sitting round the small marble tables gave it the appearance of a Continental *café*—an illusion not dispelled by the courtesy which prevailed. As each new-comer entered he saluted the company present, who all rose and bowed in reply.

Behind the Victoria Road runs the famous, or infamous, Taku Road, the scene of so many disgraceful brawls between the Allied troops. For part of its length it is lined by commercial buildings, but towards the French Concession were

many houses tenanted by the frail sisterhood. Their presence attracted the worst characters among the men of the various armies, and disorder was rife. It culminated at length in a wanton attack on a small patrol of the Royal Welch Fusiliers by a drunken mob of Continental soldiers. A Japanese guard close by turned out to the aid of their English comrades, and, wasting no time in parley, dropped at once on the knee to fire into the aggressors. They were restrained with difficulty by the corporal in charge of the British patrol, who vainly endeavoured to pacify the mob. Forced at length to use their rifles in self-defence, the Fusiliers did so to some effect. Two soldiers were killed, eight others wounded, and the remainder fled. Naturally enough, great excitement and indignation were aroused at first among the troops to which these men belonged; but it died away when the truth was known. An international court of inquiry, having carefully investigated the case, exonerated the corporal from all blame and justified his action. Such unfortunate occurrences were only to be expected among the soldiers of so many mixed nationalities, and the fact that they did not happen more frequently spoke well for the general discipline. At the end farthest from the French Concession the Taku Road ran through a number of small *cafés* and beer-saloons, much patronised by the German troops, whose barracks lay close by.

The sights of the city and the foreign settlement were soon exhausted. But one never tired of watching the moving pictures of soldier life, or of visiting the scenes of the deadly fighting memorable for ever in the history of North China. The long stretches of mud flats lying between the Chinese town and the Concessions, over which shot and shell had flown for weeks; the roofless villages; the shattered houses; the loopholed and bullet-splashed walls. There, during long days and anxious nights, the usually pacific Chinaman, spurred on by fanatic hate and lust of blood, had waged a bitter war with all the devilish cunning of his race. There the mad rushes of frenzied Boxers, reckless of life, hurling themselves fearlessly with antiquated weapons against a well-armed foe. There the Imperial soldiers, trained by European officers, showed that their instruction had borne fruit. From every cover, natural or improvised, they used their magazine rifles with accuracy and effect. Lieutenant Fair, R.N., Flag-Lieutenant to Admiral Seymour, told me that he has often watched them picking up the range as carefully and judiciously as a Boer marksman. And his Admiral, conspicuous in white uniform and dauntlessly exposing himself on the defences, escaped death again and again only by a miracle while men fell at his side. Nor was the shooting of the Chinese gunners to be despised. Lieutenant Hutchinson, H.M.S. *Terrible*, in a redoubt with two of his

ship's famous guns, engaged in a duel at three thousand yards with a Chinese battery of modern ordnance. Of six shells hurled at him, two struck the parapet in front, two fell just past his redoubt, and two almost within it. Fortunately none burst. Had the mandarins responsible for the munitions of war proved as true to their trust as the gunners, the *Terrible's* detachment would have been annihilated; but when the ammunition captured afterwards from the enemy was examined, it was found that the bursting charges of the shells had been removed and replaced by sand. The corrupt officials had extracted the powder and sold it. A naval ·450 Maxim was most unpopular in the defences. Its neighbourhood was too unsafe, for whenever it opened fire the smoke betrayed it to the Chinese gunners, and shells at once fell fast around it. It had finally to be withdrawn.

But the desperate losses among the Boxers opposed to Seymour's gallant column, the heavy fighting around Tientsin, and the capture of the city broke the back of the Chinese resistance. And when the Allied Army advanced on Pekin, no determined stand was made after the first battle. The capital, with its famous and formidable walls, fell almost without a blow. A sore disappointment to the British Siege Train, who, hurried out to South Africa to batter down the forts of Pretoria, found their services uncalled for there; and then,

despatched to China for the siege of Pekin, arrived to learn that there, too, they were not needed.

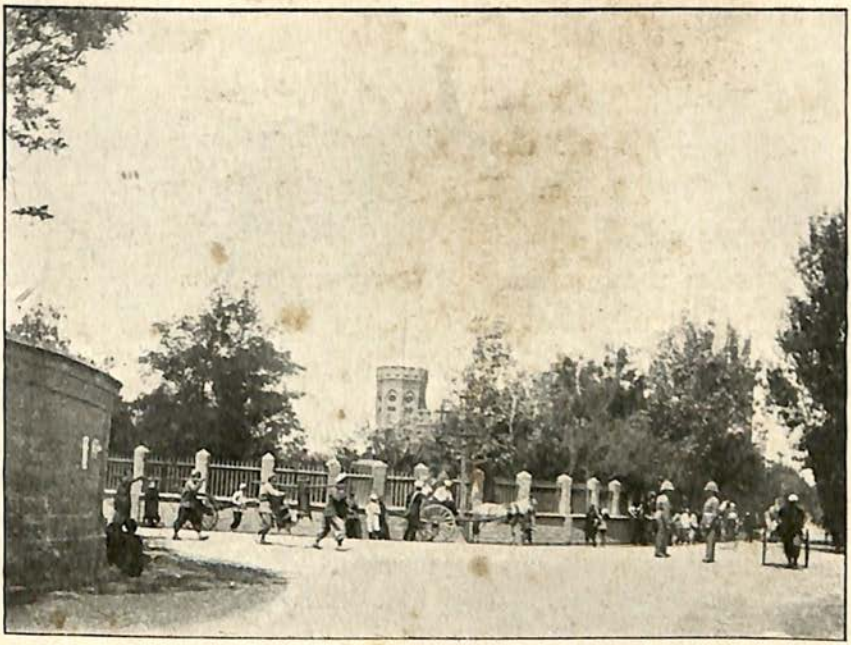
The interest of the Foreign Settlement lay in the crowds that thronged its streets. Never since the occupation of Paris after Napoleon's downfall has any city presented such a kaleidoscopic picture of varied uniforms and mixed troops of many nations. I know few things more interesting than to sit for an hour on the Astor House verandah and watch the living stream. Rickshas go by bearing officers of every army, punctiliously saluting all other wearers of epaulettes they pass. An Indian tonga bumps along behind two sturdy little ponies. After it rumbles a Russian transport cart, driven by a white-bloused Cossack. A heavy German waggon pulls aside to make way for a carriage containing two Prussian officers of high rank. A few small Japanese mounted infantrymen trot by, looking far more in keeping with the diminutive Chinese ponies than do the tall Punjaubis who follow them. Behind them are a couple of swarthy Bombay Lancers on well-groomed horses, gazing with all a cavalryman's disdain at the "Mounted Foot" in front of them. And surely never was trooper of any army so picturesque as the Indian *sowar*. A guard of stolid German soldiers tramps by. A squad of sturdy Japanese infantry passes a detachment of heavily accoutred French troops swinging along

with short, rapid strides. And at each street corner and crossing, directing the traffic, calm and imperturbable, stands the man who has made England what she is—the British private. All honour to him! Smart, trim, well set-up, he looks a monarch among soldiers, compared with the men of other more military countries. Never have I felt so proud of Tommy Atkins as when I saw him there contrasted with the pick of the Continental armies; for all the corps that had been sent out from Europe had been specially selected to do credit to their nations. *He* was merely one of a regiment that had chanced to be garrisoning England's farthest dependency in the East, or of a battery taken at random. In physique, appearance, and soldierly bearing he equalled them all. Even his cousin, the American, sturdy and stalwart as he is, could not excel him in smartness, though not behind him in courage or coolness in action. The British officer, however, in plain khaki with no adornments of rank, looked almost dowdy beside the white coats and gold shoulder-straps of the Russian or the silver belts and sashes of the German. But gay trappings nowadays are sadly out of place in warfare.

And though within a few miles the broken Chinese braves and routed Boxers, formed into roving bands of robbers, swooped down upon defenceless villages, and heavily accoutred European soldiers trudged wearily and fruitlessly after them

over impossible country, life in Tientsin flowed on unheeding in all the gay tranquillity of ordinary garrison existence. Entertainments in the Gordon Hall, convivial dinners, polo, races, went on as though the demon of war had been exorcised from the unhappy land. Yet grim reminders were not wanting; scarcely a day passed without seeing a few miserable prisoners brought in from the districts round. Poor wretches! Many of them were villagers who had been driven into brigandage by the burning of their houses and the ruin of their fields as the avenging armies passed. Some were but the victims of treacherous informers, who, to gain a poor reward or gratify a petty spite, denounced the innocent. And, with pigtails tied together, cuffed and hustled by their pitiless captors, they trudged on to their doom with the vague stare of poor beasts led to the slaughter. A hurried trial, of which they comprehended nothing, then death. Scarce knowing what was happening, each unhappy wretch was led forth to die. Around him stood the fierce white soldiers he had learned to dread. Cruel men of his own race bound his arms, flung him on his knees, and pulled his queue forward to extend his neck. The executioner, too often a pitiful bungler, raised his sword. The stroke fell; the head leapt from the body; the trunk swayed for an instant, then collapsed on the ground.

"Yet for many of them such a death was all too



PUBLIC GARDENS AND GORDON HALL IN THE VICTORIA ROAD, ENGLISH CONCESSION

EXECUTION OF A BOXER BY THE FRENCH

[page 28

merciful. No race on earth is capable of such awful cruelty, such hellish devices of torture, as the Chinese. And the unfortunate missionaries, the luckless wounded soldiers who fell into their hands, experienced treatment before which the worst devil-tries of the Red Indian seemed humane. Occasionally some of these fiends were captured by the Allies; often only the instruments, but sometimes the instigators of the terrible outrages on Europeans, the mandarins who had spurred on the maddened Boxers to their worst excesses. For these no fitting punishment could be devised, and a swift death was too kind. But in the latter days of the campaign too many suffered an unmerited fate. The blood heated by the tales of Chinese cruelty at the outbreak of the troubles did not cool rapidly. The murders of the missionaries and civil engineers, of the unhappy European women and children, could not be readily forgotten. The seed sown in those early days of the fanatical outburst bore a bitter fruit. The horrors that war inevitably brings in its train were aggravated by the memory of former treachery and the difficulty of distinguishing between the innocent and the guilty. A very slight alteration of dress sufficed to convert into a harmless peasant the Boxer whose hands were red with the blood of defenceless Europeans, or of Chinese Christians whose mangled bodies had choked the river.

The echoes of a greater struggle at the other

side of the globe filled the ears of the world when the defenders of Tientsin were holding fanatical hordes of besiegers at bay. And so, few in Europe realised the deadliness of the fighting around the little town where hundreds of white women and children huddled together in terror of a fate too dreadful for words. The gallant sailors and marines who guarded it knew that on them alone depended the lives and honour of these helpless ones. Day and night they fought a fight, the like of which has scarcely been known since the defenders of the Residency at Lucknow kept the flag flying in similar straits against a not more savage foe. Outmatched in armament, they opposed small, almost out-of-date guns to quick-firing and large-calibre Krupps of the latest pattern. Outnumbered, stricken by disease, assailed by fierce hordes without and threatened by traitors within, they held their own with a heroism that has never gained the meed of praise it deserved. From the walls of the Chinese city, a few thousand yards away, and from the ample cover across the narrow river, shells rained on the unprotected town, and its streets were swept by close-range rifle fire. All national rivalries forgotten, Americans, Russians, British, French, Germans, and Japanese fought shoulder to shoulder against a common foe. Admiral Seymour's heroic column, baffled in its gallant dash on Pekin, and battling savagely against overwhelming numbers, fell slowly back

on the beleaguered town. The Hsi-ku Arsenal, a few miles from Tientsin, barred the way, guarded by a strong and well-armed force of Imperial soldiers. The desperate sailors nerved themselves for a last supreme effort. Under a terrible fire the British marines, under Major Johnstone, R.M.L.I., flung themselves on the defences and drove out the enemy with the bayonet. Then, utterly exhausted, its ammunition almost spent, the starving column halted in the Arsenal, unable to break through the environing hordes of besiegers who lay between it and Tientsin. A gallant attempt made by two companies of our marines to cut their way through was repulsed with heavy loss. The Chinese made several attempts to retake the Arsenal. A welcome reinforcement of close on two thousand Russian troops from Port Arthur had enabled the besieged garrison of Tientsin to hold out. A relieving force was sent out to bring in the decimated column, utterly prostrated by the incessant fighting. An eye-witness of their return, Mr. Drummond, Chinese Imperial Customs, who fought with the Tientsin Volunteers throughout the siege, told me that the condition of Seymour's men was pitiable in the extreme. Worn out and weak, shattered by the terrible trials they had undergone, they had almost to be supported into the town. For sixteen days and nights they had been battling continuously against a well-armed and enterprising foe. Their provisions had run

out, and they had been forced to sustain life on the foul water of the river, which was filled with corpses, and on stray ponies and mules captured by the way. Out of 1,945 men they had 295 casualties. As soon as the sailors and marines of the returned column were somewhat recovered from their exhaustion, the Allied Forces moved out to attack the native city of Tientsin, which was surrounded by a strong and high wall, and defended by over sixty guns, most of them very modern ordnance. Covered by a terrific bombardment from the naval guns, which had come up from the warships at Taku, the little army, 5,000 strong, hurled itself on the doomed city. But so fierce was the Chinese defence that for a day and a night it could barely hold its own. But before sunrise the Japanese sappers blew open the city gate, under a heavy fire. The Allies poured in through the way thus opened to them, and the surviving defenders fled, having lost 5,000 killed and wounded. The Allies themselves, out of a total force of 5,000, had nearly 800 casualties. The enemy's stronghold captured, the siege of the European settlements was raised after a month of terrible stress.

Between the railway station and the river lies a small stretch of waste ground, a few hundred yards in extent. Here arose the famous "Railway Siding incident." The Russians claimed it as theirs "by right of conquest," although it had always been recognised as the property of the railway company.

An attempt to construct a siding on it from the station brought matters to a crisis. A Russian guard was promptly mounted on it, and confronted by a detachment of Indian troops under the command of Lieutenant H. E. Rudkin, 20th Bombay Infantry. The situation in which this young subaltern was placed demanded a display of tact and firmness which might well have overtaxed the resources of an older man. But with the self-reliance which the Indian Army teaches its officers he acquitted himself most creditably in a very trying position. Then ensued a period of anxious suspense when no man knew what the morrow might bring forth. But calm counsels fortunately prevailed. These few yards of waste ground were not judged worth "the bones of a single grenadier," and the question was taken from the hands of the soldier and entrusted to the diplomat.

CHAPTER III

THE ALLIED ARMIES IN CHINA

TO a soldier no city in the world could prove as interesting as Tientsin from the unequalled opportunity it presented of contrasting the men and methods of the Allied Armies. And the officers of the Anglo-Indian forces saw with pride that they had but little to learn from their Continental brothers-in-arms. In organisation, training, and equipment our Indian Army was unsurpassed. Clad in the triple-proof armour of self-satisfaction, the soldiers of Europe have rested content in the methods of 1870. The effects of the increased range and destructive power of modern weapons have not been appreciated by them. Close formations are still the rule, and the history of the first few battles in the next European war will be a record of terrible slaughter. The lessons of the Boer campaign are ignored. They ascribe the failures and defeats of the British forces to the defective training and want of *morale* of our troops, and disdain to learn from a "nation of farmers."

The world has long believed that the German

Army is in every respect superior to all others. But those who saw its China expeditionary force—composed though it was of picked troops and carefully selected officers—will not agree with this verdict. Arriving too late for the serious fighting—for there were no German troops in the Allied Army which relieved the Legations—it could only be criticised from its behaviour in garrison and on a few columns which did not meet with very serious opposition. All nationalities had looked forward eagerly to the opportunity of closely observing a portion of the army which has set the fashion in things military to Europe during the past thirty years. But I think that most of those who had hoped to learn from it were disappointed.

The German authorities are still faithful to the traditions of close formations and centralisation of command under fire. Unbroken lines in the attack are the rule, and no divergence from the straight, forward direction, in order to take advantage of cover lying towards a flank, is authorised. The increased destructive power given by low trajectory to modern firearms does not seem to be properly understood by them. The creeping forward of widely extended and irregularly advancing lines of skirmishers, seizing every cover available within easy reach, is not favoured; and the dread of the effect of cavalry charges on the flanks of such scattered formations still rules the tactics of the attack. The development of the initiative of the

soldier, of his power of acting for himself under fire, is not striven after. In steady, mechanical drill the German private is still pre-eminent, but in wide extensions he is helpless without someone at his elbow to give him orders. One of the Prussian General Staff—sent out as a Special Service Officer — argued seriously with me that even when advancing over open ground against an entrenched enemy armed with modern rifles, it would be impossible to extend to more than an interval of one pace, "as otherwise the captain could not command his company."

Those in high places in Germany probably appreciate the lessons of the South African campaign. But the difficulty of frontal assaults in close formations on a well-defended position, the impossibility of battalion or company commanders directing the attack in the firing line at close ranges, the necessity of training men to act for themselves when near the enemy, have not struck home to the subordinate grades. Viewed in the light of our experiences in the Boer War and on the Indian Frontier, their adherence to systems that we have proved disastrous before modern weapons stamps their tactics as antiquated. "Entrenching," another staff officer said to me, is contrary to the spirit of the German Army. Our regulations now force us to employ the spade, but our tradition will always be to trust to the bayonet." And I thought of another army, which also used to have a decided

liking for the same weapon, and which had gone to South Africa in the firm belief that cold steel was the only weapon for use in war!

The German officers were very smart in their bearing and dress. Their khaki uniforms were similar to ours, the coats well made; but the clumsy cut of their riding breeches offends the fastidious eyes of the horsey Britisher, who is generally more particular about the fit of this garment than any other in his wardrobe. The product of despotic militarism in a land where the army is supreme and the civilian is despised, the German officers are full of the pride of caste. In China they were scarcely inclined to regard those of the other allied troops as equals. The iron discipline of their army does not encourage intercourse between the various ranks. The friendly association of English officers with their men in sports is inexplicable to them; and that a private should excel his superior in any pastime is equivalent, in their opinion, to the latter at once forfeiting the respect of his subordinate. When a team of British officers in Tientsin were training for a tug-of-war against those of the Pekin garrison in the assault-at-arms at the Temple of Heaven, they used to practise with a team of heavy non-commissioned officers. A German captain said to a British subaltern who was taking part:

"Is it possible that you allow your soldiers to compete against officers even in practice?"

"Certainly," replied the Englishman.

"But of course you always beat them?"

"Not at all," was the answer. "On the contrary, they generally beat us."

"But surely that is a mistake," said the scandalised Prussian. "They must in that case inevitably lose all respect for you." And nothing could convince him that it was not so.

As the German military officer does not as a rule travel much abroad, the realisation of England's predominance beyond the seas seemed to come on those in China almost as a surprise. One remarked to a member of the staff of our Fourth Brigade:

"Our voyage out here has brought home to most of us for the first time how you English have laid your hands on all parts of the earth worth having. In every port we touched at since we left Germany, everywhere we coaled, we found your flag flying. Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, Hong Kong—all British."

"Yes," added another, "we have naturally been accustomed to regard our own country as the greatest in the world. But outside it we found our language useless. Yours is universal. I had said to myself that Port Said, at least, is not British; but there, too, your tongue is the chief medium of intercourse. Here in China, even the coolies speak English, or what they intend to be English."

The German organisation—perfect, perhaps, for Europe, where each country is a network of roads and railways—was not so successful in China. For

FRENCH COLONIAL INFANTRY MARCHING THROUGH THE FRENCH CONCESSION, TIENTSIN

GERMAN OFFICERS WELCOMING FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON WALDERSEE AT THE RAILWAY STATION, TIENTSIN

the first time the leading military nation was brought face to face with the difficulties involved in the despatch of an expedition across the sea and far from the home base. And its mistakes were not few. Their contingent found themselves at first devoid of transport and dependent on the kindness of the other armies for means to move from the railway. One projected expedition had to be long delayed because the German troops could not advance for this reason, until the English at length furnished them with the necessary transport. The enormous waggons they brought with them were useless in a country where barrows are generally the only form of wheeled transport possible on the very narrow roads. Their knowledge of horse-mastership was not impressive, their animals always looking badly kept and ill-fed.

The first German troops despatched to China were curiously clothed. Their uniform consisted of ill-fitting tunics and trousers made of what looked like coarse, bright yellow sacking, with black leather belts and straw hats shaped like those worn by our Colonials, the broad brim caught up on one side and fastened by a metal rosette of the German colours. Later on all were clothed in regular khaki, and wore helmets somewhat similar to the British pattern, but with wider brims. The square portion covering the back of the neck was fastened by hinges, so that the helmet was not tilted over the wearer's eyes when

he lay down to fire, which is the great disadvantage of our style of headgear. Some of the officers wore silver sashes and belts which looked out of place on khaki, the embodiment of severe simplicity in campaigning dress.

The physique of the German soldiers was very good, but they were members of a comparatively small contingent picked from an enormous army. To those used to the smart and upright bearing of the British private their careless and slouching gait seemed slovenly. But on parade they moved like automatons. A curious phase in the relations of the Allies was the intimacy which prevailed between the men of the French and German troops. In the French Concession numbers of them were to be constantly seen fraternising together, strolling arm-in-arm in the streets, or drinking in the *cafés*. This was chiefly owing to the fact that many in either army could speak the language of the other. But this intimacy did not extend to the commissioned ranks.

The vast increase in their mercantile marine of late years enabled the Germans to transport their troops in their own vessels. The Russians, on the other hand, were frequently forced to employ British ships, although the bulk of their forces in North China did not come from Europe by sea, but was furnished by the Siberian Army.

The German Navy took a prominent part in the China imbroglio. The *Iltis* was well to the fore

in the bombardment of the Taku forts by the gunboats in the Peiho. In the assault by the storming parties from the Allied Fleet 130 German sailors shared, and lost 6 killed and 15 wounded; 200 more accompanied Seymour's column on the advance to Pekin. The Navy of the Fatherland possesses the immense advantage of being very modern and homogeneous, and is consequently quite up to date. Even at its present strength it is a formidable fighting machine. If the Kaiser's plans are realised, and it is increased to the size he aims at, Germany will play a prominent rôle in any future naval complications.

English officers are frequently accused of a lack of interest in their profession from not acquainting themselves with the problems which arise in contemporary campaigns, the course of which many persons believe that they do not follow. But we found a singular want of knowledge of the history and events of the South African campaign among the commissioned grades of the Allied Armies. I understood the crass ignorance of Continental peoples with regard to the Boer War after a conversation with a foreign staff officer. I had asked him what he thought had been the probable strength of the Republican forces at the beginning of the campaign.

"Ah, that I know precisely," he replied. "I have heard it from an officer in our army, now in China, who served with the Boers. I can state

positively on his authority that your antagonists were never able to put into the field, either at the beginning of the war or at any other time, more than 30,000 men. The total populations of both States could not produce any greater number capable of carrying a rifle."

"And how many do you think they have in the field now?" I asked. This was in August, 1901.

"About 25,000."

"But surely," I argued, "after nearly two years of fighting their losses must amount to more than 5,000 between killed, wounded, and captured."

"Not at all. Perhaps not even that."

"Then you apparently do not know," I said, "that we have about 30,000 or 40,000 prisoners or surrendered men in St. Helena, South Africa, Ceylon, and India."

"Oh, but you have not," he said, with a politely incredulous smile; "two or three thousand at most. In our army we are not ignorant of the course of the campaign. We read our newspapers carefully."

I ceased to wonder at the ignorance of his nation when he, a Staff and Special Service Officer, was so ill-informed.

The French Army in China suffered some loss of *prestige* in the beginning through their first contingent, composed of Infanterie Coloniale and others sent up from *l'Indo-Chine*. Long service in unhealthy tropical climates had rendered the men debilitated and fever-stricken. They were by no

means fair samples of the French soldier, and certainly not up to the standard of the troops which came out later from France. The Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Afrique, particularly, were excellent. Both are crack corps, and were much admired, the physique of the men being very good. The latter were fine specimens of European cavalry, good riders, well mounted; but their horses seemed too heavily weighted, especially for service in hot climates.

The infantry were weighed down by an extraordinarily heavy pack, which they carried on nearly all duties—mounting guard, marching, even in garrison. They were trained in the same obsolete close formations as the Germans; but, with the traditional aptitude for loose fighting which dates from the days of Napoleon's *tirailleurs*, they can adapt themselves much more rapidly to extended order.

The French officers, though not so well turned out as the Germans, were much more friendly and agreeable. There was a good deal of intercourse between them and the Britishers. Their manner of maintaining discipline was very different to our ideas on the subject. I have seen one of them box the ears of his drunken orderly who had assaulted the Indian servant of an English officer, and who, considering himself aggrieved at being reprimanded by his master, had staggered up to him to tell him so.

The training and organisation of the French Army has immensely improved since the disastrous campaign of 1870. A soldier serves first in the Active Army, then in the Reserve of the Active Army, where he is called up for training somewhat on the lines of our Militia. He is then passed into the Territorial Army, where he is not allowed to forget what he has learned with the colours. Finally he is enrolled in the Reserve of the Territorial Army, and is still liable to be summoned to defend his country in emergency. A regiment has all its equipment and stores in its own keeping; so that, when suddenly ordered on active service, there is no rush to indent upon the Commissariat or Ordnance Departments. Its reservists join at regimental headquarters, where they find everything ready for them, and take their places as though they had never quitted the colours. In marching powers, at least, no troops in Europe surpass the French; and legs are almost as useful as arms in modern warfare, where wide flanking *détours* and extended movements will be the rule in future.

France's long experience of colonies and wars beyond the sea rendered the organisation and fitting out of her expeditionary force an easier task than some other nations found it. The men were always cheerful; and the French soldier is particularly handy at bivouacking and fending for himself on service.

The Russian troops were composed of big,

heavy, rather fleshy men. Unintelligent and slow, for the most part, they were determined fighters, but seemed devoid of the power of initiative or of thinking for themselves. I doubt if the Muscovite soldier is much more advanced than his Crimean predecessor. The men of the Siberian army may be best described as cheerful savages, obedient under an iron discipline, but not averse to excesses when not under the stern hand of authority, especially when their blood has been heated by fighting. The great power of the Russian soldier lies in his wonderful endurance under privations that few other European troops could support. I should be sorry to offer Englishmen the meagre fare on which he manages to exist. His commissariat rations were anything but lavish in China, and had to be supplemented by the men themselves by foraging. Yet those whom I saw in North China and Manchuria looked well fed and almost fat.

Their respect for, and faith in, their officers is admirable. Their religion is a living force to their simple natures. Once, in Newchwang, in Manchuria, I passed a small Russian church in which a number of their troops were attending a Mass of the gorgeous Greek ritual. Their rifles were piled outside under the charge of a sentry. Helmet in hand he was devoutly following the service through the open window, crossing himself repeatedly and joining in the prayers of the congregation inside.

I am afraid that such a sight would be very rarely seen at a church parade in our army.

Of the courage of the Russians there can be no doubt. Their behaviour during the stern fighting around Tientsin was admirable. The European settlements owed their preservation largely to the timely reinforcements which arrived from Port Arthur at a time of deadly peril. When Admiral Seymour started on his desperate attempt to relieve the Legations, he left behind at Tientsin a small number of British sailors and marines under Captain Bayly, H.M.S. *Aurora*, with orders to hold the town, so that his column, if defeated, might have some place to fall back on. When, after his departure, the Concessions were suddenly assailed, the commanding officers of the other Allies were of opinion that the defence of the settlements was hopeless, and advocated a retirement on Taku. Captain Bayly pointed out the peril to which the Relieving Column would be exposed if repulsed and forced to fall back only to find Tientsin in the hands of the Chinese. His remonstrances had no effect. Then the dauntless sailor, with true British grit, declared that the others might go if they wished. He had been ordered to remain in Tientsin, and remain he would. He would not desert his admiral even if left alone to hold the town with his handful of Britishers. I have it on his own authority that the Russian commander was the first to applaud his resolution and declare that he and

his men would stay with the English to the end. His action turned the scale, and all remained to defend Tientsin and save Seymour's gallant but unfortunate column.

Though the Russian officers exceed even the Germans in the severity with which they treat their men, there is, nevertheless, more of a spirit of comradeship existing between the higher and lower ranks. This is truer, perhaps, of the European army than the Siberian, which was more employed in the China campaign, and is inferior to the former, especially the splendid Guards corps. The officers were fine men physically, but seemed in military training rather behind those of the other Allies.

Profiting by the experience gained in their previous campaign against China, the Japanese Army arrived well equipped in 1900. As long as road or river was available, their transport system of carts and boats was excellent; but when it came to flying columns moving across country the Indian mule train was superior. Beginning the war in white uniform, the disadvantages of such a conspicuous dress were soon evident, and khaki was substituted. The men were well clothed, and carried a horsehide knapsack containing the usual necessaries and an extra pair of boots.

The cavalry, consisting as it does of small men on undersized animals, would be of little use in shock tactics. It would be far more useful con-

verted into mounted infantry, for their infantry earned nothing but praise. Small, sturdy, easily fed, and capable of enduring an extraordinary amount of hardship, they were ideal foot soldiers. Recruited among an agricultural population, inhabitants of a mountainous country, they were inured to toil and fatigue. Under a load that few white men could carry they tramped long distances, arriving at the end of the march apparently not in the least exhausted. Their racial respect for superiors has bred a perfect spirit of unquestioning discipline. Their high patriotism and almost fanatical courage endow them with an absolute contempt of death, and their heroic bravery extorted the admiration even of such unfriendly critics as the Russians. Trained in German methods, their army suffers from all the defects of the hide-bound Teutonic system. In the attack on some fortified villages held by banditti, after Major Browning's death in a preliminary skirmish, two Japanese companies advanced in line with the 4th Punjaub Infantry. Under a fierce fire from 4,000 brigands, armed with Mannlichers and ensconced behind walls, the Indian troops extended to ten or twelve paces. The Japanese came on in single rank, almost shoulder to shoulder. They lost four times as many as the Punjaubis, but never wavered for an instant, closing in mechanically as their comrades fell, and almost outstripping our sepoys in the final charge that carried the position.

Though many of their officers have realised that the day of close formations is past, they have not sufficient confidence in the ability of their men to fight independently *yet;* while they know that no amount of slaughter will dismay them in an attack. Besides, in China they were anxious to blood them well and to show to their European critics the splendid fighting quality of their soldiers, and prove that they were worthy to combat with or against any troops in the world.

The organisation, equipment, and material of the Japanese Army leave little to be desired. Their engineers and artillery are well trained, and both rendered good service to the Allies in 1900. Their Intelligence Department had been brought to a high standard of efficiency; and its perfection astonishes those who are permitted to gain a glimpse of its working. The whole East is sown with its spies. When the Legations were threatened, Japanese who had been working at inferior trades in Pekin came in and revealed themselves as military officers who for months or years had been acquainting themselves with the plans, the methods, and the strength of China.

The discipline of Japanese soldiers in small things as well as great is admirable. I have often watched crowded troop-trains arriving at the Shimbashi railway terminus in Tokio. The men sat quietly in their places until the order to leave the carriages was given. Then, without noise or con-

fusion, they got out, fell in on the platforms, piled arms, fell out, and remained near their rifles without chattering; indeed, with hardly a word except in an undertone. Prompt and unquestioning obedience in everything is the motto of the Japanese soldier. Their courage at the storming of Tientsin city, on the march to the capital, and at the capture of Pekin won the admiration of all the Allies, and their behaviour and self-restraint in the hour of victory were equalled only by their gallantry in action. No charges of cruelty to inoffensive peasants or women and children could be substantiated against them; and they treated the conquered Chinese with great kindness. They employed their prisoners to work for them and paid them liberally for their labour. Their conduct in garrison was admirable. Well armed and equipped, well officered and led, the Japanese Army is now a powerful fighting machine, and would prove a formidable enemy or a useful ally in the field.

Throughout the campaign a remarkable spirit of comradeship existed between the Japanese and the Indian troops. The Gurkhas were their especial friends. So like in appearance that it points to a common ancestry in the past, they hailed each other as relatives, and seemed quite puzzled to find no resemblance in the languages. This did not seem to slacken their friendship; and it was amusing to see a mingled group of the two races

UNITED STATES CAVALRYMAN

chatting together in an animated manner, neither understanding a word of the other's tongue.

The men of the American Army were equalled in physique only by the Australian Contingent and our Royal Horse Artillery. Their free-and-easy ideas on the subject of discipline, the casual manner in which a private addressed an officer, astonished and shocked their Continental critics. I heard the remark of a German officer who, after a slight acquaintance with their ways, exclaimed, "*That* an army? Why, with the Berlin Fire Brigade I would conquer the whole of America!" The speech was so typically German! But the men, accustomed to think and act for themselves, were ideal individual fighters; and for scouting, skirmishing, and bush-whacking could not easily be surpassed. Their troops in China consisted at first mainly of marines and regiments diverted when on their way to the Philippines, and consequently were not well equipped for a long campaign. But soon after the outset of the expedition all deficiencies were made good and ample supplies were forthcoming, their hospitals especially being almost lavishly furnished with all requirements.

The new American Army, like their excellent go-ahead Navy, is a force to be reckoned with in the future. We hear much of the effects of "influence" in our army. It is nothing compared to what goes on in the American. With them to be the near connection of a Senator or a prominent politician

is infinitely more advantageous than to be the scion of a ducal line or the son of a Commander-in-Chief with us.

If the Continental troops suffer from too rigid a discipline, which destroys the power of thinking for themselves in the lower ranks, the Americans, perhaps, err on the other side. They are too ready to act on their own responsibility, to question the wisdom of the orders they receive, and act, instead, as seems best to themselves. This was particularly evident in the case of the volunteer regiments in the Philippines; but instances of it were not wanting among the regulars and marines in North China. Democracy is impossible in an army. But the material at the service of the United States is unquestionably magnificent; and when the pressure of events in the future has called into being and welded together a really large army in America, there are few nations that can hope to oppose it successfully in the field. How rapidly the sons of the Star-spangled Banner acquire the art of war was evidenced in Cuba and in the more difficult and trying guerilla campaign in the Philippines. Their faults were those of inexperience.

Of their courage there can be no doubt. At the taking of Tientsin city nearly a thousand American infantry and marines served with the British under General Dorward. In a letter to their commander this officer warmly expressed the honour he, in common with all his men, felt in serving alongside

the American troops. In his own words, "they formed part of the front line of the British attack, and so had more than their fair share of the fighting. The ready and willing spirit of both officers and men, their steady gallantry and power of holding on to exposed positions, made them soldiers of the highest class." What greater praise could be given them? And well they deserved it! Two companies of the 9th Infantry (U.S.A.), attacked in front and flank by a merciless fire, held gallantly to their ground until nightfall with a loss of half their number in killed and wounded, including their brave leader, Colonel Liscum, who met a hero's death at the head of his men. In all the actions of the campaign the American troops distinguished themselves by conspicuous bravery; and the British recognised with pride and pleasure the gallantry of their cousins. May we always fight shoulder to shoulder with, but never against, them!

Great *camaraderie* existed between the Americans and the English troops. The sons of the Stars and Stripes amply repaid the disdain of the Continental officers with a contempt that was almost laughable. They classified the Allies as white men and "Dagoes." The former were the Americans and the British, the latter the other European contingents. They distinguished between them though, and the terms "Froggie Dago," "Sauerkraut Dago," "Macaroni Dago," and "Vodki Dago"

left little doubt in the hearer's mind as to which nationality was meant.

I heard a good story of an encounter between a young English subaltern and an American in North China. I fancy the same tale is told of a Colonial in South Africa; but it is good enough to bear repetition. The very youthful Britisher, chancing to pass a Yankee soldier who was sitting down and made no motion to rise, considered himself affronted at the private's failure to salute him. He turned back indignantly and addressed the offender.

"Look here, my man, do you know who I am?"

"No—o—o," drawled the American.

"Well, I'm a British officer."

"Air ye naow?" was the reply. "Waal, sonny, you've got a soft job. See you don't get drunk and lose it."

The subaltern walked on.

Of the Italian Expeditionary Force, which was not numerically very strong, I saw little; but all spoke well of them. The famous Bersagliere, the cocks' plumes fluttering gaily in their tropical helmets, were smart, sturdy soldiers.

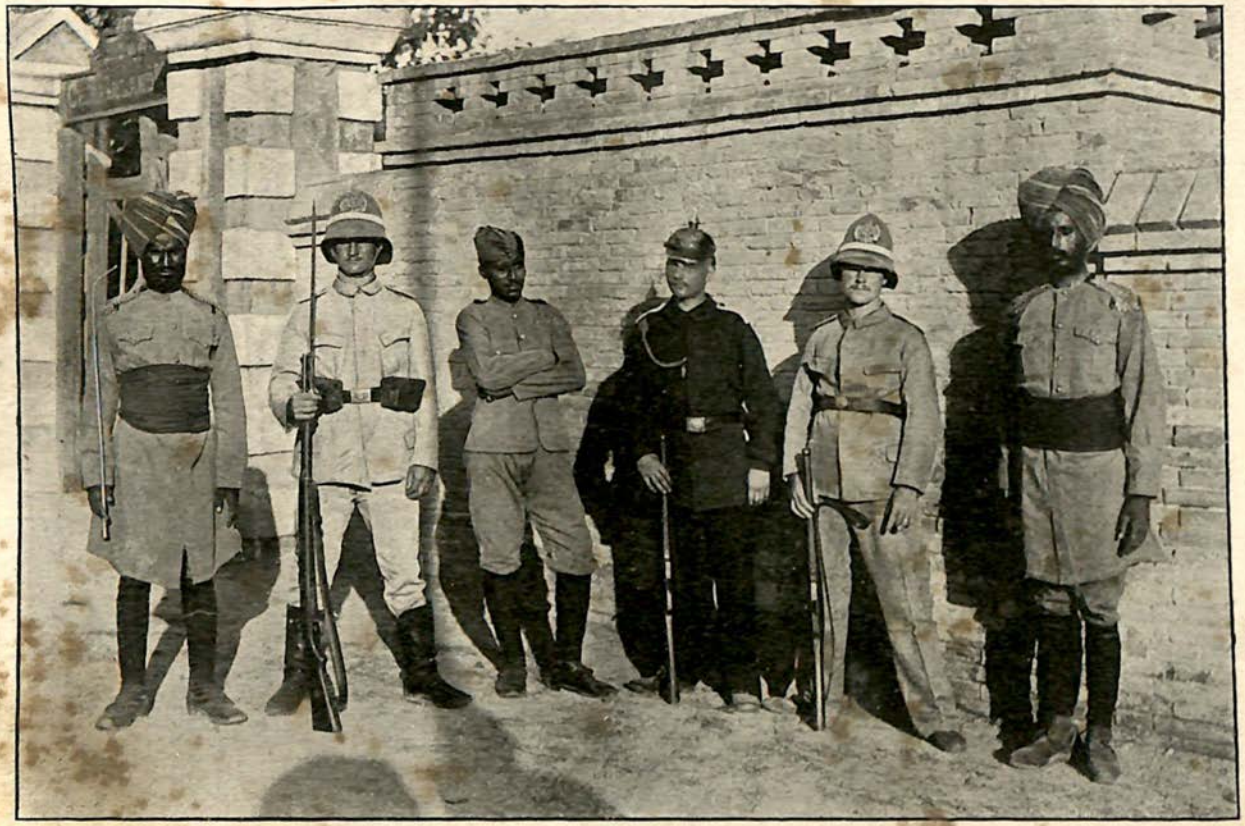
I regret never having had an opportunity of seeing the contingent which Holland, not to be outdone by the other European Powers, despatched to the East. This nation was also determined to show its power to the world. So a Dutch Expeditionary Corps was equipped and sent out. It consisted of a sergeant and ten men.

The Indian Field Force was a revelation to Europe. Friend and foe realised for the first time that in the Indian army England has a reserve of immense value. While our Continental rivals fancied that our hands were tied by the South African war, and that we could take no part in the Chinese complication, they were startled to see how, without moving a soldier from Great Britain, we could put into the field in the farthest quarter of the globe a force equal to any and superior to most. It was mobilised and despatched speedily and without a hitch. The vessels for its transport were all available from the lines that ply from Calcutta and Bombay, and no ship was needed from England. The bluejackets and marines with half a battalion of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, already on the spot, and two batteries with some Engineers were all the white troops we had until gallant Australia sent her splendid little contingent as an earnest of what she could and would do if required.

Previous to the expedition of 1900, the Indian army was never allowed to engage in war without a strong backing of British troops. And even its own officers scarcely dared to allow themselves to believe that without such leavening their men could successfully oppose a European army. But now that they have seen them contrasted with the pick of Continental soldiers, they know that they could confidently lead their Sikhs, Gurkhas,

Rajputs, Pathans, or Punjaubis against the men of any other nation. Not only is the Indian army as well equipped and organised as any it could now be called upon to face, but also the fighting races of our Eastern Empire, led by their British officers, are equal to any foe. The desperate battles of the Sikh War, when, as in the fierce struggle of Chillianwallah, victory often hung wavering in the balance, the determined resistance of the mutinous troops in 1857, show that skilful leadership is all that our sepoys need to enable them to encounter the best soldiers of any nation.

India is a continent—not a country—composed of many races that differ far more than European nationalities. A Russian and an Englishman, a Swede and an Italian are nearer akin, more alike in appearance, manners, and modes of thought than a Gurkha and a Pathan, a Sikh and a Mahratta, a Rajput and a Madrassi. It follows that the fighting value of all these various races of India is not the same. No one would seek among the Bengali *babus* or the Parsees of Bombay for warriors. The Madras sepoy, though his predecessors helped to conquer India for British rule, has fallen from his high estate and is no longer regarded as a reliable soldier. Yet the wisdom of the policy which relegated him of late years altogether to the background during war may be questioned. For the Madras sappers and miners, who alone of all the Madras army have been con-



GERMAN AND INDIAN SOLDIERS

stantly employed, have always proved satisfactory. But the fiat has gone forth; and the Madrassi will be gradually replaced even in his own presidency by the men of the more martial races of the North. The Mahratta, who once struck terror throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan, is considered by some critics to be no longer useful as a fighting man. But they forget that not so long ago in the desperate battles near Suakin, when even British troops gave back before the mad rushes of fanatical Dervishes, the 28th Bombay Pioneers saved a broken square from imminent destruction by their steadfast bravery. And they were Mahrattas then. Of the excellence of the gallant warrior clans of Rajputana, of the fierce Pathans inured to fighting from boyhood, of the sturdy, cheerful, little Gurkhas, the steady, long-limbed Sikhs, none can doubt. Hard to conquer were they in the past; splendid to lead to battle now. To Lord Roberts is chiefly due the credit of welding together the Indian army and making it the formidable fighting machine it is.

One great factor of its efficiency is the excellence of its British officers. Early placed in a position of responsibility, they rapidly learn to rely on themselves and act, if need be, on their own initiative. In a British regiment an officer may serve twenty years without commanding more than a company; whereas the Indian army subaltern, before he has worn a sword three years, may find

himself in command of his battalion on field-days, in manœuvres, sometimes even in war. In the stern fighting at the Malakand in the beginning of the Tirah campaign, one Punjaub regiment was commanded by a subaltern, who acquitted himself of his difficult task with marked ability. Unlike the system of promotion that exists in the British army, the English officers of the native corps attain the different grades after a certain number of years' service—nine for captain, eighteen for major, twenty-six for lieutenant-colonel—and may occupy any position in their regiments irrespective of the rank they hold.

An Indian infantry battalion consists of eight companies, each under a native officer, termed a subhedar, with a jemadar or lieutenant to assist him. He is responsible for the discipline and interior economy of his company. The senior native officer is known as the subhedar-major. Instead of the terms lance-corporal, corporal, sergeant, and sergeant-major, lance-naik, naik, havildar, and havildar-major are the names of the corresponding grades.

The British officers practically form the staff of the regiment. The former number of eight has been recently increased to eleven, twelve, and thirteen, according to the presidency to which the corps belongs, those of the Punjaub—being nearest the danger zone of frontier wars and threatened invasion — possessing the largest number. The

eight companies are grouped in four double companies—the double company commander (a British officer) having almost complete control of his unit. The commanding officer of the battalion mainly restricts himself to seeing that the training of each portion of the regiment is identical and efficient. Each corps possesses a commanding officer, four double company commanders, an adjutant, a quartermaster, and the remainder are known as double company officers.

The organisation of a native cavalry regiment is very similar, the terms squadron and squadron-commander replacing double company and double company commander. In most of the corps the *sowar*, as the Indian cavalry private is called—*sepoy* being employed to denote an infantryman—is usually the owner of his horse; and direct commissions to native gentlemen are of more frequent occurrence in the cavalry than in the infantry. Regimental transport consists of baggage-ponies or mules, so that an Indian mounted corps is particularly mobile.

Foreign officers in North China at first made light of our Indian soldiers; but they were not those who had seen them fight in the early days of the campaign. For one arm, however, there was nothing but praise. All agreed that our native cavalry was excellent. Even German officers acknowledged that in smartness, horsemanship, and efficiency it could not easily be surpassed. The

work done by the 1st Bengal Lancers in the advance on Pekin and afterwards could not be underrated. With the exception of a few Cossacks and Japanese, they were the only mounted troops available at first. They were in constant demand to accompany columns of Continental troops, and they won the admiration of all the foreign officers with whom they were brought in contact. In fact, the only persons who failed to appreciate their merits were the Tartar horsemen who ventured to oppose them in the march on the capital. *Their* opinion is not recorded, but I think that it would not be fit for publication except in an expunged and mutilated form. The 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry—as good a regiment as any that Bengal can show—won many encomiums for its smartness from all who saw its squadrons at Tientsin, Shanghai, or Shan-haikwan.

But Indian officers were at first surprised and puzzled at the unflattering criticisms passed on our native infantry. Those who had seen our sepoys in many a hard-fought struggle on the frontier could not understand the frequent remarks of foreign officers, that "our men were very unequal."

"Some of them," they said, "are tall, well-built, and powerful, and should make good soldiers; but others are old, feeble, and decrepit. We have seen in the streets of Tientsin many who could not support the weight of a rifle." But it was soon discovered that these critics failed to comprehend

the distinction between fighting men and followers, since in China both were clad somewhat alike. The coolie corps, bheesties, syces, and dhoolie-bearers were all dressed in khaki; and Continental officers were for a long time under the impression that these were soldiers. The error was not unnatural, and it accounted for the unfavourable reports on the Indian troops which appeared in many European journals. But those who understood the difference were struck by the fine physique and excellent training of our native army. When we compared our Sikhs, Pathans, Gurkhas, and Punjaubis with the men of most of the Allied forces, we recognised that, led by British officers, they would render a good account of themselves if pitted against any troops in the world. And our sepoys return to India filled with immeasurable contempt for the foreign contingents they have seen in China. As the ripples caused by a stone thrown into a lake spread over the water, so their opinion will radiate through the length and breadth of the land; and this unexpected lesson of the campaign will have a far-reaching and beneficial effect throughout our Eastern Empire.

India is essentially a soldier's country. Its army is practically always on a war footing, the troops near the frontier especially being ready to move at a few hours' notice. The rapid despatch of the British contingent for Natal and the China expeditionary force are object-lessons. The peace

establishment of a native regiment is greater than the strength required for active service. Hence on mobilisation no reserves have to be called up to fill its ranks; recruits and sickly men can be left behind, and it marches with only fully trained and seasoned soldiers. In India vast stretches of country are available for manœuvres, which take place every winter on a scale unknown in England. Not a year passes without its little war. In consequence, the training of the troops is thorough and practical. The establishment of gun and rifle factories is all that is needed to make India absolutely self-containing. It produces now all other requisites of war. Ammunition, clothing, and accoutrements are manufactured in the country, and it was able to supply, not only the needs of the expedition in China, but also many things required for the troops in South Africa.

To the pessimists in England and the hostile critics abroad, who talk of the possibility of another mutiny, the answer is that a general uprising of the Native army can never occur again. The number of British troops in India has been more than doubled since 1857, and the proportion between white and coloured regiments in each large station more equalised. The artillery is altogether in English hands, with the exception of the rank and file of a few mountain batteries and the smooth-bore guns maintained by native princes for show. Communication has been enormously quickened by

the network of railways that covers the country, enabling a force to be moved in two or three days to a point where formerly as many months were required.

And the Indian army is loyal to the core—loyal, not to the vague idea of a far-distant England, not to the vast impersonal *Sircar*,* but loyal to itself; loyal to its British officers, who, to the limited minds of the sepoys, represent in concrete form the Power whose salt they eat. And those officers, speaking to each in his own tongue—be he Sikh, Rajput, or Dogra—stand in the relation of fathers to their men. To them in sorrow or perplexity comes the sepoy, sure of sympathy or aid. In their justice he reposes implicit confidence. And as in peace he relies on these men of alien race, so in war do they trust in him. And the tales of the struggle of the Guides round Battye's corpse, of the gallant Sikhs who died at their post in Saragheri, of the men who refused to abandon their dead and dying officers in the treachery of Maizar, show that our trust is not misplaced.

* *i.e.* Government.

CHAPTER IV

PEKIN

TIENTSIN is but a stepping-stone to Pekin—one a mere modern growth, important only in view of the European commercial interests that have made it what it is; the other a fabled city weird, mysterious. The slowly-beating heart of the vast feeble Colossus, that may be pierced and yet no agony, thrills through the distant members. Pekin, the object of the veneration of every Chinaman the world over. Pekin, which enshrines the most sacred temples of the land, within whose famous walls lies the marvellous Forbidden City, the very name of which is redolent of mystery; around it history and fable gather and scarce may be distinguished, so incredible the truth, so conceivable the wildest conjecture. The Mecca to which turn the thoughts of every Celestial. The home of the sacred, almost legendary, Emperor, whose word is law to the uttermost confines of the land, and yet whose person is not inviolate against palace intrigue; omnipotent in theory, powerless in reality, a ruler only in name. Worshipped by millions of his subjects, yet despised

by the least among the mandarins of his court. The meanest eunuch in the Purple City is not more helpless than the monarch who boasts the proud title of Son of Heaven.

Pekin, the seat of all power in the land, whence flows the deadly poison of corruption that saps the empire's strength; the capital that twice within the last fifty years has fallen before the avenging armies of Europe, and yet still flourishes like a noxious weed.

One morning as the train from Tong-ku came into Tientsin Station and disgorged its usual crowd of soldiers of the Allied Forces, I stood on the platform with four other British officers, all bound for Pekin. We established ourselves in a first-class carriage, which was a mixture of coupé and corridor-car. The varied uniforms of our fellow-passengers no longer possessed any interest for us; and we devoted our attention to the scenery on each side of the railway. From Tientsin to Pekin the journey occupies about five hours. The line runs through level, fertile country, where the crops stand higher than a mounted man; thus the actions on the way to the relief of the Legations were fought blindfold. Among the giant vegetation troops lost direction, corps became mixed, and the enemy could seldom be seen. As the train ran on, the tops of the tall stalks rose in places above the roofs of the carriages, and shut in our view as though we were passing

through a dense forest. Here and there we rattled past villages or an occasional temple almost hidden by the high crops. There were several stations along the line; the buildings solidly constructed of stone, the walls loopholed for defence. On the platforms the usual cosmopolitan crowd of soldiers, and Chinamen of all ages offering for sale bread, cakes, Japanese beer, bottles of *vin ordinaire* bought from the French, grapes, peaches, and plums in profusion. In winter various kinds of game, with which the country teems, are substituted for the fruit. At Yangsun were a number of Chasseurs d'Afrique, whose regiment was quartered in the vicinity. Trains passed us; the carriages crowded with troops of all nations, the trucks filled with horses, guns and military stores, or packed with grinning Chinamen.

At last, between the trees, glimpses of yellow-tiled roofs flashing in the sunlight told us that we were nearing the capital. Leaning from the windows we saw, apparently stretching right across the track, a long, high wall, with buttresses and lofty towers at intervals. It was the famous Wall of Pekin. Suddenly a large gap seemed to open in it; the train glided through, and we found ourselves in the middle of a large city as we slowed down alongside a platform on which stood a board with the magic word "Pekin." We had reached our journey's end. On the other side of the line was a broad, open space, through which

ran a wide road paved with large stone flags. Over it flowed an incessant stream of carts, rickshas, and pedestrians. Behind the station ran a long wall which enclosed the Temple of Heaven, where, after General Gaselee's departure, the British headquarters in Pekin were established.

On the platform we found a half-caste guide waiting for us, sent to meet us by friends in the English Legation. Resigning our luggage to him and directing him to convey it to the one hotel the capital possessed, we determined to begin our sightseeing at once and walked towards the gateway of the enclosure in which stands the Temple of Heaven. On entering, we found ourselves in a large and well-wooded demesne. Groves of tall trees, leafy rides, and broad stretches of turf made it seem more like an English park than the grounds of a Chinese temple. Long lines of tents, crossed lances, and picketed horses marked the camp of a regiment of Bengal cavalry; for in the vast enclosure an army might bivouac with ease. Here was held the historic British assault-at-arms, when foreign officers were roused to enthusiasm at the splendid riding of our Indian cavalry and the marvellous skill of the Royal Horse Artillery as they swung their teams at full speed round the marks in the driving competitions.

Apropos of the latter corps a story is told of Field-Marshal Von Waldersee's introduction to them at the first review he held of British troops

at Tientsin. When the horse gunners came thundering down towards the saluting base in a cloud of dust, their horses stretching to a mad gallop, the guns bounding behind them like things of no weight but with every muzzle in line, the German Commander-in-Chief is said to have burst into admiring exclamation: "Splendid! Marvellous!" he cried. As they flew past the old man huddled up on his charger, he started in surprise and peered forward.

"Donnerwetter!" he exclaimed, "why, they actually have their guns with them!" The pace was so furious that he had been under the impression that they were galloping past with the teams only; for he had thought it impossible for artillery to move at such speed drawing their field-pieces. The other officers of the Allied Armies were equally amazed at the sight.

"It is positively dangerous!" said a German.

"C'est incroyable! Ça ne peut pas!" cried an excited Frenchman.

"Say, that'll show the Dagoes that they've got something still to learn," said a pleased Yankee.

The Temple of Heaven consists of long, low buildings of the conventional Chinese architecture, with wide, upturned eaves. We found it empty but for a few memorial tablets of painted or gilded wood. Emerging through a small gate and crossing a tiny marble bridge, we strolled through the park to another temple, the conical roof of which

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON WALDERSEE REVIEWING THE ALLIED TROOPS IN PEKIN

rose above the trees. It was known to the British troops in Pekin as the Temple of the Sun; whether the name is correct or not I cannot say.*

Passing the cavalry camp we came to a flight of steps, which led up to a terrace. On ascending this we found a huge gateway to the left. We passed through, and then, little susceptible as we were to artistic emotions, we stopped and gazed in silent admiration as the full beauty of the building stood revealed. The temple, circular in shape, stands on a slight eminence, surrounded by tiers of white marble balustrades. Its triple roof, bright with gleaming blue tiles and golden knob, blazed in the sun, the spaces between the roofs filled with gay designs in brilliant colours. The walls were of carved stone open-work with many doors. It rose, a dream of beauty and grace, against a dark green background of leafy trees, the loveliest building in Pekin. Within, all was bare. An empty altar, a painted tablet, a few broken gilt stools were all that pillaging hands had spared. The massive bronze urns which stood outside, too heavy to be carried away, had lost their handles, wrenched off for the mere value of the metal. Quitting the temple and passing through a door in a low wall, we came to a broad open space, in which stood a curious con-

* Lord Curzon, in his interesting book, *Problems of the Far East*, refers to this building as "The Temple of Heaven" and calls what I have described as "The Centre of the Universe" "The Altar of Heaven." He is more likely to be correct than the officers of the armies of occupation, but I give the names which they used.

struction which bears the proud title of "Centre of the Universe." Three circles of white marble balustrades, one within the other, rose up to a paved platform, round which were large urns. Here once a year the Emperor comes in state to offer sacrifice to the *manes* of his ancestors. Close by was the Temple of the Moon, in design similar to that of the Sun, but much smaller and with only a single roof.

This exhausted the sights of the Temple of Heaven. We returned through the park to the railway station, where we procured rickshas to take us to the hotel. Strong, active coolies whirled us along over the wide, flagged road that runs through the Chinese town. We passed crowds of Celestials trudging on in the awful dust, springless Pekin carts drawn by sturdy little ponies, an occasional Bengal Lancer or German Mounted Infantryman, through streets of mean shops, the fronts hung with gaudy sign-boards, until we reached the wall of the Tartar city. Before us stood the Chien Mên Gate, the brick tower above it roofless and shattered by shells, the heavy iron-studded door swung back. We rumbled through the long, tunnel-like entrance, between rows of low, one-story houses, and soon reached the famous Legation Street, the quarter in which lie the residences of the Foreign Ministers and the other Europeans in Pekin. We passed along a wide road in good repair, by gateways at which stood Japanese, French, and German sentries,

by the shattered ruins of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. All around the Legations lay acres of wrecked Chinese houses, torn by shells and blackened by fire—a grim memento of the outrage that had roused the civilised world to arms. At length we reached a broad street leading from the Ha-ta-man Gate, turned to the left down it, and drew up before a small entrance in a line of low, one-story houses. Above it was a board bearing the inscription, "Hôtel du Nord." Jumping from our rickshas, we paid off the perspiring coolies, and, walking across a small courtyard, were met by the proprietor and shown to our quarters. The hotel, which had been opened shortly after the relief of the Legations, consisted of a number of squalid Chinese houses, which had been cleverly converted into comfortable dining, sitting, and bed-rooms. An excellent cuisine made it a popular resort for the officers of the Allies in Pekin, and we found ourselves as well catered for as we could have done in many more pretentious hostels in civilised lands.

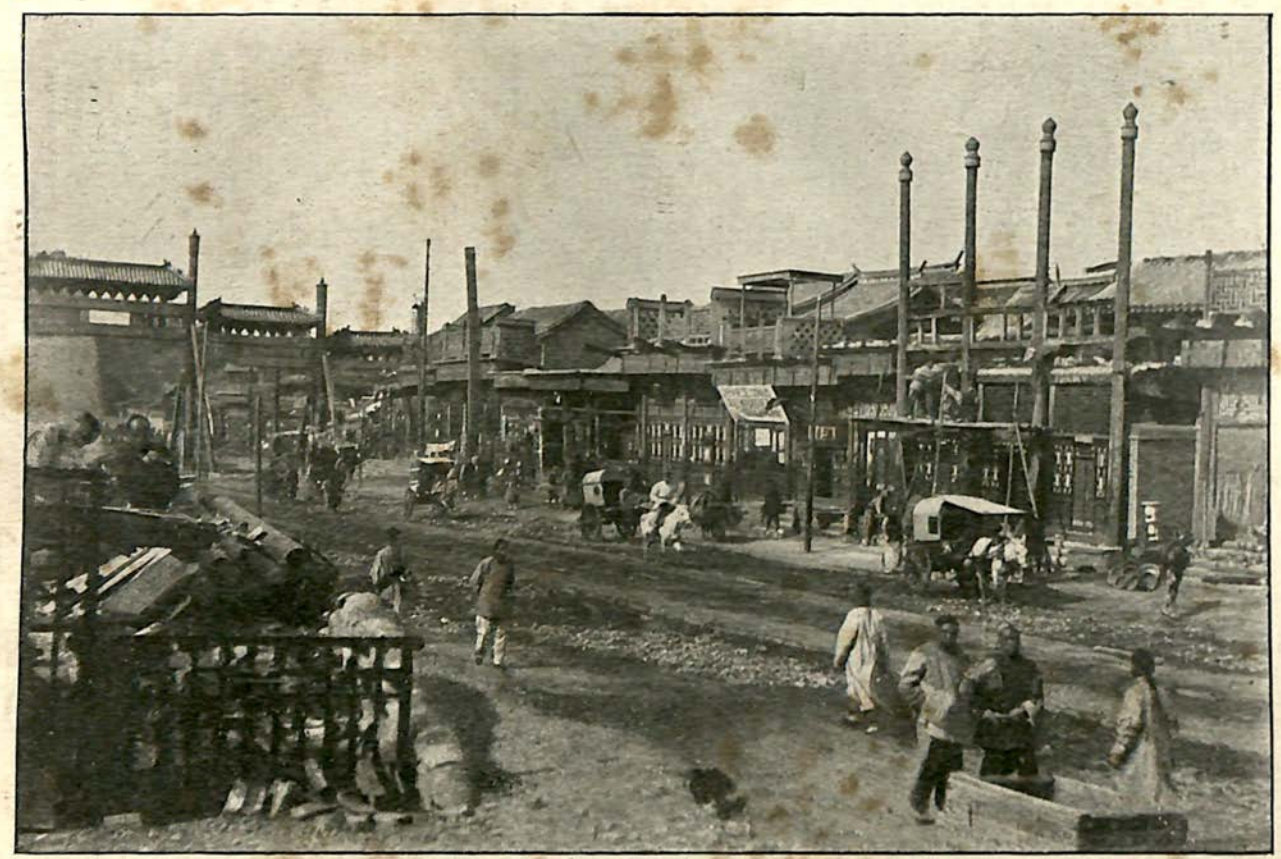
A short description of the chief city of China may not be out of place; though recent events have served to draw it from the obscurity that enshrouded it so long. It is singular among the capitals of the world for the regularity of its outline, owing to the stupendous walls which confine it. These famous battlements are twenty-five miles in total circumference, and the long lines, studded with

lofty towers and giant buttresses, present an imposing spectacle from the exterior.

Pekin is divided into two separate and distinct cities, the Tartar and the Chinese. The latter, adjoining the southern wall of the former, is in shape a parallelogram, its longer sides running east and west. It grew as an excrescence to the capital of the victorious Manchus, and was in ancient times inhabited by the conquered Chinese as the Tartar City was by the superior race, though now this line of demarcation is lost in the practical merging of the two nationalities as regards the lower orders. The wall of the Chinese city is thirty feet high and twenty feet thick.

The Tartar city, in shape also a parallelogram, with the longer sides north and south, is surrounded by a much more imposing wall, which if vigorously defended would prove a truly formidable obstacle to any army unprovided with a powerful siege train. It is forty feet high, fifty feet broad at the top, and sixty-four feet thick at the base, and consists of two masonry walls, made of enormous bricks as solid as stone, that on the external face being twelve feet thick, the interior one eight feet, the space between them filled with clay, rammed in layers of from six to nine inches.* A practicable breach might be effected by the concentrated fire of heavy siege guns, for shells

* These dimensions were given me by Lieutenant Pearson, R.E., who had to tunnel the wall to allow the passage of a railway line.



A STREET IN THE CHINESE CITY, PEKIN

planted near the top of the wall would probably bring down bricks and earth enough to form a ramp. From the outside seven gateways lead into the Chinese city, six into the Tartar, while communication between the two is maintained by three more. They can be closed by enormously thick, iron-studded wooden gates, which in ordinary times are shut at night. The Japanese effected an entrance into the Tartar city by blowing in one of these. At the corners of the walls and over each gateway are lofty brick towers several stories high, the intervals between them being divided by buttresses. These towers are comparatively fragile, and at the taking of Pekin those attacked suffered considerably from the shell fire of the field guns of the Allies. Outwards from the base of the walls a broad open space is left.

The Tartar City is by far the more important. It holds most of the temples, the residences of the upper and wealthier classes, the important buildings and larger shops. In the centre of it is the Imperial city, in shape an irregular square, enclosed by a high wall seven miles in circumference, the top of which is covered with yellow tiles. Here are found the public buildings and the houses of the official mandarins; and in its heart lies the Purple or Forbidden City, the residence of the Emperor and his Court. All the buildings inside the limits of the Imperial city are roofed with gleaming yellow tiles, that being the

sacred colour. To the south-east, near the wall of the Chinese city, lies the Legation quarter, where most of the European residents live.

The only high ground in Pekin consists of two small eminences, just inside the northern boundary of the Imperial city. One, facing the gateway, is known as Coal Hill. Tradition declares it to consist of an enormous quantity of coal, accumulated in former times to provide against a threatened siege. It is covered with trees, bushes, and grass. On the summit is a pavilion, from which an excellent view over all Pekin is obtained. At one's feet the yellow roofs of the buildings in the Imperial and Forbidden cities blaze in the sun like gold. To the right is the other small tree-clad hill, on which stands the quaintly shaped Ming Pagoda. Below it, to the right of the Imperial city, lies a gleaming expanse of water, the Lotos Lake, crossed by a picturesque white marble bridge, with strange, small, circular arches. Near it is the Palace of the Empress-Dowager. To the south of the sacred city is the Legation quarter, where the European-looking buildings of the residences of the Foreign Ministers and the other alien inhabitants seem curiously out of keeping with their surroundings. Far away the high, many-storied towers over the gateways between the Tartar and the Chinese city rise up from the long line of embattled wall. Looking down on it from this height Pekin is strangely picturesque,

with a sea of foliage that surges between the buildings; and yet on descending into the streets one wonders what has become of the trees with which the city seemed filled. The fact is that they are extremely scattered, one in one court-yard, one in another, and in consequence are scarcely remarked from the level. The Palace, the Legations, and the towers are the only buildings that stand up prominently among the monotonous array of low roofs, for the houses are almost invariably only one-storied.

The Tartar City is pierced by broad roads running at right angles to the walls. From them a network of smaller lanes leads off, usually extremely narrow and always unsavoury, being used as the dumping-ground of all the filth and refuse of the neighbouring houses. The main streets even are unpaved and ill-kept. The centre portion alone is occasionally repaired in a slovenly fashion, apparently by heaping on it fresh earth taken from the sides, which have consequently become mere ditches eight or nine feet below the level of the middle causeway and the narrow footpaths along the front of the houses. After heavy rain these fill with water and are transformed into rushing rivers. Occasionally on dark nights a cart falls into them, the horse unguided by a sleepy driver, and the occupants are drowned. Such a happening in the principal thoroughfares of a large and populous city seems incredible. I could scarcely believe it until I was

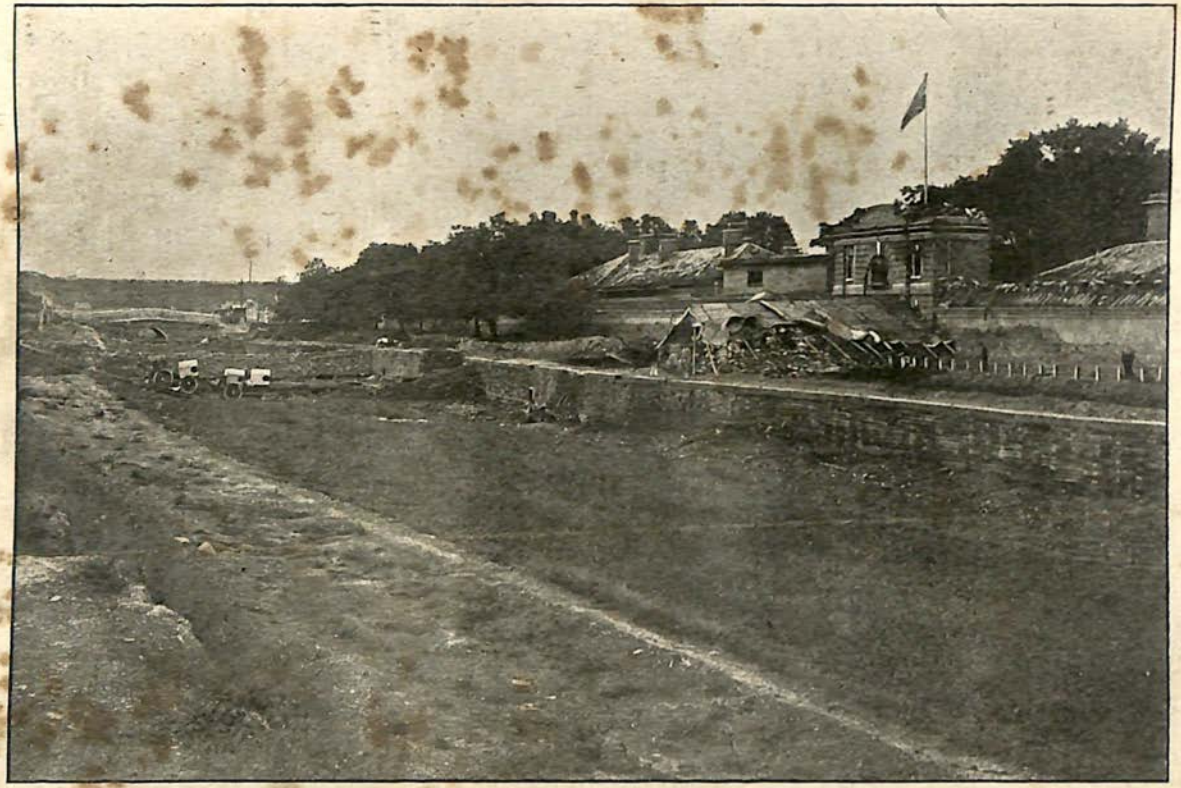
once obliged almost to swim my pony across a main street with the water up to the saddle-flaps, and this after only a few hours' rain. A Chinaman, by the way, will never rescue a drowning man, from the superstition that the rescuer will always meet with misfortune from the hand of the one he has saved.

The houses are mostly one story high, dingy and squalid. The shops, covered with gaudy red and gold sign-boards, have little frontage but much depth, and display to the public gaze scarcely anything of the goods they contain. All along the principal streets peddlers establish themselves on the narrow side-walks, spread their wares on the ground about them, and wait with true Oriental patience for customers. The houses of the richer folk are secluded within courtyards, and cannot be seen from the public thoroughfares.

On the whole, Pekin from the inside is not an attractive city; and as the streets in dry weather are thick with dust that rises in clouds when a wind blows, and in wet are knee-deep in mud where not flooded, they do not lend themselves to casual strolling. The broad tops of the walls are much preferable for a promenade. Access to them is gained by ramps at intervals. They are clean, not badly paved though often overgrown with bushes, and afford a good view over the surrounding houses, and in the summer offer the only place where a cooling breeze can be found.

Comfortably installed in the Hôtel du Nord, we determined to devote our first afternoon in Pekin to a visit to the quarter of most pressing, though temporary, interest, the Legations, on which the thoughts of the whole civilised world had been concentrated during their gallant defence against a fanatical and cowardly foe. As the distance was short, we set out on foot. The courtyard of the hotel opens on to the long street that runs through the Tartar city from the Ha-ta-man Gate, leading into the Chinese city. As the wall was close at hand, we ascended it by one of the ramps or inclined ways that lead to the top, and entered the tower above the gateway. It was a rectangular three-storied building with the usual sloping gabled roofs and wide, upturned eaves of Chinese architecture. The interior was bare and empty. The lower room was wide and lofty, the full breadth and depth of the tower, and communicating with the floor above by a steep ladder. From the large windows of the upper stories a fine view over both cities was obtained. We looked down on the seething crowds passing along Ha-ta-man Street and away to where, above the Legation quarter, the flags of the Allies fluttered gaily in proud defiance to the tall yellow roofs of the Imperial palace close by. Descending, we emerged upon the broad paved road that ran along the top of the wall, and found it a pleasant change from the close, fetid streets. The side towards the Chinese city, the houses of which run up

to the foot of the wall, is defended by a loopholed and embrasured parapet. We soon found ourselves over the Legation quarter and looked down on the spot where the besieged Europeans had so long held their assailants at bay. A broad ditch or nullah with walled sides, which during the rains drains the Tartar city, ran towards the wall on which we stood, passing beneath our feet through a tunnel in it, which could be closed by an iron grating. This was the famous water-gate by which the Anglo-Indian troops had entered, first of the Allies, to the relief of the besieged. The nullah was crossed by several bridges, over one of which passes Legation Street, along which we had ridden in our rickshas that morning. On the left bank of the nullah, looking north, stands the English Legation, surrounded by a high wall enclosing well-wooded grounds. Opposite it, on the right bank, is the Japanese Legation, similarly enclosed. During the siege the two were connected by a wall built across the watercourse, which is generally dry, and they thus formed the front face of the defence. A portion of the city wall, cut off by breastworks on the summit, became the rear face, which was held by the Americans, who were attacked along the top of the wall itself. The French, German, and Belgian Legations lay to the right and rear of the Japanese; while the Russian and American stood between the British Legation and the wall. All around the limits of the defence were acres of



FRONT FACE OF THE DEFENCES OF THE LEGATIONS

Gate of the British Legation on the right, wall across the nullah connecting it with the Japanese Legation
Wall of Tartar city in the background

wrecked and burnt Chinese houses, destroyed impartially by besiegers and besieged.

After a long study of the position from our coign of vantage, we descended to the left bank of the nullah; and, passing the residences of the American and Russian Ministers guarded by stalwart Yankee soldier or heavily built Slav, we came to where the imposing gateway of the English Legation opens out on the road running along the bank. Inside the entrance stood the guardroom. To the right lay the comfortable residences of the Minister and the various officials spread about in the spacious, tree-shaded grounds. We passed on to a group of small and squalid Chinese houses, which served as the quarters for the officers and men of the Legation Guard, chiefly composed of Royal Welch Fusiliers. The officers in command, all old friends of ours, received us most hospitably, and entertained us with grateful refreshment and the news of Pekin. We were cynically amused at learning from them an instance of the limits of human gratitude. The civilian inhabitants of the English Legation have insisted that a wall should be built between their residences and the quarters of the guard, lest, perchance, the odour of "a brutal and licentious soldiery" should come betwixt the wind and their nobility. They gladly welcome their protection in time of danger, but in peace their fastidious eyes would be offended by the sight of the humble red-coat. Our hosts showed us

round the grounds and the *enceinte* of the defence, and explained many points in the siege that we had not previously understood.

When, our visit over, we walked back to the hotel down Legation Street, we were interested in noticing that the walls and houses bordering the road were covered with bullet splashes; while the ruins of the Chinese houses, of the fine building that had once been a branch of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, and of some of the Legations spoke eloquently of the ravages of war. On the wreckage around notices were posted, showing the increased areas claimed for the various foreign Legations in the general scramble that ensued on the fall of Pekin. Little Belgium, with her scanty interests in China, has not done badly. Everywhere were to be seen placards bearing the legend, "Occupé par la Légation Belge," until she promised to have almost more ground than any of the great Powers. *Vae Victis*, indeed! And the truth of it was evident everywhere, from the signs of the game of general grab all around the Legations to the insolent manner of a German Mounted Infantryman we saw scattering the Chinese foot-passengers as he galloped along the street.

When we entered the dining-room of the hotel that evening, we found it filled with Continental officers, who, as we bowed to the groups at the various tables before taking our seats, rose politely and returned our greeting. Britishers unused to

the elaborate foreign courtesy found the continual salutes that were the custom of most of the Allies rather a tax at first; and the ungraciousness of English manners was a frequent source of comment among those of our European brothers-in-arms who had never before been brought in contact with the Anglo-Saxon race. But they soon regarded us as almost paragons of politeness compared with our American cousins, who had no stomach for the universal "bowing and scraping," and with true republican frankness, did not hesitate to let it be known. Our proverbial British gruffness wore off after a little time, and our Continental comrades finally came to the conclusion that we were not so unmannerly as they deemed us at first. In the beginning some offence was given as they did not understand that in the English naval or military services it is the custom where several officers are together for the senior only to acknowledge a salute; for in the other European armies all would reply equally to it.

The three leading characteristics of Pekin are its odour, its dust in dry weather, and its mud after rain. The cleanliness introduced by the Allies did wonders towards allaying the stench; and I do not think that any place in the world, short of an alkali desert, can beat the dust of the Long Valley. But though I have seen "dear, dirthy Dublin" in wet weather, have waded through the slush of Aldershot, and had certainly marvelled at the mire

of Hsin-ho, yet never have I gazed on aught to equal the depth, the intensity, and the consistency of the awful mud of Pekin. We made its acquaintance on the day following our arrival. Heavy rain had kept us indoors until late in the afternoon when, taking advantage of a temporary cessation of the deluge, we rashly ventured on a stroll down Ha-ta-man Street. The city, never beautiful, looked doubly squalid in the gloomy weather. Along the raised centre portion of the roadway the small Pekin carts laboured literally axle-deep in mire. It was impossible for rickshas to ply. On either side the lower parts of the street were several feet under water, while gushing torrents rushed into them from the alleys and lanes. We struggled with difficulty through the awful mud, wading through pools too broad to jump. Once or twice we nearly slipped off the edge of the central causeway, and narrowly escaped an unwelcome bath in the muddy river alongside. As we splashed and skipped along like schoolboys, laughing at our various mishaps, our mirth was suddenly hushed. Down the road towards us tramped a mournful cortège—a funeral party of German soldiers marching with reversed arms behind a gun-carriage on which lay, in a rough Chinese coffin, the corpse of some young conscript from the Vaterland. As we stood aside to let the procession pass, we raised our hands to our helmets in a last salute to a comrade.

In sobered mood we waded on until, in the centre of the roadway, we came to a mat-shed that marked the site of a monument to be erected on the spot where the German Minister, Baron Kettler, was murdered at the outbreak of the troubles. Foully slain as he had been by soldiers of the Chinese Imperial troops, his unhappy fate proved perhaps the salvation of the other Europeans in the Legations. For it showed that no reliance could be placed on the promises of the Court which had just offered them a safe-conduct and an escort to Tientsin. And on the ground stained by his life-blood the monument will stand, a grim memento and a warning of the vengeance of civilisation.

Weary of our struggles with the mud, we now resolved to go no farther and turned back to the hotel, but not in time to escape a fresh downpour, which drenched us thoroughly.

Next day we changed our abode, having found accommodation in the portion of Pekin allotted to the English troops; for the city was divided into sections for the allied occupation. Some officers of the Welch Fusiliers had kindly offered us room in their quarters in Chong Wong Foo. This euphonious title signifies the palace of Prince Chong, who was one of the eight princes of China. Our new lodging was more imposing in name than in fact. The word "palace" conjured up visions of stately edifices and princely magnificence which were dissipated by our first view of the reality.

Seated in jolting, springless Pekin carts that laboured heavily through the deep mire, we had driven from the hotel through miles of dismal, squalid streets. Turning off a main road, which was being repaired, or rather re-made, by the British, we entered a series of small, evil-smelling lanes bordered by high walls, from the doorways of which an occasional phlegmatic Chinaman regarded us with languid interest. At length we came to a narrow road, which the rain of the previous day had converted into a canal. The water rose over the axles of the carts. Our sturdy ponies splashed on indomitably until ahead of us the roadway widened out into a veritable lake before a large gate at which stood a British sentry. As we approached he called out to us to turn down a lane to the right and seek a side entrance, as the water in front of the principal one here was too deep for our carts. Thanks to his directions, we found a doorway in the wall which gave admittance to a large courtyard. Jumping out of our uncomfortable vehicles, we entered. Round the enclosure were long, one-storied buildings, their fronts consisting of lattice-work covered with paper. They were used as barrack-rooms, and we secured a soldier in one of them to guide us. He led us through numerous similar courtyards, in one of which stood a temple converted into a gun-shed, until we finally passed through a small door in a wall into a tangled wilderness of a garden. At

the far end of this stood a long, low building with the conventional Chinese curved roof. It was constructed of brick and wood, the latter for the most part curiously carved. The low-hanging eaves overspreading the broad stone verandah were supported by worm-eaten pillars. The portico and doorways were of fragile lattice-work, trellised in fantastic designs. It was the main portion of Prince Chong's residence and resembled more a dilapidated summer-house than a princely palace. Here we were met and welcomed by our hosts, Major Dobell, D.S.O. and Lieutenant Williams, who ushered us into the anything but palatial interior, which consisted of low, dingy rooms dimly lighted by paper-covered windows. The various chambers opened off each other or into gloomy passages in bewildering and erratic fashion. Camp beds and furniture seemed out of keeping with the surroundings; but a few blackwood stools were apparently all that Prince Chong had left behind him for his uninvited guests. Thanks to our friends' kindness, we were soon comfortably installed, and felt as much at home as if we had lived in palaces all our lives. It took us some time to learn our way about the labyrinth of courts. The buildings scattered through the yards would have afforded ample accommodation for a regiment; and a whole brigade could have encamped with ease within the circumference enclosed by the outer walls.

The place of most fascinating interest in the

marvellous capital of China is undoubtedly the Forbidden City, the Emperor's residence. With the wonderful attraction of the mysterious its very name, fraught with surmise, is alluring. Nothing in all the vastness of Pekin excited such curiosity as the fabled enclosure that had so long shrouded in awful obscurity the Son of Heaven. No white man in ordinary times could hope to fathom its mysteries or know what lay concealed within its yellow walls. The ambassadors of the proudest nations of Europe were only admitted on sufferance, and that rarely, to the outermost pavilions of that sacred city, the hidden secrets of which none might dare reveal. But now the monarch of Celestial origin was an exile from the palace, whose inmost recesses were profaned by the impious presence of his foes. The tramp of an avenging army had echoed through its deserted courts; barbarian voices broke its holy hush. Foreign soldiers jested carelessly in the sacred chamber where the proudest mandarins of China had prostrated themselves in awe before the Dragon Throne. Within its violated walls strangers wandered freely where they listed; and Heaven sent not its lightnings to avenge the sacrilege. Surely the gods were sleeping!

While the capital of the Celestial Kingdom languished in the grasp of the accursed barbarian, admittance to the Forbidden City was granted to anyone who obtained a written order from one of

the Legations. This was readily given to officers of the armies of occupation. Provided with it and a Chinese-speaking guide, a party of us set out one day from the British Legation to explore the mysteries of the Emperor's abode. A short ricksha ride brought us to the Imperial city. A rough paved road through it led to the gateway of the Palace, at which stood a guard of stalwart American soldiers. Quitting our rickshas, we presented our pass to the sergeant in command. The gates were thrown open, and we were permitted to enter the sacred portals. Before us lay a large paved courtyard, the grass springing up between the stone flags, leading to a long, single-storied pavilion, seemingly crushed beneath the weight of its wide-spreading yellow-tiled double roof. To one who has imagined undreamt-of luxury and magnificence in the residence of the Emperor of China the reality comes as a sad disappointment. The Palace, far from being a pile of splendid and ornate architecture, consists of a number of detached single-storied buildings, one behind the other, separated by immense paved courtyards, along the sides of which are the residences of the servants and attendants. The outer pavilions are a series of throne rooms, in which audience is given according to the rank of the individual admitted to the presence in inverse ratio to his importance. Thus, the first nearest the gate suffices for the reception of the smaller mandarins or envoys of petty States, the

next for higher notabilities or ambassadors of greater nations, and so on.

The description of one of these throne rooms will serve for all.

A raised foundation, with tier above tier of carved white marble balustrades, slopes up to a paved terrace on which stands a large one-storied pavilion. Its double roof blazes with lustrous yellow tiles; the gables are ornamented with weird porcelain monsters. The far-projecting eaves, shading a deep verandah, are supported by many pillars. From the courtyard steps on either side of the sloping marble slab, curiously carved with fantastic designs of dragons and known as the Spirit Path, lead up to the terrace, on which are large bronze incense-burners, urns, life-size storks, and other birds and animals, with marble images of the sacred tortoise. From the verandah many doors lead into the vast and gloomy interior. A lofty central chamber, supported by gilded columns, contains a high daïs, on which stands a throne of gilt and carved wood with bronze urns and incense-burners around it. The daïs is surrounded by gilded railings and led up to by a flight of half a dozen steps. Behind it is a high screen of carved wood. Screen, walls, and pillars are gay with quaint designs of writhing, coiling dragons in gold and vivid hues, or hung with huge tablets inscribed with Chinese characters. The ceiling is gorgeously painted. The whole a wonderful medley of barbaric gaudiness. From

the principal chamber a few smaller rooms lead off, crammed with wooden chests containing piles of manuscripts.

As we wandered about this pavilion our movements were closely watched by the custodians; for many of the Imperial eunuchs had been permitted to remain in the palace and entrusted with the keys and charge of the various buildings. As, after the fairly exhaustive looting that took place on the capture of the city, no further plundering was allowed, these men were instructed to watch over the safety of the contents of the palace that had escaped the first marauders; and they kept a sharp eye on visitors who endeavoured to secure mementoes. Despite their vigilance, one of our party succeeded in carrying off a little souvenir which he found in a chamber off the throne room. It was a small, flat candlestick, which its finder hoped would prove to be gold. It was only of brass, however, as he subsequently discovered; and he commented disgustedly on the parsimony of a monarch who could allow so mean a metal within his palace.

In the usual spirit of tourists, to whom nothing is sacred, we each reposed for a few moments in the Emperor's gilded chair, so that we could boast of once having occupied the Throne of China. I doubt if future historians will record our names among those who have assumed that exalted position.

Passing through this building, we emerged upon another courtyard, at the far end of which stood a similar pavilion. Its interior arrangement differed but slightly from the one which I have just described. There were several of these throne rooms, one behind the other, all very much alike. Along the sides of the intervening courts were low buildings of the usual Chinese type, which had served as residences for the palace attendants.

We came to a large joss-house, or temple, the interior filled with gilded altars, hideous gods, memorial tablets, bronze incense-burners and candelabra, silken hangings, and tawdry decorations. Here the reigning monarch comes to worship on the vigil of his marriage.

In amusing proximity was the Emperor's seraglio. The gate was closed during the allied occupation, and on it was a notice to the effect that "the custodian has strict orders not to admit any person. Do not ill-treat him if he refuses to open the gate for you. He is only obeying orders." It was signed by General Chaffee, United States Army, and was significant of many things. So the hidden beauties still remain a mystery to the outer world.

Near one of the pavilions a giant bronze attracted our attention. It represented an enormous lion, with particularly ferocious countenance, reposing on a square pedestal, one long-clawed fore-paw resting on the terrestrial globe. Beneath the other sprawled in agony a very diminutive lion, em-

blematic of China's enemies crushed beneath her might. The sculpture seemed rather ironical at that epoch.

Passing onwards through a puzzling maze of courtyards, we reached at length the most interesting portion of the palace, the private apartments of the Emperor, the Empress-Consort, and that notorious lady the Empress-Dowager. Like all the rest of the Forbidden City, they were merely one-storied, yellow-roofed pavilions separated by courts.

The interior of the Emperor's abode consisted of low, rather dingy rooms opening off each other. The appointments were of anything but regal magnificence. The furniture was of carved black-wood, with an admixture of tawdry European chairs and sofas. On the walls hung a weird medley of Chinese paintings and cheap foreign oleographs, all in gorgeous gilt frames. The latter were such as would be found in a fifth-rate lodging-house—horse races, children playing at see-saw, conventional landscapes, and farmyard scenes. Jade ornaments and artificial flowers in vases abounded; but all around, wherever one could be hung or placed, were European clocks, from the gilt French timepiece under a glass shade to the cheapest wooden eight-day clock. There must have been at least two or three hundred, probably more, scattered about the pavilion. The Chinese have a weird and inexplicable passion for them, and a

man's social respectability would seem to be gauged more by the number of timepieces he possesses than by any other outward and visible signs of wealth. What a costly collection of rare masterpieces of art is to the American millionaire, the heterogeneous gathering of foreign clocks apparently is to the Celestial plutocrat. The Imperial bed was a fine piece of carved blackwood; but the most magnificent article of furniture in the pavilion was a large screen of the famous Canton featherwork, made of the green and blue plumage of the kingfisher. The design, which was framed and covered with glass, represented a pilgrimage to a sacred mountain. On its summit stood a temple, towards which crowds of worshippers climbed wearily. As a work of art it was excellent. It was the only thing in the Imperial apartments which I coveted. The rest of the furniture and fittings were tawdry and apparently valueless.

The pavilion of the Empress-Consort was rather more luxuriously upholstered than that of her husband and contained some splendid embroideries. In her boudoir, besides the inevitable collection of clocks, oleographs, and artificial flowers, were a piano and a small organ, both very much out of tune, presented, we were told, by European ladies resident in China.

The pavilion of the Empress-Dowager, a much finer abode than that of the reigning monarch,

contained a long, glass-walled room crowded with bizarre ornaments of foreign workmanship. Musical boxes, mechanical toys under glass shades, vases of wax flowers, stood along each side on marble-topped tables; and all around, of course, clocks. On the walls of her sleeping apartment hung a strange astronomical chart. The bed, an imposing and wide four-poster, was covered and hung with rich embroideries. And, as tourists should do, we lay down in turn on the old lady's couch, where I warrant she had tossed in sleepless agitation in those last summer nights when the rattle of musketry around the besieged Legations told that the hated foreigners still resisted China's might. And little slumber must have visited her there when the booming of guns, during the dark hours when Russian and Japanese flung themselves on the doomed city, disturbed the silence even in the sacrosanct heart of the Forbidden City and told of the vengeance at hand.

Having thoroughly inspected the Imperial apartments, we visited a very gaudily decorated temple, crowded with weird gods and hung with embroideries, and then passed on to the small but delightful Emperor's garden. It was full of quaintly shaped trees and shrubs, bizarre rockeries and curious summer-houses, gorgeous flowers and plants, and splendid bronze monsters. These last absolutely blazed in the brilliant sunlight as though gilded; for they are made of that costly Chinese

bronze which contains a large admixture of gold. The garden closed the catalogue of sights to be seen in the palace; and though we visited a few more of the dingy buildings of the Forbidden City, there was nothing else worthy of being chronicled. We passed out through the northern gateway and climbed up Coal Hill close by for a long, comprehensive look over Pekin from the pavilion on the summit.

All around us the capital lay embosomed in trees and bathed in brilliant sunshine, the yellow roofs of the Imperial Palace at our feet flashing like gold. To the right lay the pretty Lotos Lakes of the Empress-Dowager, the white marble bridge spanning them stretching like a delicate ivory carving over the gleaming water. Through the haze of heat and dust the towers of the walls rose up boldly to the sky. And far away, beyond the crowded city, the country stretched in fertile fields and dense groves of trees to a distant line of hills, where the tall temples of the Summer Palace stood out sharply against a dark background.

CHAPTER V

RAMBLES IN PEKIN

WHEN the treachery of the Empress-Dowager and the mad fanaticism of the Chinese ringed in the Legations with a circle of fire and steel, all the world trembled at the danger of the besieged Europeans. When Pekin fell and relief came, the heroism of the garrison was lauded through every nation. But few heard of a still more gallant and desperate defence which took place at the same time and in the same city—when a few priests and a handful of marines in the Peitan, the Roman Catholic cathedral of Pekin, long held at bay innumerable hordes of assailants. Well deserved as was the praise bestowed on the defenders of the Legations, their case was never so desperate as that of the missionaries, nuns, and converts penned up in the church and schools. On the Peitan fell the first shock of fanatical attack; no armistice gave rest to its weary garrison, and to it relief came last of all. For over two months, with twenty French and eleven Italian marines, the heroic Archbishop, Monseigneur Favrier, and his priests—all honour to them!—held an almost impossible position against overwhelming numbers.

The *enceinte* of the defence comprised the cathedral, the residences of the priests, the schools, and the convent, and contained within its straggling precincts, besides the nuns and the missionaries, over 3,000 converts—men, women, and children. The buildings were riddled with shot and shell. Twice mines were exploded within the defences and tore away large portions of the protecting wall, besides killing or wounding hundreds.

The Chinese occupied houses within a few yards of the cathedral, and on one occasion brought a gun up within forty paces of its central door. A few rounds would have laid the way open to the stormers. All hope seemed lost; when the dauntless old Archbishop led out ten marines in a desperate sally, drove off the assailants, and, capturing the gun, dragged it back within the church. A heroic priest volunteered to try to pierce the environing hordes of besiegers and seek aid from the Legations, not knowing that they, too, were in deadly peril. In disguise he stole out secretly from the defences, and was never heard of again. One shudders to think what his fate must have been. It is still a mystery. Under a pitiless close-range fire the marines and priests, worthy of their gallant leader, stood at their posts day and night and drove back the mad rushes of the assailants. Heedless of death, the nuns bore water, food, and ammunition to the defenders, nursed the wounded and sick, and soothed the

alarm of the Chinese women and children in their care. Disease and starvation added their grim terrors to the horrors of the situation.

Desirous of seeing the scene of this heroic defence, I set out one day to visit the cathedral in company with some officers of the Fusiliers and of my own regiment. The ground being dry, we chose rickshas for our vehicles in preference to Pekin carts, which are as uncomfortable a form of conveyance as any I know. Our coolies ran us along at a good pace, for the Pekinese ricksha-men are exceedingly energetic; indeed, the Chinaman is the best worker I have ever seen, with the possible exception of the Corean boatmen at Chemulpo. The Hong Kong dock labourers are a model that the same class in England would never copy. One day in Dublin I watched three men raising a small paving-sett a few inches square from the roadway. Two held the points of crow-bars under it while the third leisurely scratched at the surrounding earth with a pickaxe, pausing frequently to wipe his heated brow and remark that "hard work is not aisy, begob!" I wondered what a Chinaman would have said if he had seen that sight.

Close to the Peitan we found ourselves in a broad street which was being re-made by the French, who had named it "Rue du General Voyron" after their commander-in-chief. In it were many newly-opened cafés and drinking-shops,

placarded with advertisements of various sorts of European liquors for sale within. Turning off this road into a narrow lane, we suddenly came upon the gate of the Peitan.

The cathedral is a beautiful building of the graceful semi-Gothic type of modern French churches, lightly constructed of white stone. It is crowned by airy pinnacles and looks singularly out of place among the squalid Chinese houses that crowd around it. At first we could not discern any marks of the rough handling it had received, and marvelled at its good preservation. But on approaching closer, we saw that the masonry was chipped and scarred in a thousand places. Scarce a square yard of the front was without a bullet or shell-hole through it. The walls were so thin that the shells had passed through without exploding; and it seemed almost incredible that any being could have remained alive within them during the hellish fire to which they had so evidently been subjected.

We were met at the entrance by Monseigneur Favrier's courteous coadjutor-bishop, who received us most hospitably, took us over the cathedral and round the defences, and explained the incidents of the siege to us. He showed us the enormous hole in the compound and the breach in the wall caused by the explosion of one of the Chinese mines, which had killed and wounded hundreds. The ground everywhere was strewn with large iron

bullets and fragments of shells, fired by the besiegers. The Bishop smiled when we requested permission to carry off a few of these as souvenirs, and remarked with truth that there were enough to suffice for visitors for many years. We inspected with interest the gun captured by the Archbishop. Then, as he spoke no English, and I was the only one of the party who could converse with him in French, he handed us over to the care of an Australian nun, who proved to be a capital *cicerone* and depicted the horrors they had undergone much more vividly than our previous guide had done. Her narrative of the sufferings of the brave sisters and the women and children was heartrending. Before we left we were fortunate enough to have the honour of being presented to the heroic prelate, whose courage and example had animated the defenders. A burly, strongly built man, with genial and open countenance, Monseigneur Favrier is a splendid specimen of the Church Militant and reminded one of the old-time bishops, who, clad in armour, had led their flocks to war, and fought in the forefront of battles in the Middle Ages. His bravery was equalled by his modesty, for he resolutely declined to be drawn into any account of his exploits during the siege. Long may he flourish! A perfect specimen of the priest of God, the soldier, and the gentleman. As we parted from him we turned to look again on the man so modestly

unconscious of his own heroism, that in any army in the world would have covered him with honours and undying fame.

When we looked at the extent of the defences and compared it with the paucity of the garrison, we could scarcely understand how the place resisted attack for an hour. By all the rules of warfare it was absolutely untenable. It is surrounded on all sides within a few yards by houses, which were occupied by the Chinese who from their cover poured in an unceasing and harassing fire upon the garrison. The defenders were too few to even attempt to drive them out,* and so were obliged to confine themselves to defeating the frequent assaults made on them. Their successful and gallant resistance was a feat that would be a glorious page in the annals of any army. "Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Not the least remarkable of the many curious phases of this extraordinary campaign was the rapidity with which, when order had been restored, the Chinese settled down again in Pekin. A few months after the fall of the capital its streets, to a casual observer, had resumed their ordinary appearance; but the wrecked houses, the foreign flags everywhere displayed, the absence of the native upper classes, and the presence of the soldiers of the Allies marked the change. Burly Russian and lithe Sikh, dapper little Japanese and

* They had only forty rifles all told.

yellow-haired Teuton roughly shouldered the Celestial aside in the streets, where formerly the white man had passed hurriedly along in momentary dread of insult and assault. But in the presence of the strict discipline of the troops after the first excesses the Chinaman speedily recovered his contempt—veiled though it was now perforce—for the foreign devil. Ricksha coolies argued over their fare, where not long before a blow would have been the only payment vouchsafed or expected. Lounging crowds of Chinese on the side-paths refused to make way for European officers until forcibly reminded that they belonged to a vanquished nation.

Shops that had any of their contents left after the fairly complete looting the city had undergone opened again, the proprietors demanding prices for their goods that promised to rapidly recoup them for their losses. Vehicles of all kinds filled the streets, which were soon as interesting as they had been before the advent of the Allies—and a great deal safer. Pekin carts rattled past strings of laden Tartar camels, which plodded along with noiseless footfall and the weary air of haughty boredom of their kind. Coolies with streaming bodies ran their rickshas over the uneven roadway. Heavy transport waggons, drawn by European and American horses or stout Chinese mules, rumbled through the deep dust or heavy mud. And, thanks to the cleansing efforts of the Allies, the formerly most

65918

noticeable feature of Pekin was absent—its overpowering stench.

Engaging the services of a guide and interpreter, a party of us set out one afternoon to view the shops, with the ulterior purpose of purchasing some of the famous pottery and silks. We went in rickshas to Ha-ta-man Street, which is a good commercial thoroughfare. Arrived there, we discarded our man-drawn vehicles and strolled along the high side-walks, pausing now and then to gaze at the curious pictures of Chinese street life. Here peddlers sat surrounded by their wares. An old-clothes merchant, selecting a convenient space of blank wall, had driven nails into it, and hung on them garments of all kinds, from the cylindrical trousers of the Chinese woman to the tarnished, gold-embroidered coat of a mandarin, with perhaps a suggestive rent and stain that spoke all too plainly of the fate of the last owner. Another man sat amid piles of footgear—the quaint tiny shoes of women that would not fit a European baby, the slippers of the superior sex, with their thick felt soles, the long knee boots for winter wear. Here a venerable, white-haired Chinaman, with the beard that bespoke him a grandfather, dozed among a heterogeneous collection of rusty knives, empty bottles and jampots, scraps of old iron, and broken locks of native or European manufacture. Another displayed cheap pottery of quaint shape and hideous colouring, or the curious, pretty little snuff-bottles,

with tiny spoons fitted into the stopper, that I have never seen anywhere but in China. Another offered tawdry embroidery or tinselled fan-cases. Piles of Chinese books and writing-desks, with their brushes and solid blocks of ink, were the stock-in-trade of another.

And true Oriental haughty indifference marked the demeanour of these cheapjacks when we searched among their curious wares for souvenirs of Pekin. They evinced not the least anxiety for us to buy, although they knew that the lowest price that they would extract from us was sure to be much more than they could obtain from a Chinese purchaser. Their demands were exorbitant for the commonest, most worthless article; and they showed no regret if we turned away exasperated at their rapacity. One asked me fifteen dollars for a thing which he gave eventually, after hard bargaining, for one, and then probably made a profit of fifty cents over it.

Farther on we stopped to gaze at a small crowd assembled round a fortune-teller. A stout country-woman was having her future foretold. The prophet, looking alternately at her hand and at a chart covered with hieroglyphics, was evidently promising her a career full of good fortune and happiness, to judge from the rapt and delighted expression on her face.

A bear, lumbering heavily through a cumbrous dance to the mournful strains of a weird musical

instrument, was the centre of another small gathering. Farther down the street a juggler had attracted a ring of interested spectators, who, when the performer endeavoured to collect money from them, melted away quite as rapidly as a similar crowd in the streets of London scatters when the hat is passed round.

We had noticed many peepshows being exhibited along the side-walk, with small, pig-tailed urchins, their eyes glued to the peepholes, evidently having their money's worth. Curious to see the spectacles with which the Chinese showman regales his audiences, we struck a bargain with one, and for the large sum of five cents the whole party was allowed to look in through the glasses. The first tableau represented a troupe of acrobats performing before the Imperial Court. Then the proprietor pressed a spring; by a mechanical device the scene changed, and we drew back from the peepholes! The Chinese are not a moral race. None of us were easily shocked, but the picture that met our gaze was a little too indecent for the broadest-minded European. We moved on.

Outside a farrier's booth a pony was being shod. Two poles planted firmly in the earth, with a cross-piece fixed between them, about six feet from the ground, formed a sort of gallows. Ropes passed round the animal's neck, chest, loins, and legs, and fastened to the poles, half suspending him in the

air, held him almost immovable. The most vicious brute would be helpless in such a contrivance.

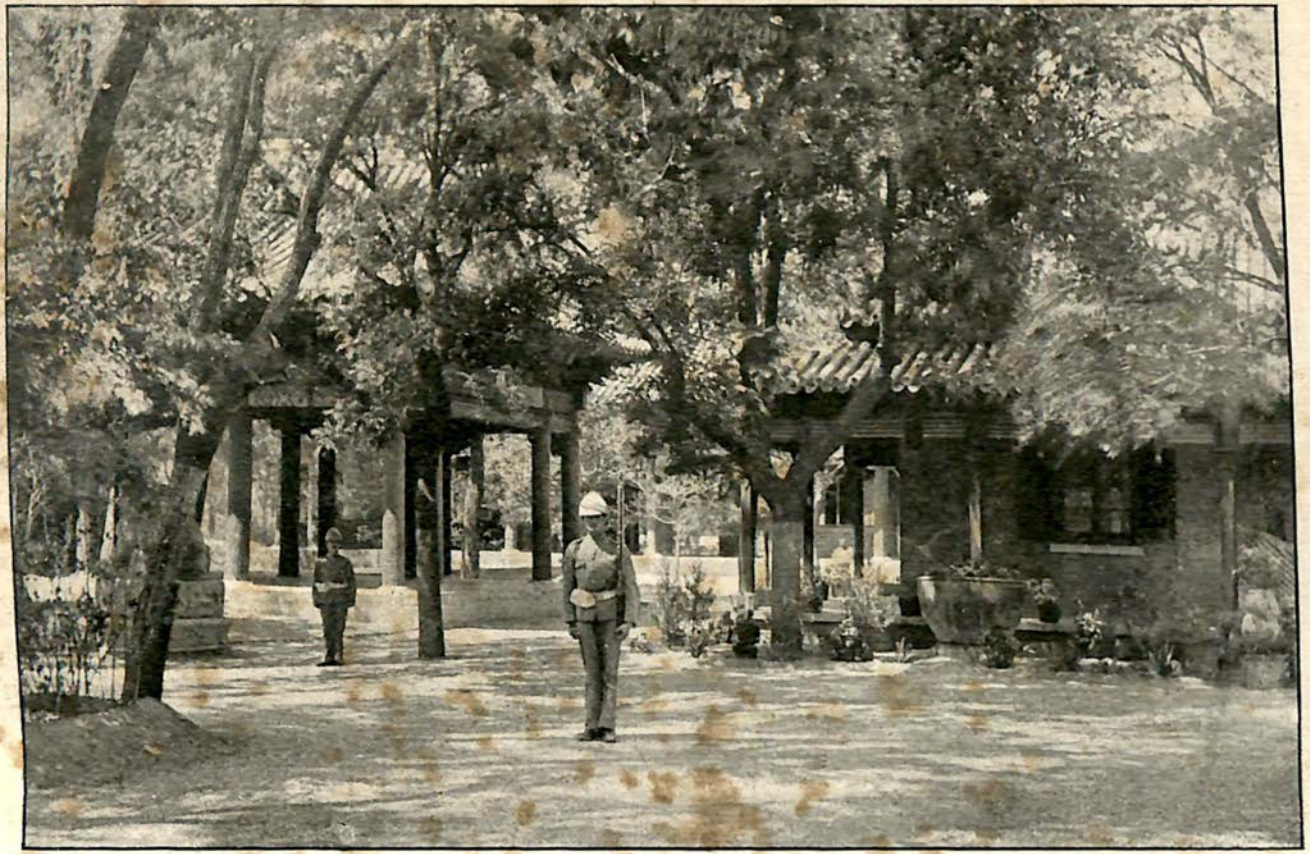
Our guide, on being reminded that we desired to make some purchases, stopped outside a low-fronted, dingy shop, and informed us that it belonged to one of the best silk merchants in Pekin. We entered, and found the proprietor deep in conversation with a friend. The guide addressed him, and told him that we wished to look at some silks. Hardly interrupting his conversation, the merchant replied that he had none. Irritated at his casual manner, our interpreter asked why he exhibited a sign-board outside the shop, which declared that silks were for sale within. "Oh, everything I had was looted. There is nothing left," replied the proprietor nonchalantly; and he turned to resume his interrupted conversation as indifferently as if the plundering of his goods was too ordinary a business risk to demand a moment's thought. Not a word of complaint at his misfortune. How different, I thought, from the torrent of indignant eloquence with which the European shopkeeper would bewail the slackness of trade or a fire that had damaged his property!

We were more successful in the next establishment we visited, for a new stock had been laid in since the capture of the city. But the silks were of very inferior quality, the colours crude and gaudy, and the prices exorbitant. So we purchased nothing.

We next inspected a china shop, which was stacked with pottery from floor to ceiling. To my mind the patterns and colouring of everything we saw were particularly hideous, though some of our party who posed as connoisseurs went into raptures over weird designs and glaring blues and browns.

I was equally disappointed in a visit to a fan shop. China is pre-eminently the land of fans, and I had hoped to find some particularly choice specimens in Pekin. But all that were shown me were very indifferent—badly made and of poor design. The prettiest I have ever seen were in Canton, where superb samples of carved sandal-wood and ivory can be procured at a very reasonable price. But Canton is far ahead of the capital in manufactures, and its inhabitants possess a keen commercial instinct. Its proximity to Hong Kong and the constant intercourse with foreigners have sharpened their trading faculties, and there are few smarter business men than the Canton shopkeeper.

Strolling along the street we reached a market-place filled with open booths, in which food of all kinds was exposed for sale. Dried ducks, split open and skewered, hung beside sucking-pigs. Buckets of water filled with wriggling eels stood on the ground. Salt fish, meat, and vegetables lay on the stalls, which were surrounded by a chaffering crowd. Sellers and buyers argued vehemently, and the din of the bargaining so dear to the Oriental heart filled the street. Women, with oiled hair



GROUNDS OF THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKIN

twisted into curious shapes and wound round long, flat combs that stood out six inches on either side of the back of their heads, toddled up on tiny, maimed feet, and plunged into heated discussions with the dealers. Beggars exhibited their hideous deformities to excite the pity of the crowd, and clutched insolently at the dresses of the passers-by to demand charity.

Close by, a group of urchins drew water from a well. It was in the middle of the side-walk, and was covered with a large stone slab, pierced with four holes only just large enough to permit of the passage of the buckets.

On our way back to Chong Wong Foo that afternoon we passed close to the Legation quarter, and stopped to watch the progress of the wall which was being built around it as a protection against future attacks. It is simply a high wall constructed of the enormous Pekin bricks, easily defensible against infantry attack, but I should doubt if it would long resist artillery fire.

The most famous place of Buddhist worship in Pekin is the Great Lama Temple, which was, perhaps, the wealthiest monastery in China until Buddhism fell out of fashion. As it is still well worthy of a visit, I made an excursion to it one day in company with a small party. The monks had the reputation of being extremely hostile to foreigners; and although Europeans could now go in safety to most places in the capital, I was

warned not to venture on a visit to this temple alone.

Outside the principal entrance stands a fine specimen of those curious Chinese structures, half gateway, half triumphal arch. The lower portion was of stone, the superstructure of wood. It was crowned with three small towers, roofed with yellow tiles, and painted with gaudy designs in glaring colours. On either side, on stone pedestals, were enormous lions that looked like the nightmare creations of a demon-possessed artist. On passing through the front gate, we found ourselves in a paved courtyard surrounded by low, one-storied temples standing on raised verandahs. In the centre was a double-roofed square belfry with a small gate in each side. On entering the court we were at once surrounded by a clamorous crowd of shaven-headed, yellow-robed men of a villainous type of countenance. These were the famous—or infamous—Buddhist monks. Their dress consisted of a long, yellow linen gown, confined at the waist by a sash, trousers, white socks, and felt-soled shoes. A more repulsive set of scoundrels I have never seen. Their former truculence was now replaced by a cringing servility. They crowded round us, demanding alms, or, holding out handfuls of small coins, offered to change our good silver dollars into bad five- and ten-cent pieces. Since Buddhism has ceased to be the fashionable religion in China, its ministers have

fallen upon evil times, and subsist on charity and the offerings of the comparatively few followers of their creed. So visitors are vociferously assailed for alms; and the wily monks, with a keen eye to bûsiness, had hit upon the idea of making a little money by tendering small coins of a debased currency in change for good silver pieces. Shouldering the clamorous crowd aside, our interpreter seized on one ancient priest to act as our guide. This worthy cleric aided us to drive off his importunate fellows, and led us through several courts to the principal temple. Like all the other buildings around, it was covered with a quaint, yellow-tiled roof, and on the corners of the gables and the projecting eaves were weird porcelain monsters; while below hung small bells, which clanked dismally when moved by the wind. The temple was high and the interior particularly large and lofty; for it contained a colossal image of Buddha, seated in the traditional posture, with crossed legs and hands holding the lotus flower and other sacred emblems. On its face was the abstracted expression of weary calm, that is supposed to represent the attainment of Nirvana —content. Stairs led up to galleries passing round the interior of the building to the level of the head of the deity, so that one could gaze into his countenance at close range. The statue is not so large or artistically so meritorious as the similar images of Daibutsu at Kamakura or Hiogo in

Japan, each of which is hollow and contains a temple in its interior. On the walls of the staircase, ranged on shelves, were thousands of little clay gods, crudely fashioned and painted. Our priestly guide refused to sell us any of these figures, though evidently sorely tempted by the sight of the almighty dollar. He evidently refrained from doing so only through fear of being found out, not through any respect for his sacred images. Having gazed into Buddha's face and vainly endeavoured to experience the feeling of rapture that it is supposed to produce, we passed out to a balcony that ran round the exterior of the building. We were high up above the ground, and we looked down upon the jumble of quaint, yellow gables, the courtyards with their lounging groups of bullet-headed priests, and away over the panorama of Pekin to where the tall buildings of the Imperial city rose above a sea of low roofs.

On descending again into the temple, we looked at the altars with tawdry ornaments, artificial flowers, faded hangings, and fantastic gods, and then passed out to the court. Our guide, having extracted alms from us, led us to another but smaller temple, and handed us over to its custodian priest, who unlocked the door and led us within. Round the walls were life-sized gilt images—all of one design, and an exceedingly indecent design it was; and we had little respect for the morals of the ancient Chinese deified hero it represented.

After visiting several other buildings containing little of interest, we induced some of the monks to let us photograph them. They were pleased and flattered at the idea, and posed readily; indeed, one who had been standing at the other side of the courtyard, seeing what was going on, rushed across and insisted on joining the group, anxious that his features, too, should be handed down to posterity. Throwing them a handful of small coins, which caused a very undignified scramble, we passed out of the gate. Seating ourselves in our rickshas, we drove to the Temple of Confucius, close by. It is devoted to the present Chinese faith, which is a mixture of ancestor-worship and Confucianism, and consists of several buildings standing in pretty, tree-shaded courts. The main temple contains long altars, on which are nothing but tablets with Chinese inscriptions—maxims of the worthy sage. Larger tablets hang on the walls. Confucian chapels are not interesting; and we were disappointed at the bareness of the interior. Similar but smaller buildings stood at the end of avenues in the grounds, but none repaid a visit.

The *cloisonné* of Pekin is famous, and specimens of it command a good price throughout China. It is, however, decidedly inferior to Japanese work, which is much better finished and of far greater artistic merit. As I had never seen how the *cloisonné* is made, I paid a visit to the principal factory in the capital. I was received by the proprietor, a

very amiable old gentleman, who took our party round his establishment and showed us the process through all the stages from the raw material to the finished article. The place consisted of a number of small Chinese houses, some of which served as workshops, some were fitted up with furnaces for firing, others occupied as residences by the employees and their families. In the first courtyard two men were seated before a small table, making European cigarette cases. In front of them lay the design to be reproduced, flanked by small saucers containing liquid enamel of various colours and tiny brushes. One man held a square plate of copper, and with a sharp scissors cut very thin strips from its edges. These he seized with a pair of pincers and deftly bent and twisted them into patterns to correspond with the lines of the design before him. They were then fixed on to the side of the case with some adhesive mixture. As soon as they were firm, the other man filled in the spaces between these raised lines with the coloured enamels by means of a fine brush. The work was then left to dry before being fired in the furnaces to fix the colours. With their rude instruments these artists—for such they were—fashioned the most complicated designs of foliage, flowers, or dragons with a marvellous dexterity, judging altogether by eye, and never deviating by a hair's breadth from the pattern given them. We entered a room, in which others sat round long tables, fastening designs on

copper vases, plates, or bowls. Ornaments of all kinds, napkin-rings, and crucifixes—these, needless to say, for foreigners—were being made. Show-cases with specimens of the finished work stood round the walls, and the proprietor exhibited with pardonable pride the triumphs of his art. With rude appliances in dimly-lit rooms, these ignorant Chinese workmen had achieved gems that the European artist could not excel.

He then showed us the large blocks of the raw stone which had to be ground up to form the enamel, and explained the processes it had to undergo before it became the brightly coloured paste that filled the saucers on the tables. We were then shown articles being placed in the furnaces or withdrawn when the firing was complete. Before leaving we purchased some specimens of the work as souvenirs of an interesting visit, and bade good-bye to the grateful proprietor.

Such were our rambles through the vastness of that wonderful city so long a mystery to the outside world. Even in these days of universal knowledge its inmost recesses were a secret till fire and sword burst all barriers and the victorious foreigner ranged where he listed. The gates of palace and temple flew open to the touch of his rifle-butt. The abodes of monarch, prince, and priest sheltered the soldiers of the conquerors, and the proudest mandarin drew humbly aside to let the meanest camp-follower pass.

To me the most fascinating spectacle in Pekin

was the ever-changing life of the streets. The endless procession of strange vehicles, from the ricksha to the curious wheelbarrow that is a universal form of conveyance for passengers or goods on the narrow roads of North China. The motley crowds —Manchu, Tartar, white man, black, and yellow, dainty, painted lady of high rank and humble coolie woman, shaven-crowned monk and long-queued layman, all formed a moving picture unequalled in any city in the world. And above their heads floated the flags of the conquering nations that had banded together from the ends of the earth to humble the pride of China.

BRANCH OF THE

CHAPTER VI

THE SUMMER PALACE

EIGHT or ten miles from Pekin lies the loveliest spot in all North China, the Summer Palace, the property of the Empress-Dowager. When burning heat and scorching winds render life in the capital unbearable, when dust-storms sweep through the unpaved streets and a pitiless sun blazes on the crowded city, the virtual ruler of China betakes her to her summer residence among the hills, and there weaves the web of plots that convulse the world. When the feeble monarch of that vast Empire ventured to dream of reforms that would eventually bring his realm into line with modern civilisation, the imperious old lady seized her nominal sovereign and imprisoned him there in the heart of her rambling country abode. Twice, now, in its history has the Summer Palace fallen into the hands of European armies. English and French have lorded it in the paved courts before ever its painted pavilions had seen the white blouses of Cossacks or the fluttering plumes of the Bersagliere; when Japan was but a name, and none dreamt that the little islands of the Far East would one day send

their gallant soldiers to stand shoulder to shoulder with the veterans of Europe in a common cause.

Passed from the charge of one foreign contingent to another in this last campaign, the Summer Palace was at length entrusted to the care of the British and Italians. Desirous of visiting a spot renowned for its natural beauty as for its historical interest, a party of us sought and obtained permission to inspect it. And so one morning we stood in the principal courtyard of Chong Wong Foo and watched a procession of sturdy Chinese ponies being led up for us. The refractory little brutes protested vehemently against the indignity of being bestridden by foreigners; and all the subtlety of their grooms was required to induce them to stand still long enough for us to spring into the saddles. And then the real struggle began. One gave a spirited imitation of an Australian buckjumper. Another endeavoured to remove his rider by the simpler process of scraping his leg against the nearest wall. A third, deaf to all threats or entreaties, refused to move a step in any direction, until repeated applications of whip and spurs at length resulted in his bolting out of the gate and down the road. After a preliminary circus performance, our steeds finally determined to make the best of a bad job; and, headed by a guide, we set out for the palace.

Our way lay at first through a very unsavoury part of the capital. Evil-smelling alleys, bordered

by open drains choked with the refuse of the neighbouring houses; narrow lanes deep in mire; squalid streets of tumbledown hovels—the worst slums of Pekin. Gaunt and haggard men scowled at us from the low doorways; naked and dirty babies sprawled on the footpaths and lisped an infantine abuse of the foreign devils; slatternly women stared at us with lack-lustre eyes; and loathsome cripples shouted for charity. Splashing through pools of filthy water, dodging between carts in the narrow thoroughfares, we could proceed but slowly. The heat and stench in these close and fetid lanes were overpowering, and it was an intense relief to emerge at last on one of the broad streets that pierce the city and which led us to a gateway in the wall. One leaf of the wooden doors lay on the ground, the other was hanging half off its hinges. Both were splintered and torn, for they had been burst open by the explosion of a mine at the taking of Pekin. The many-windowed tower above was roofless and shattered. On either hand, on the outer face of the wall, deep dints and scars showed where the Japanese shells had rained upon them in the early hours of that August morning, when the gallant soldiers of Dai Nippon* had come to the rescue of the hard-pressed Muscovites.

When the Allied Armies arrived at Tung-Chow, thirteen miles from Pekin, a council of war was held by the generals on the 13th August, at which it was

* Japan.

decided that the troops should halt there on the following day, to rest and prepare for the attack on the capital which was settled for the 15th. For the stoutest hearts may well have quailed at the task before them. A cavalry reconnaissance from each army was to be made on the 13th, with orders to halt three miles from Pekin and wait there for their main bodies to reach them on the 14th.

But the Russian reconnoitring party, eager to be the first into the city and establish their claim to be its real captors, pushed on right up to the walls and attacked the Tung Pien gate. They thus upset the plans for a concerted attack, and precipitated a disjointed and indiscriminate assault. For they stumbled on a far more difficult task than they had anticipated, and it was indeed fortunate for the wily Muscovites that the Japanese, probably suspicious of their intentions, were not far off. For the Chinese flocked to the threatened spot and from the comparative safety of the wall poured a devastating fire upon the Russians. The fiercest efforts of their stormers were unavailing. General Vasilievski fell wounded. In vain the bravest officers of the Czar led their men forward in desperate assaults. Baffled and beaten, they recoiled in impotent fury. Retreat or annihilation seemed the only alternatives; when the Japanese troops attacked the Tong Chih gate. There, too, a terrible task awaited the assailants. Again and again heroic volunteers rushed forward to lay a

mine against the ponderous doors, only to fall lifeless under the murderous fire of the defenders. But the soldiers of the Land of the Rising Sun admit no defeat. As men dropped dead, others stepped forward and took the fuses from the nerveless fingers. The gate was at length blown open. Fierce as panthers, the gallant Japanese poured into the doomed city. The pressure relieved, the Russians again advanced to the assault. An entry was effected at last; and, furious at their losses, they raged through the streets, dealing death with a merciless hand, heedless of age or sex.

Meanwhile the other Allies, roused by the sound of heavy firing, were lost in amazement as to its meaning; and dawn came before the truth was known. The British and Americans then attacked the Chinese city and met with a less stubborn resistance. An entry effected, the Indian troops wandered through the maze of streets until met by a messenger sent out from the Legations to guide them. He led them through the water-gate, the tunnel in the wall between the Tartar and the Chinese city, which serves as an exit for the drain or nullah passing between the English and the Japanese Legations, and so right into the arms of the besieged Europeans. Thus they arrived first to the relief, while the Japanese and Russians were still fighting in the streets. But every nation whose army was represented in the Allied Forces claims the credit of being foremost

of all into the Legations. I have read the diary of the commander of the Russian marines in the siege, in which he speaks of the arrival of the Czar's troops to the relief and completely ignores the presence of the other Allies. And in pictures that I have seen in Japan of the entry of the relievers, the besieged are shown rushing out to throw themselves on the necks of the victorious Japanese, whose uniform is the only one represented. But, while the brunt of the fighting fell on them and the Russians, the Indian troops were actually the first to reach the Legations.

As we rode up to the gate through which the soldiers of Japan had fought their way so gallantly, a guard of their sturdy little infantrymen at it sprang to attention. For it and the quarter near was in the charge of their contingent, and their flag, with its red ball on a white ground, was to be seen everywhere around. The sentry brought his rifle to the present with the jerky movement and wooden precision of an automatic figure. Returning the salute, we clattered through the long tunnel of the gateway and emerged beyond the walls of the city.

Here began a wide road, paved with large stone flags, which runs for an immense distance through the country, stopping short at the threshold of the capital. It was bordered in places by hedges of graceful bamboos with their long feathery leaves. Elsewhere a narrow ditch divided the roadway

from the fertile fields, where tall crops of *kowliang* (a species of millet) rose higher than a mounted man's head, almost completely hiding the houses of tiny hamlets. Over the stone flags, sparks flashing from under our ponies' hoofs, we clattered past crowds of coolies trudging towards the city, long lines of roughly built carts laden with country produce, or an occasional long-queued farmer perched on the back of his diminutive steed.

By fields of waving grain, past groves of thick-foliaged trees, through trim villages that showed no trace of the storm that had swept so close to them. But here and there signs of it were not wanting. A wayside temple stood with fire-scorched walls and broken roof. On the threshold lay the shattered fragments of the images that had once adorned its shrine. But from the doorways of the houses we passed the inhabitants looked out at us with never a vestige of fear or hate, and as little interest. In the stream of travellers setting towards Pekin came a patrol of Bengal Lancers, spear-point and scabbard flashing in the sun as they rode along with the easy grace of the Indian cavalryman, their tall chargers towering above our small Chinese ponies as the *sowars* saluted. Farther on we passed two men of the German Mounted Infantry, their tiny steeds half hidden under huge dragoon saddles. A brown dot in the distance resolved itself into a British officer as we drew near. He was Major De Boulay, R.A., who had charge of

the treasures of the Summer Palace. For when the English took the place over these were collected and locked up for safe keeping in large storehouses. When the palace was handed back to the Chinese, the Court sent a special letter of thanks to this officer for his careful custody of the valuables. This campaign was not Major De Boulay's first experience of the Far East. As an authority on the Japanese army, when few in Europe suspected its real efficiency as a fighting machine, he had been appointed military attaché to it when it first astonished the world in the China-Japan War; and he accompanied the troops that made the daring march that ended in the capture of Wei-hai-wei.

Our meeting him on his way in to Pekin was a distinct disappointment to us; for the keys of the godowns in which the treasures of the palace were stored never left his keeping, and in his absence we had no chance of seeing them. With many expressions of regret for this unfortunate circumstance, he continued on his way to the capital.

Trotting on, we reached a long village bordering the road on each side. It was quite a populous and thriving place. The inhabitants looked sleek and content; and shops stocked with gay garments or weird forms of food abounded. Half-way down on the left-hand side a narrow lane led off from the highway. At the corner stood a sign-post with the words, "Au palais de l'été." It was our road. We turned our ponies down it, nothing loth, I warrant,

to exchange the hard stone flags for the soft ground now underfoot. We were soon clear of the houses and among the fields. Passing a belt of trees that had hitherto obstructed our view, we saw ahead of us a long stretch of low, dark hills. Far away to our left front, from a prominent knoll a tall, slender pagoda rose up boldly to the sky, and straight before us, standing out on the face of the hills, was a confused mass of buildings—the Summer Palace. We broke into a brisk canter, the canter became a gallop, and we raced towards our goal. As we drew nearer, and could more clearly distinguish the aspect of the buildings, we slackened speed. On the summit was a temple which, so one of our party who had visited the place before told us, was known as the Hall of Ten Thousand Ages. Below it stood a curious circular edifice, with a triple yellow roof. It was built on a huge square foundation, on the face of which were the lines of a diamond-shaped figure. These we afterwards found to be diagonal staircases ascending to the superstructure which was the Empress-Dowager's own particular temple. Trees hid the lower portion and concealed from our view a lovely lake that lies at the foot of the hills. Passing onwards by a high-walled enclosure, we reached a wide open space, at the far end of which were the buildings of the palace proper. Out in the centre of it stood one of those Chinese paradoxes—a gateway without a wall, similar to the one at the Great Lama Temple. It was

gaily painted with weird designs in bright colours. We rode past it and reached the entrance to the outer courtyard. At it was a guard of an Indian infantry regiment which was quartered in the Summer Palace. Dismounting, we passed through the gate and found ourselves in a large court. Facing us was a long, low building of the conventional Chinese type. It was a temple. On the verandah stood large bronze storks and dragons. We had seen too many similar joss-houses to care to visit it; so we secured a sepoy to guide us through the labyrinth of courts to the pavilion that was occupied as a mess by the officers of the troops garrisoning the palace — a British Field Battery and the Indian regiment. Here we were warmly welcomed and ushered into a building of particular historical interest; for in this very pavilion the Emperor had been confined.

The interior was elaborately furnished. Large mirrors covered the walls. Marble-topped tables with the inevitable clocks and vases of artificial flowers were placed round the sides. European chairs and Chinese blackwood stools stood about in curious contrast. But the *pièce de résistance* was a lovely screen. An inner chamber was used as a mess-room; and a long table covered with a white cloth, on which stood common Delft plates and glass tumblers, looked out of keeping with the surroundings. But, more regardful of the thirst induced by a hot ride than artistic proprieties, we threw our-

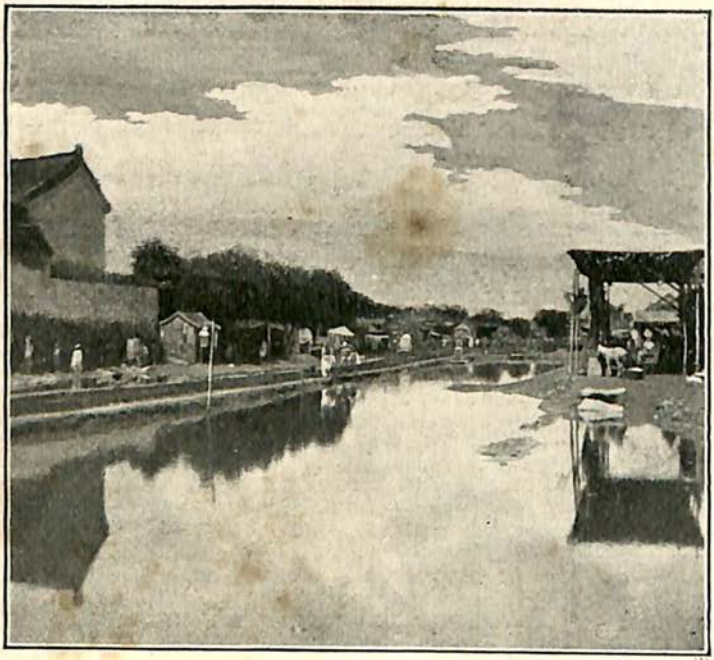
selves into comfortable chairs and quaffed a much-needed, cooling drink.

In front of the pavilion was a square, paved yard, in which stood a curious scaffolding of gaily painted poles, which had served to spread an awning above the court. For here the imprisoned Emperor had been permitted to walk; and as we sat on the verandah and gave our hosts the latest news of Pekin, we gazed with interest on the confined space in which the monarch of the vast Empire of China had paced in weary anticipation of his fate.

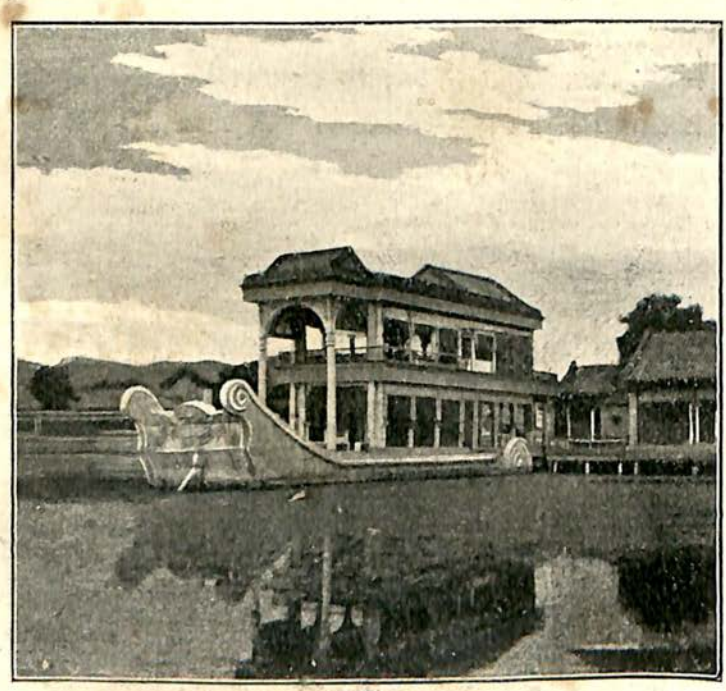
As it wanted an hour or two to lunch-time, one of the officers of the garrison volunteered to guide us round the palace. We eagerly accepted his offer and were led out into a maze of courts surrounded by low houses. He brought us first to his quarters in a long, two-storied building. From the upper windows on the far side a lovely view lay spread before our eyes. Below the house was a large lake, confined by a marble wall and balustrade that passed all round it. Close to us, on the right, the long, tree-clad hill, on which stood the Empress-Dowager's temple and the Hall of Ten Thousand Ages, rose almost from the brink. To the left a graceful, many-arched bridge stretched from the bank to a tiny island far out in the placid water. On it stood a small pavilion. Near the shore a flotilla of boats was anchored. It comprised foreign-designed barges, dinghies, and a half-sunken steam launch. Patches of lotus leaves lay

on the tranquil surface. And away, far beyond the lake, a line of rugged and barren hills rose up from the plain.

Emerging from the building, we walked along by the low wall and carved balustrade bounding the water, towards the side above which stood the Empress-Dowager's temple. At the corner of the lake was a gateway, at which stood a guard of Bersagliere, clad in white with cocks' feathers fluttering gaily in their tropical helmets. The Italians, as I have said, were joined with the English in the charge of the Summer Palace. Returning the sentry's salute, we passed on and found a roofed and open-pillared gallery running along beside the lake. Its shelter was grateful in the burning sun; for the breeze was cut off by the hill that rose almost perpendicularly above us. The slender, wooden columns supporting the tiled roof were painted in brightly coloured designs. On the cornices were miniature pictures of conventional Chinese scenery. Here and there the gallery widened out or passed close to pretty little summer-houses built above the wall of the lake. We reached the square white mass of masonry on which stood the temple. Before it massive gates, guarded by bronze lions, opened on a broad staircase leading to the foot of the substructure. But reserving the sacred edifice, which towered above us at an appalling height, for a later visit after lunch, we passed on around the lake until we



A STREET IN THE TARTAR CITY, PEKIN, AFTER HEAVY RAIN



THE MARBLE JUNK

[page 127

reached the strangest construction in the Summer Palace.

One of the former Empresses, whose life had been passed far from the sea, complained that she had never beheld a ship. So a cunning architect was found, who built in the lake close to the bank an enormous marble junk. The hull, which has ornamented prow and stern and small paddle-boxes, rests, of course, on the bottom. On the deck he erected a large two-storied pavilion; but as the Chinese are seldom thorough, this he constructed of wood painted to look like marble. It formed an ideal and picturesque summer-house, for the sides, between the pillars, were open or closed only by blinds. But at the time of our visit it looked dismally dilapidated; for the paint was blistered and peeling off. The Marble Junk resembles a white house-boat at Henley, and at a little distance across the water looks quaint and graceful. Close to it, spanning a small stream that runs into the lake, is a lovely little covered bridge with carved white marble arches and parapets. Venice can boast no more perfect gem of art on its canals.

Our conductor, looking at his watch, tore us from our contemplation of this masterpiece and insisted on our returning to the mess for lunch. And in the pavilion where the powerless monarch of a mighty empire had lain a helpless prisoner, a victim to the intrigues of his own family, British officers sat at table; and the conversation ranged

from the events of the campaign to sport in India or criticisms of the various contingents of the Allied Army.

A recent occurrence, thoroughly typical of the readiness with which the Court party snatched at every opportunity to "save face," was alluded to. The British Minister in Pekin, at the humble request of Li Hung Chang, who was negotiating about the return of the Summer Palace to the Chinese, had removed the Field Battery garrisoning it to the capital. An Imperial Edict was immediately issued, which stated in grandiloquent terms that the Emperor had *ordered* this removal. Sir Ernest Satow, who was fast proving himself a far stronger man than had been anticipated and well fitted to cope with Oriental wiles, promptly commanded the return of the battery as the fitting answer to this impudent declaration. It was almost the first strong action taken by our diplomats in a wearisome series of "graceful concessions"; and great satisfaction was occasioned among the officers of the British forces, who hailed it as a hopeful prelude to a firmer policy.

After lunch we ascended the tree-clad hill on which stood the Hall of Ten Thousand Ages. From the summit a beautiful view over the surrounding country was obtained. Below us was the confused jumble of yellow-roofed buildings that constituted the residential portion of the Summer Palace. At our feet lay the gleaming lake, hemmed

in by its white marble walls, the tiny island united to the shore by the graceful arches of the long bridge. The bright roof of the pretty little pavilion on it shone in the brilliant sunlight. Along the far bank stretched a tree-shaded road that ran away to the right until lost in thick foliage or fertile fields. A thin line marked the crowded highway to the capital. The plain was dotted with villages or lay in a chessboard-pattern of cultivation interspersed with thickets of bamboos or dense groves of trees. Far away the tall towers of the walls of Pekin rose up above the level sea of roofs, broken only by the lofty buildings of the Imperial city, the temples or the residences of the Europeans in the Legation quarter. Over the capital a yellow haze of smoke and dust hung like a golden canopy. Away to the right lay a long stretch of dark and sombre hills, among which nestled the summer residence of the members of the British Legation. Here in the hot months they hie in search of cooling breezes not to be obtained in the crowded city.

The grandiloquently named Hall of Ten Thousand Ages was a rectangular, solidly constructed building with thick walls. But inside a sad scene of ruin met our eyes. Enormous fragments of shattered colossal statues choked the interior, so that one could not pass from door to door. Huge heads, trunks, and limbs lay piled in fantastic confusion. ... The temple had contained a number of

giant images of Buddha. Some troops, on occupying the palace, had been informed that these were hollow and filled with treasures of inestimable value. The tale seemed likely; so dynamite was invoked to force them to reveal their hidden secrets. The colossal gods were hurled from their pedestals by its powerful agency; and their ruins were eagerly searched by the vandals. But it was found that the interiors of the statues, though indeed hollow, were simply modelled to correspond with the internal anatomy of a human being, all the organs being reproduced in silver or zinc. And the gods were sacrificed in vain to the greed of the spoilers.

The Empress-Dowager's temple had escaped such rough treatment, as it held nothing that tempted the conquerors. Under its huge shadow lay a lovely little structure, the Bronze Pagoda. On a white marble plinth and surrounded by a carved balustrade of the same stone, stood a delicately modelled, tiny temple about twenty or thirty feet high. Roof, pillars, walls—all were of the same valuable material. From the corners of the spreading, upturned eaves hung bells. The whole structure was a perfect work of art; and one sighed for a miniature replica of the graceful little building.

But while we wandered among these quaint temples we had failed to notice dark masses of clouds that had gradually climbed up from the horizon and overcast the whole sky. One of the heavy storms of a North China summer was

evidently in store for us. So, anxious to regain the capital before it could break, we returned to the palace, bade a hurried farewell to our kind hosts, and mounted our ponies. Back through the fields and on to the paved highway we rode at a steady pace, our ponies, refreshed by the long halt and eager to reach their stables, trotting out willingly. The storm held off, and as we came in view of the gate of Pekin, we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune. But suddenly, without a moment's warning, sheets of water fell from the dark sky. In went our spurs, and we raced madly for the shelter of the gateway. But long before we reached it we were soaked through and through. Our boots were filled with water, the broad brims of our pith hats hung limply over our eyes, and we were as thoroughly wet as though we had swum the Peiho.

Under the tunnelled gateway we dismounted. The water simply poured from us, and formed in pools on the stone flags where we stood. We found ourselves in a damp crowd of jostling, grinning Chinamen, who were cheerfully wringing the moisture from their thin cotton garments or laughing at the plight of others caught in the storm and racing for shelter through the ropes of rain. Coolies, carts, ponies, mules, and camels were all huddled together under the archway. Jests and mirth resounded on every side; for the Celestial is generally a veritable Mark Tapley under circum-

stances that would depress or irritate the more impatient European.

We waited for an hour beside our shivering ponies for the deluge to cease; then, seeing little prospect of it, we mounted again and rode on into the city. But short as was the time the rain had lasted, the streets were already almost flooded. The ditch-like sides were half filled with rushing, muddy torrents; and in crossing one of the principal roads the water rose up to our saddle-girths in the side channels. In one place my pony was nearly carried off his feet and I feared that I would be obliged to swim for it. From the shelter of the verandahs of the houses along the streets crowds of Chinese laughed at our miserable plight, as our small steeds splashed through the pools and their riders sat huddled up in misery under the pitiless rain. With heartfelt gratitude we reached at last the welcome shelter of Chong Wong Foo. So ended our visit to the famous Summer Palace, which is once more in the possession of its former owner. The courts that echoed to the ring of artillery horses' hoofs, the rumble of our gun-wheels, the deep laughter of the British soldier, or the shriller voices of his sepoy comrades, are now trodden only by silent-footed Celestials. The white man is no more a welcome guest.

CHAPTER VII

A TRIP TO SHANHAIKWAN

THE railways throughout North China and Manchuria were originally constructed chiefly by British capital; and England had consequently priority of claim upon them. The line from Pekin runs first to the sea at Tong-ku, at the mouth of the Peiho River, thence branching off northward along the coast to Newchwang, the treaty port of Manchuria. Its continuation passes southward from Newchwang to Port Arthur. At the beginning of the campaign in North China it was seized by the Russians and held by them until diplomatic pressure loosened their grasp. Instead of restoring it direct to the British, they handed over to the Germans the railway as far north as Shanhaikwan, a town on the coast where the famous Great Wall of China ends in the sea; but they retained in their own possession that portion between Shanhaikwan and Newchwang. The Germans then held on to the remainder until they were eventually restored to the British.

Shanhaikwan thus became the natural boundary between the territory under the sway of the

Russians and the country in the combined occupation of the Allies. The Czar's servants had laid covetous eyes upon it; for its position and a number of strong and well-armed forts which had been constructed by the Chinese rendered it an important *point d'appui* whence to dominate North China. So a powerful Russian force was despatched by land to seize these fortifications; but it was forestalled by the smart action of the British Admiral, who sent a gunboat, the *Pigmy*, to Shanhaikwan. The captain of this little craft audaciously demanded and actually received the surrender of the forts; so that when the Russians arrived they found, to their intense surprise, the Union Jack flying from the ramparts. Eventually, to avoid dissensions, the various forts were divided among the Allies.

Previous to my departure on a long-projected trip to Japan—seeing a little of Manchuria and Corea *en route*—I joined a small party of officers who had arranged to pay a flying visit to Shanhaikwan. With light luggage and the roll of bedding without which the Anglo-Indian seldom travels in the East, we entrained at Tientsin. A couple of hours sufficed to bring us to Tong-ku, where the railway branches off to the north. The platform was thronged with a bustling crowd of the soldiers of many nations, the place being the disembarkation port for the Continental, the American, and the Japanese troops. In the station buildings the

British officers in charge of that section of the railway and of the detachments guarding it had established a mess. As we had some time to wait before the departure of the train to Shanhaikwan, they warmly welcomed us within its hospitable, if narrow, walls.

When the warning bell summoned us to take our places, we established ourselves in a comfortable first-class carriage — partly saloon, partly coupé. I may mention that during the occupation of North China by the Allies the wearers of uniform travelled free everywhere on the railways. Among our fellow-passengers were some Japanese naval officers, a German or two, a few Russians, and an old friend of mine, Lieutenant Hutchinson, of H.M.S. *Terrible*, who had served with the Naval Brigade in the defence of Tientsin. He had just returned from a trip to Japan, and was full of his adventures in the Land of the Geisha.

The railway to Shanhaikwan runs at first close to the sea through a monotonous stretch of mud flats, and then reaches a most fertile country with walled villages and substantially built houses. It was guarded by the 4th Punjaub Infantry, detachments of which occupied the stations along the line. Not long before, this fine regiment had been engaged in a punitive expedition against the brigands who had slain Major Browning. After a severe fight they captured the fortified villages held by 4,000 well-armed banditti, and terribly avenged their

officer. As the country was still infested by roving bands of robbers who raided defenceless villages, the station buildings were put in a state of defence, the walls loopholed and head-cover provided by means of sandbags until each resembled a miniature fort. But the brigands, after practical experience of the fighting qualities of the gallant Punjaubis, evinced no desire to come in contact with them again; and the detachments along the line were left to languish in inglorious ease and complain bitterly of the want of enterprise on the part of the robbers.

For some distance alongside the railway runs a canal, which is largely used by the Chinese for transporting grain and merchandise. As our train rattled along, we passed numbers of long, shallow boats, fashioned like dug-outs and loaded down until the gunwale was scarcely a few inches from the water. The half-naked boatmen toiling at their oars paused to gaze with envy at the swift-speeding iron horse, which covered the weary miles with such apparent ease.

The crops here were even more luxuriant than on the way to Pekin. Fields of ripe grain stretched away on either side of the line, interspersed with groves of trees or dotted with villages surrounded by high walls, significant of the continual insecurity of life and property in this debatable land. Here and there were deserted mud forts.

The journey from Tientsin to Shanhaikwan occu-

pied about twelve hours. About midway the train stopped for a short time at Tongshan, a town important for the coal mines near, which are worked under the direction of Europeans. From the windows of our carriage we could see the tall buildings and the machinery at the mouths of the pits, which gave quite an English character to the landscape. For the convenience of travellers, the British officers quartered in the place had established a refreshment room in some Chinese buildings near the station, and lent some Indian servants to it. As our train was due to wait some little time, we all descended in search of lunch, and were provided here with quite a good meal at a very reasonable rate. Our German fellow-passengers, ignorant of Hindustani, found some difficulty in expressing their wants to the Indian waiters, whose knowledge of English was very limited. We came to the rescue and interpreted, and gained the gratitude of hungry men.

As we journeyed on to Shanhaikwan the country began to lose its flat appearance. Low, tree-clad eminences broke the level monotony of the landscape; and the train passed close to a line of rugged hills. In their recesses bands of brigands were reported to be lurking, so we had the pleasant excitement of speculating on the chances of the train being held up by some of these gentry. But without mishap we reached our destination about half-past six o'clock in the evening.

The railway station of Shanhaikwan was large and well built, with roomy offices and a long platform. There were, besides, engine sheds, machinery shops, yards, and houses for the European employees, all of which had been seized by the Russians. We were met on our arrival by some officers of the Gurkha Regiment in garrison, to whom we had written from Tientsin to ask if they could find quarters for us. But as they were exceedingly short of accommodation for themselves, being crowded together in wretched Chinese hovels, they received us with expressions of regret that they were unable to find room for all our party. The two junior ones must seek shelter for themselves. I, unfortunately, was one. There was no hotel or inn of any sort. My companion in distress, luckily for himself, had a friend in a squadron of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, quartered in one of the forts, and set off to request his hospitality. So our party separated; and I was left stranded on the platform with no prospect of a bed, and, worse still, not the faintest idea as to where to get a meal. On appealing to a British railway employee, I found that there were two military officers in charge of the station — one English, the other Russian; for the portion of the line held by the latter nationality began, as I have said, at Shanhaikwan. Both had quarters in the station, but both, unfortunately, had gone out to dinner; and there was no likelihood of their return before mid-

night. Taking pity on my distress, this employee promised to send me down a Chinese cane bed from his house, and then went off, leaving me to brood over the hopelessness of my situation. I sat down on a bench and cursed the name of Shanhaikwan. The lunch at Tongshan seemed by now a very far-off memory; and I endeavoured to allay the pangs of hunger with a cigar. As I meditated on the inefficacy of tobacco as a substitute for food, I saw the door of a room marked "Telegraph Office" open and a smart bombardier of the Royal Marine Artillery emerge. On seeing me he saluted, and, snatching at every straw, I called him over and asked him if he knew of any place where I could get anything to eat. He told me of the existence of a low café, patronised by the Continental soldiers of the garrison, where I might possibly obtain some sort of a meal. I jumped eagerly at the chance; and, calling one of the Chinese railway porters to guide us, he offered to show me the way. Quitting the station, we entered a small town of squalid native houses and proceeded through narrow and unsavoury lanes until we reached a low doorway in a high wall. Passing through, I found myself in a small courtyard. On the muddy ground were placed a number of rickety tables and rough benches. Here sat, with various liquors before them, groups of Cossacks and German soldiers, who stared with surprise at the unusual sight of a British officer in such a den.

At the far end of the court was a tumbledown Chinese house, on the verandah of which sat the proprietor and his wife, evidently Italian or Austrian. The lady, a buxom person of ample proportions, was attired in a very magnificent, but decidedly *décolleté* evening dress. Her wrists were adorned with massive bracelets, her fingers covered with rings. Altogether she looked a very haughty and superb beauty and more fitted to adorn a café in the Champs Elysées than a rough drinking-booth in the heart of China. Her husband came forward to meet me; and on my stating my wants in imploring tones, he seemed at first in doubt as to whether he could supply them. My heart sank. He turned to consult the lady. To my intense astonishment this magnificent personage sprang up at once, called to a Chinese servant to bring her a chicken, and then, pinning up the skirt of her rich dress, plunged into a kitchen which opened off the verandah, and then and there, with her own fair hands, spatch-cocked the fowl, and served me with a welcome and appetising meal.

My hunger satisfied thus unexpectedly, I strolled back to the station in a contented frame of mind, indifferent to anything Fate had in store for me. Nothing could harm me; I had dined. I was quite ready to wrap myself in a blanket and sleep on a bench, or on the ground for that matter. But my star was in the ascendant. I found a comfortable camp-bed of a Chinese pattern awaiting

me, sent by the kind-hearted employee. Placing it on the platform, I spread my bedding on it, undressed, and lay down to sleep.

But I had reckoned without the merry mosquito. I have met this little pest in many lands. I first made his acquaintance on the night of my arrival in India with a raw, unsalted regiment from home; when he could batten on seven hundred fresh, full-blooded Britishers and feast to the full on their vital fluid unthinned by a tropical climate; when next morning the faces of all, officers and men alike, were swollen almost beyond recognition. I have remonstrated with him as to his claim to the possession of the interior of a mosquito net and failed to move him. I have scarcely doubted when a friend vowed that he had broken the back of a hairbrush over the head of one of the giant, striped species we knew as "Bombay tigers" or questioned the truth of the statement that a man had lain on his bed and watched two of them trying to pull open his curtains to get at him. I have cursed him in the jungle when sitting up in a *machân* over a "kill" waiting for a tiger. I have wrestled with him when out on column and bivouacked beside a South China river, where his home was; but never have I seen him in such wonderful vigour and maddening persistence as during that night on the station platform of Shanhaikwan. In vain I beat the air with frenzied hands; in vain I smoked. I tried to cover my

head with a sheet; but the heat was too great, and I emerged panting to find him waiting for me. As Thomas Atkins says: "It h'isn't the bite of the beggar .I 'ates so much as 'is bloomin' h'irritatin' buzz"; and the air was filled with his song. It was a concert with refreshments. *I* was the refreshments. To make matters worse, I had the tantalising knowledge that I had mosquito curtains with me, which I had been unable to fix up as the bed was without poles.

At last, maddened by the persistent attacks of the irritating pests, I sat up and reviewed the situation until I hit upon a plan. I shoved the bed under the windows of a room which looked out on the platform and which happened to be the quarters of the British Railway Station Officer. The venetian shutters opened outward. About ten feet away was a telegraph-pole; and a short distance from the foot of the bed stood a lamp-post. Taking the cords of my Wolseley valise, the straps of my bedding and my luggage, and some string which I looted from one of the railway offices, I contrived to suspend my curtains from the shutters, the pole, and the lamp-post. It was really an ingenious contrivance, and I lay down in triumph and security. The baffled mosquitoes uttered positive shrieks of rage.

Somewhere about midnight I was awakened by the sounds of revelry in a foreign tongue. Peering through the curtains, I saw by the dim light of the

turned-down station lamps two figures in uniform advancing along the platform. One was a very drunken but merry Russian officer, who was being carefully helped along by a sober and amused British subaltern. They suddenly caught sight of the white mass of my mosquito curtains, which swayed in ghostly folds in the wind and looked uncanny in the uncertain light.

"What the devil is that?" exclaimed the Englishman.

The Russian hiccoughed a reply in words that sounded like a sneeze.

The former, gently propping up his companion against the lamp-post to which he clung lovingly, advanced to my bed. I recognised him by his uniform to be our Railway Station Staff Officer. Peering through the curtains, he asked me who on earth I was and what I was doing there. In a few words I explained myself and my situation. With a soldier's ready hospitality he said—

"My dear fellow, I am so sorry that I was absent. Get up and move your bed into my quarters. I shall be delighted to put you up."

I thanked him, but assured him that I was very comfortably fixed for the night.

"But you can have had no dinner. Did you get anything to eat?" he asked.

I recounted my successful search for a meal; whereat he laughed and again expressed his regret at his absence, explaining that he had gone to a

dinner-party given by the wife of a Russian colonel on her husband's name-day.

Meanwhile his companion, still clinging tightly to the lamp-post, had been regarding with wonder my contrivance for the support of the mosquito curtains, shaking his head, and muttering to himself.

The Britisher, informing me that he was the Russian Railway Staff Officer, then spoke to him in his own language, and introduced me to him, mentioning a name that ended in —itch or —sky. I sat up in bed and bowed. But my new acquaintance, still holding to the friendly support of the post, stared solemnly at the network of straps and cords. At last he broke silence.

"Ver' good! Ver' practical! You English is ver' practical nation." Then he hiccoughed sadly, "I am ver' *drink!*"

Thoroughly awakened, I got up, and we adjourned to the British officer's quarters, where we drank to our better acquaintance in an iced whisky and soda; for the night was distressingly hot.

The hospitable Englishman was Lieutenant Kell, South Staffordshire Regiment. He was a good specimen of the linguists in our army who surprised our Continental allies. A passed Interpreter in Russian and Chinese, he spoke French, German, and Italian fluently; and, as I discovered afterwards, although he had never been to India, he was rapidly picking up Hindustani from the sepoys with whom he was brought in contact through

his station duties. He had served on General Dorward's staff during the hard fighting in Tientsin and had been mentioned in his despatches. His linguistic powers had caused him to be appointed as Railway Staff Officer at Shanhaikwan, where his ready tact and genial qualities endeared him to the Russians and contributed greatly to the harmonious working of affairs in that debatable garrison.

Before we parted for the night our Russian friend gave us both a cordial invitation to dine with him the following night and meet some of his comrades. And then I retired again to bed, feeling no longer a lost sheep and a homeless orphan.

'In the morning I was awakened by Lieutenant Kell's servant, who brought me my *chota hazri*, the matutinal tea and toast dear to the heart of the Anglo-Indian. He had taken my luggage into his master's quarters, where a bath and a dressing-room awaited me. I found my host busily engaged in his railway work, interviewing soldiers of every nationality. As I was in the act of wishing him "Good morning" we suddenly observed a heavy transport waggon, drawn by two huge horses, being driven across the line and right on to the platform by a Cossack, who thus thought to save himself a *détour* to the level crossing at the far end of the station. It was done in flat defiance of well-known orders. Kell spoke to him in his own language, and told him to go back. The soldier, muttering

some impertinent remark, took no notice and drove on. At that moment a Russian colonel entered the station. Kell immediately reported the man's disobedience to him. The officer flew at the culprit, abused him in loud and angry tones; and if the Cossack had not been out of reach where he sat perched up on the waggon, I am sure he would have received a sound thrashing. Crestfallen, he turned his horses round and drove away; while the colonel apologised profusely to Kell for the fault of his subordinate and promised that the man would receive a severe punishment for his disobedience and impertinence to an English officer.

After breakfast one of my companions, Captain Labertouche, 22nd Bombay Infantry, who, like me, had been unable to find quarters among the Gurkhas the night before, but who had been given shelter by the officers of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, rode up to look for me. Sending away his horse, we set out on foot to hunt up the rest of our party in the Gurkha mess.

Our way lay first along the railway line. On the right-hand side were the station yards, engine sheds, and machinery shops, all now in the hands of the Russians, who had removed the spare rolling stock and plant found there and sent them to Port Arthur. The Muscovite believes in war being self-supporting. To the left, behind the station, lay the rookery of squalid Chinese houses, where I had hunted for a dinner the night before. Farther away lay

Shanhaikwan. High battlements and lofty towers enclosed the city, the sides of which ran down to the Great Wall of China. For ahead of us, a mile away athwart the railway, lay a long line of grass-grown earthworks, with here and there fragments of ruined masonry peering out among the herbage and bushes that clothed it. It was that wondrous fortification which stretches for more than a thousand miles along the ancient boundary of China, climbing mountains, plunging into valleys, and running through field and forest—a monumental and colossal work that has never served to roll back the tide of war from the land it was built to guard. Through a wide breach in it the railway passes on to the north, to Manchuria where the Russian Bear now menaces the integrity of the Celestial Kingdom. Before reaching the Wall our way turned off sharp to the right; so, leaving the railway, we followed a rough country road which led to the Chinese village that sheltered the Gurkhas. It was crossed by a broad stream two or three feet deep. As we were grumbling at the necessity of taking off boots and gaiters in order to wade it, a sturdy Chinaman strolled up and looked extremely amused at our distress. We promptly seized him, and made signs that we wanted him to carry us across. The Celestial smilingly assented, and kicked off his felt-soled shoes. Hoisting my companion on his back, he waded with him to the other side, and then returned to fetch me. When

we rewarded him with a small silver coin he seemed extremely surprised; and he made frantic signs, which we interpreted as meant to express his desire to remain on the spot in readiness to ferry us over on our return. Without further difficulty we reached the Gurkha mess, where we found our friends on the point of setting out to visit the Great Wall. So the whole party walked back along the road by which Labertouche and I had come, and at the stream found our ferryman awaiting us with a beaming smile. He eagerly proffered his services, and conveyed us all across in turn. Payment being duly made, he expressed his gratitude in voluble, if unintelligible, language.

Reaching the railway, we proceeded along it in the direction of the Wall. The country between it and us was flat and cultivated, though at its foot lay a strip of waste ground. To our left ran a rough road leading out, through the same gap as the line, towards some forts to the north. Along it, behind three sturdy little ponies harnessed abreast, sped a Russian *troiscka*, driven by a Cossack and containing two white-coated officers.

Arrived at the inner face of the Wall, we climbed its sloping side and found ourselves on a broad and bush-grown rampart. We were twenty or thirty feet above the ground. The outer face of this ancient fortification, which was begun in B.C. 241, was in a better state of preservation than the inner; though in places it bore little resemblance to a wall.

From the ruins of an old bastion we had a splendid view of the surrounding country. Before us a level plain stretched away to the horizon, broken by the ugly outlines of forts or patched with cultivated fields and small woods. To the right the Great Wall ran to the cliffs above the sea, which sparkled in the distance under a brilliant sun. On its bosom lay the ponderous bulks of a number of Japanese warships; for their fleet had arrived unexpectedly at Shanhaikwan the night before. The Russian dinner-party, which Lieutenant Kell had attended the previous evening, had been given in the open air, on the cliffs over the sea. The numerous guests, nearly all officers of the Czar, could look out over the blue water as they smoked the cigarettes with which every Russian meal is punctuated. While the feast was proceeding merrily trails of smoke, heralding the approach of a fleet, appeared on the horizon. The Russian officers gazed in surprise as the ships came into view, and wonder was expressed as to their nationality and the purpose of their coming. In those troublous times, when national jealousies were rife, no one knew that war might not suddenly break out among the so-called Allies; and Slav, Teuton, Frank, and Briton might be called on without a day's warning to range themselves in hostile camps. So something like consternation fell upon the dinner-party when the approaching ships were seen to be the Japanese fleet. For the relations between Russia and Japan

were very strained at the time; and all present at the table wondered if the unexpected arrival of this powerful squadron meant that the rupture had come. But no hostile signs were made by the ships; and, with the motto of the trooper all the world over—

> "Why, soldiers, why
> Should we be melancholy, boys,
> Whose business 'tis to die?"

the interrupted revelry was renewed.

Between us and the sea lay the strong and well-armed forts that had fallen before the audacious challenge of the little *Pigmy*. From their walls floated the flags of the Allies; and Cossacks, German, Japanese, and Indian troops could be seen upon their ramparts. Behind us lay the ruins of what must have been a large fortified camp just inside the Wall.

To the left the town of Shanhaikwan lay penned in by its lofty but antiquated fortifications. Past it the Great Wall ran away to the west until lost to our sight among the slopes of a range of hills. Here and there the climbing line was seen topping the summit of a steep eminence, and one could appreciate the magnitude of the task of its builders when they set themselves to fence China from the ravaging hordes of the unknown lands.

And away north and south stretched the thin shining line of the railway, along which the soldiers of the Czar hope to swarm one day to plant their eagles once more in Pekin, never again to be

removed. As we stood on the Great Wall flocks of snipe and duck flew past us to the south, already fleeing before the approach of the dread winter of Northern Asia.

We went on to pay a visit to the forts, which, when they were held by the Chinese, had been armed with powerful and modern guns. Concerning one of these forts an amusing story, illustrative of foreign guile, was told. The place was occupied by one Power, who had quartered in it a battery of artillery. In the re-arrangement of the garrison of Shanhaikwan, at a council of the allied commanders, it was decided that this fort should be handed over to the English. But although the foreign General agreed at the time, all the subsequent endeavours of the British to induce him to name a day for the evacuation and transfer were fruitless. Regrets, excuses, indefinite promises were freely made; but some unexpected and insurmountable obstacle invariably intervened. At length when the surrender of the fort could no longer be refused, a certain date for the foreign troops to march out and the place to be handed over to the English was fixed. The day arrived. The relieving British garrison marched up to the gate. There they were met by the apparently bewildered foreign commander, who expressed considerable astonishment at their presence. When reminded that this was the day agreed upon, he smiled politely, and assured the British officers that they

had made a mistake. He pointed out that they had apparently calculated by the modern style calendar, forgetting that the old style was still in vogue in some countries and had been adopted by him in his reckoning. Consequently the day had not yet come. Lost in unwilling admiration at this clever instance of duplicity, the British were obliged to withdraw.

On the eve of the day on which he declared that the fort would really be evacuated, the battery garrisoning it marched out with much pomp and publicity. The British smiled as they watched them go, well pleased at having got rid of them at last. They plumed themselves on their moral victory; and they marched up next morning to the fort in triumph. But the other flag was still flying, and inside they saw the same battery whose departure they had witnessed the evening before. They stared in bewilderment. They could recognise some of the officers and men. Then an explanation was angrily demanded. It was readily forthcoming. This was *not* the same battery as before. Far from it. That was by this time well on its way to the North. But by an extraordinary coincidence another battery had suddenly and most unexpectedly arrived during the night to the foreign General's utter astonishment, as no intimation of their coming had been vouchsafed him. And as he had no other place to quarter them in but the fort, he had been obliged most reluctantly

to send them there. He was desolated at the unfortunate necessity. He offered his profoundest regrets, and trusted that his dear allies would realise that he was helpless. So the outwitted British had again to withdraw. As a matter of fact the battery had simply marched out of sight in the evening and come back during the night. So with baffling ingenuity the foreign General contrived to retain the fort for some time longer in his hands; though he was forced to surrender it in the end.

After inspecting several of the forts, some of our party went off to pay a visit to the town, while others walked down to the shore and gazed out at the Japanese fleet and the long hull of H.M.S. *Terrible*, which was lying at anchor. As we looked at the water sparkling in the bright sunlight, it was difficult to realise that in the winter the sea here is frozen for several miles out from the shore. From this fact one can form some idea of the intense cold of the winter months in North China. And yet the Indian troops, natives of a warm climate, suffered comparatively little and the percentage of admissions into hospital from our contingent was remarkably small, so well were they looked after by their officers and so generous was the free issue of warm clothing by the Indian Government.

In the afternoon some of us attended a cricket match between the crew of the *Terrible* and the British garrison. Hardly had the stumps been

drawn and the players gone into the refreshment tent when some snipe settled on the pitch. An officer quartered in a fort close to the cricket ground sent for his gun, and secured a couple then and there.

I dined that night with the Russian Railway Staff Officer in his quarters in the station. They consisted of two or three large and comfortable rooms. The furniture, which had been supplied to him by his Government, was almost luxurious, in marked contrast with the indifferent tables and the camp chairs with which Lieutenant Kell had to provide himself. All through the combined occupation the Continental Powers endeavoured to enable their officers to present a good appearance among the other nationalities. The Germans were especially generous in the pay and allowances they gave to the commissioned ranks of their expeditionary force.

The guests that evening comprised, besides Kell and myself, three Russian officers, one of whom spoke English, one French, while the third could converse only in his own language, so the conversation was of a polyglot character. The dinner began by the preliminary *sakouski*—that is the nearest approach I can make to its name—a regular little meal in itself of *hors d'œuvres*. Caviare, sturgeon's roe, very salt ham, brawn, and a dozen other comestibles were served. My host asked me if I had ever tasted vodki, and although I assured him

that I had, proceeded to make me try five differently flavoured varieties of the national liquor With the regular dinner the nauseatingly sweet champagne, so much in favour with Continental peoples, was served. On my declaring that champagne was a wine I never drank, I was allowed to have a decanter of whisky and a syphon of soda-water and permitted to help myself. Kell adhered faithfully to claret and soda throughout the evening; but our Russian comrades indiscriminately mixed champagne, beer, and red or white wines, with the result that they soon became exceedingly merry. We were served by Chinese and a Russian soldier, whose manner of waiting at table was perfection. The best-trained London butler could not have moved with more noiseless tread, or decanted the wine more carefully.

As the meal wore on and the bottles were emptied, the conversation waxed somewhat noisy. Our friends were filled with the most generous sentiments towards England and lamented the estrangement of our nations. They confessed that they had come to China prepared to dislike the British officers intensely; but, in common with all their comrades who had been brought in contact with us, their feelings had entirely changed. They said frankly that the hostility to England was mainly owing to the continual opposition she offers to the natural desire of Russia to find an outlet to the sea. As they pointed out with truth, a great and rising nation

like theirs will not submit to be confined for ever to the land; that it was intolerable that their vast Empire had not a single port free from ice all the year round or entirely at their own disposal. For Odessa is practically an inland harbour; and the Baltic is frozen in winter. Their ambition to reach the Mediterranean entangled them in the campaign against Turkey; and one can understand their indignation against England, who stepped in at the last moment when Constantinople was almost in their grasp and despoiled them of the fruits of victory achieved at the cost of many sacrifices and a long and bloody war. Foiled in the attempt to reach the open sea there, they embarked on the marvellous career of conquest which carried them across Asia to the Pacific. And there they found their first port, Vladivostock, useless in winter. And if other nations had had the courage of their convictions, they would never have been suffered to retain Port Arthur.

But although the talk was largely political, there was absolutely no bitterness on the part of our host and his comrades. The conversation passed on to a comparison of the various systems of the armies of the world and a frank criticism of our own as well as the other contingents of the Allied forces. They were not very much impressed by our Indian army. They admired the regiments they had seen, but pitied us for the necessity we were under of having coloured troops at all. They forgot that

a large portion of their own army can scarcely be called European. Like all the Russians I have met, from a Grand Duke to a subaltern, they exhibited a rancorous hatred to Germany. What they had seen of her troops in this campaign had added neither to their respect nor their love for that nation. In fact, the Germans did not succeed in making themselves cordially liked by those with whom they were brought in contact; just as their country may find, when her day of trouble comes, that her friends are few. Our friends betrayed a contempt, not altogether unmixed with fear, for the Japanese; and they marvelled at our friendship for them. They acknowledged their bravery in the present campaign, but doubted if they would exhibit the same courage when pitted against white troops. Their doubts will be resolved when the time comes.

The wine passed freely between our Russian comrades; but with the truest hospitality they forbore to press us to drink against our wish. The dinner was extremely good, even luxurious; and Kell laughingly lamented to me his inability to entertain his friends as well as his Russian colleague could contrive to do. But here, again, I think he was helped by his Government, for I fancy that he received an entertainment allowance. As the wine circulated rapidly our companions became boisterous and showed some signs of inebriation.

Beside me sat an officer who filled the post of military director of the railway between Shanhai-

kwan and Newchwang. I had long been desirous of visiting Manchuria by this route, but had always been assured that the Russians were very unwilling to allow any foreigner, especially a British officer, to use it; that it was hopeless to try to obtain their permission. As my neighbour's tongue seemed a good deal loosened by his potations, I determined to get him off his guard and sound him as to the possibility of my proceeding northward to Manchuria from Shanhaikwan. I began by telling him that I hoped to sail in a few days from Taku for Newchwang, and remarked that it was a pity that the Russian authorities were so averse to British officers visiting Manchuria. He waxed quite indignant at the idea, and assured me that they were sadly misrepresented.

"But," said I, "we would not be allowed to travel from here to Newchwang by your railway."

"Not be allowed? Absurd! Of course you would," he replied. "I am the director of that section of the line; it is under my charge. Surely I know best."

"Oh, come," I said chaffingly, "you know that if I wanted to travel by it you would not permit me."

"Most certainly I would. I should be delighted."

I shall pin you to that, I thought. I felt very pleased at achieving a result that everyone had told me was impossible, Kell among them; so I glanced in triumph at him. He smiled.

"Do you mean to say that I could go to New-

chwang whenever I liked by your line?" I continued to my neighbour.

"Certainly you could," he replied, draining his glass, which I had taken care had not stood idle during our conversation. Wine in, wit out, I thought.

"Well, in that case," said I, "I will cancel my passage by steamer and start by rail from here to-morrow."

"Eh? Oh! You are serious? You really wish to go by train?" he stammered, taken aback.

"Yes; I shall telegraph to the Steamship Company at Tientsin in the morning, and start by the first train I can get."

For a second my friend seemed disconcerted. The other Russians had been following our conversation with interest. Suddenly sobered, my neighbour spoke to them in a low tone; and a muttered colloquy took place. Then he turned again to me and said, with a smile of innocent regret—

"I am *so* sorry. It would be impossible for you to start so soon. The railway has been breached in several places by floods, and three bridges have been washed away. The line is broken and all traffic suspended. It is *most* unfortunate."

I realised that I had caught my Tartar.

"How soon do you think I could travel?" I asked.

"Oh, not for several days, I am afraid," was the answer, in a tone of deep sympathy for my dis-

appointment. "The repairs will take some time as the damage is extensive."

I saw that I was no match for Russian wiliness, and retired from the contest.

"It is very unfortunate. But perhaps, after all, it would be best to go by sea."

"Yes, yes," he assented eagerly. "It would be very difficult, even dangerous, by the railway."

Then the host interposed and changed the conversation. But at the end of the evening, when all the Russians had imbibed freely, my neighbour forgot his caution. When bidding me good-night, he insisted on giving me his address in Newchwang, where he usually resided, being then only on a visit to Shanhaikwan. He cordially invited me to come and see him.

"But I fear that I shall have come and gone before you can possibly arrive there," I said. "We leave Taku in three or four days; and it is not twenty-four hours' sail from there to Newchwang. So I shall have left before you can get there."

"Oh, not at all," he said unguardedly. "I am leaving Shanhaikwan for Newchwang to-morrow morning by a train starting at ten o'clock. So be sure to come and see me."

I smiled to myself as I shook his hand. No wonder Russian diplomacy prospers.

That dinner was the merriest function at which I had assisted for a long time. Our friends were excellent boon companions, and the conversation

in divers tongues never flagged. Tiny cigarettes were handed round between each course; and the menu comprised many delicacies that came as a pleasant surprise in the wilds of China. When the meal was ended and cigars were lit, my host asked me whether I would prefer coffee or *thé à la Russe*. As I had always understood that this latter beverage was prepared from a special and excellent blend of tea and flavoured with lemons, I voted for it. To my horror, the soldier-servant brought me a long tumbler filled with an amber-coloured liquid and proceeded to stir a large spoonful of *jam* in it. The mixture was not palatable, but courtesy demanded that I should drink it. I declared the concoction delicious, drained my glass and set it down with relief. The attendant promptly filled it up again, my host insisting that as I liked it so well, I must have more. It nearly sufficed to spoil my enjoyment of the whole dinner.

During the evening, whenever our companions were not observing me, I replenished my glass with plain soda-water, and my brother officer had remained faithful to his weak beverage. Consequently, at the end of dinner we were perfectly sober; while our host and his friends who had imbibed freely were —well, the reverse. Conscious of their own state and contrasting it with ours, they gazed at us in admiration, and exclaimed, "These English officers have the heads of iron." We parted at a late hour. With many expressions of mutual friendship and

goodwill, the party broke up; and so ended a very interesting and enjoyable evening. No longer a homeless outcast, I retired to rest in the friendly shelter of Kell's quarters.

During the night I was dimly conscious of heavy rain but slept on unregarding. When I rose in the morning I found that a change had come over the scene. A burning sun no longer blazed overhead. The sky was dark with leaden clouds; the rain was falling with tropical violence, and all the landscape beyond the station was almost invisible. Already the line was covered with water; and fears were expressed by the staff that a freshet might occur in the hills and the railway be rendered impassable and possibly be breached. As the day wore on, these apprehensions became intensified. In the afternoon the train from Tong-ku steamed in, literally ploughing its way through the water. The driver reported that not many miles from Shanhaikwan the floods were out and as his engine passed through them the fires were nearly extinguished. Another hour would render the line impassable. Pleasant tidings these for me; for our party purposed returning to Tientsin on the morrow, and some of us were starting for Japan the day after.

My rambles that afternoon were confined to the station platform and the house of some friends of Kell's, who, learning of my forlorn state, had most kindly asked him to bring me there for lunch and dinner. They were connected with the railway;

and the ladies of the family had passed through an anxious time during the troubles, but had bravely refused to seek safety in flight.

Next day the rain still continued. Reports came in that the line was impassable. The station was completely isolated from the rest of the world. Those of my party who were living with the Gurkhas, ignorant of the fact that no train could start, essayed to drive down to it in native carts. The stream over which the friendly Chinaman had carried us was in flood; and as they endeavoured to cross it, horses, vehicles, and passengers were nearly swept away. One smaller cart with their luggage was carried some distance down from the ford; and kit-bags and portmanteaus were only rescued with the greatest difficulty. An invaluable collection of films and negatives belonging to one of the party, who was an expert photographer, was entirely spoilt. It was a real loss, as they contained a complete pictorial record of North China.

The low ground behind the station was flooded. I watched with amusement the antics of a number of Cossacks, who, heedless of the rain, had got together planks and old doors torn off ruined houses, and, using them as rafts, had organised a miniature regatta on the pond thus formed. Exciting races took place; and a friendly dispute over one resulted in a naval battle full of comic incidents. Like schoolboys, they charged each other's rafts and if capsized continued the struggle in the water.

One, diving beneath the surface, would suddenly reappear beneath an enemy's vessel, tilt it on end, and precipitate the occupants into the muddy flood, to be immediately grappled by them and ducked.

In the morning a letter from Captain Labertouche was brought me by a trooper of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, who had been forced to swim his horse across a swollen stream in order to reach the station. I chatted for some time with the man—a fine, lithe specimen of the Indian sowar. Anxious to hear every expression of the impression which the Russian troops had made upon our native rank-and-file, I asked him his opinion of them.

"They are not bad, sahib," he replied in Hindustani. Then, with an expressive shrug, he added, "But they will never get into India."

The remark was significant, for it showed not only what our men thought of the soldiers of the Czar, but also that the possibility of the Russian invasion is occasionally discussed amongst them, only to be dismissed with contempt.

Our Indian contingent, one and all, have conceived a wonderful disdain of most of the troops of the other nationalities with whom they were brought in contact in China. They had the greatest admiration and affection for the gallant little Japanese, but considered their training obsolete. The Russians they regarded with little respect and no dread, and looked upon them as scarcely civilised. The Infanterie Coloniale, of

whom they saw a good deal, filled them with the greatest contempt, undeserved though it was, for the whole French army. And I wish that the armchair critics, who condemn our forces and hold up the Germans as models to be slavishly followed in every respect, could have heard the opinion formed of them by these shrewd fighting men, Sikh, Gurkha, and Punjaubi, whose lives have been passed in war.

An instance of the friendship existing between our sepoys and the Japanese came under my notice that day. On the railway platform some Gurkhas and a few of the 4th Punjaub Infantry were loitering or sitting about watching the heavy rain. Three or four Japanese soldiers came into the station and promptly sat down beside the Gurkhas, greeting them with effusive smiles. I was struck by the similarity in feature between the two races. Dressed in the same uniform, it would be difficult to distinguish between them. They are about the same height and build, and very much alike in face; though the Japanese is lighter coloured. Before long the mixed party were exchanging cigarettes and chatting away volubly; though the few words of English each knew, eked out by signs, could have been the only medium of intercourse.

A Pathan sepoy was sitting alone on a bench. To him came up another little white-clad soldier of Dai Nippon. He proffered a cigarette and gesticulated wildly. Before I realised his meaning,

he had removed the Pathan's *pugri* from his head, replaced it with his own cap, and donned the borrowed headgear himself. Then he strutted up and down the platform amid the laughing applause of his comrades and the Gurkhas. The Pathan, highly amused, joined in the merriment. I had noticed a Dogra sepoy standing by himself with eyes fixed on the ground, lost in deep thought. Suddenly a cheery little Japanese soldier, motioning to the audience on the benches not to betray him, stole up quietly behind the Dogra, seized him round the waist, and lifted the astonished six-foot sepoy into the air. Then with a grin he replaced him on his feet, and with mutual smiles they shook hands.

When the day comes for our Indian army to fight shoulder to shoulder with its comrades of Japan, a bond stronger than a paper alliance will hold them; and their only rivalry will be as to which shall outstrip the other in their rush on the foe.

All that day reports of houses used as barracks half collapsing under the heavy rain reached the station. My friends who were living with the Gurkha officers were nearly washed out.

Once during the occupation of Shanhaikwan, when a similar deluge rendered the Chinese huts occupied by some foreign troops there untenable, their commander sought the aid of the colonel of the Gurkha Regiment, who offered to share the village in which his men were quartered with the

others. The offer was gratefully accepted. The Gurkhas made their guests welcome; but the latter soon began to jeer at and insult them, and call them coolies—the usual term of reproach which the Continental troops hurled at our sepoys. Now, the Gurkhas are not naturally either pacific or humble; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the fiery little soldiers were restrained from drawing their deadly *kukris* and introducing the guests to that national and favourite weapon. On the conduct of his men being reported to the foreign commander, he sent a written, but not very full, apology to the Gurkha colonel.

Towards evening the rain ceased, and the floods subsided as rapidly as they had arisen. So the following day saw us on our way back to Tientsin. At one of the stations an old friend of mine entered our carriage. He was an officer of the 4th Punjaub Infantry, Captain Gray, the son of a well-known and very popular Don of Trinity College, Dublin. He had just received a report from the native officer commanding a detachment in a village near the canal which runs beside the railway. This jemadar had been sitting in front of his quarters watching the boats pass, when something about one of them aroused his suspicion and caused him to order the boat to stop and come into the bank. Three Chinamen in it sprang out and rushed away into the high crops. The boat was laden with cases, which, on search, proved to contain eighty new

barrels of Mauser and Mannlicher magazine rifles. Besides these there were five boxes of cartridges and several casks of powder. This is but a small instance of the enormous extent to which the smuggling of arms goes on. The brigands were provided with weapons of the latest pattern and excellent make. The Germans are the chief offenders here as in Africa and elsewhere.

Another officer of the 4th Punjaub joined our train later on. He was Lieutenant Stirling, who worthily gained the D.S.O. for his brave exploit when Major Browning, of his regiment, fell in an attack with eighty men on walled villages held by thousands of brigands. Stirling refused to abandon the body, and carried it back, retiring slowly over seven miles of open country, attacked by swarms of mounted robbers, who feared to charge home upon the steady ranks of the gallant Punjaubis. He was wounded himself in the fight.

In the evening we arrived at Tientsin.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY BRANCH OF THE

CHAPTER VIII

OUR STRONGHOLD IN THE FAR EAST

HONG KONG AND THE KOWLOON HINTERLAND

HONG KONG

GEOGRAPHICALLY, of course, Hong Kong is very far from North China. But it was the base of our expeditionary force in the recent campaign. From it went the first troops that helped to save Tientsin; and one brigade of Indian regiments was diverted from General Gaselee's command to strengthen its garrison. For in the event of disturbances in Canton, or a successful rebellion in the southern provinces, it would have been in great danger. As our base for all future operations in the Far East, it is of vast military as well as naval and commercial importance and well merits description. In complications or wars with other Powers, Hong Kong would be the first point in the East threatened or assailed. Lying as it does on what would be our trans-Pacific route to India, it is almost of as much importance to our Empire as Capetown or the Suez Canal. Its magnificent dockyards, which are capable of taking our largest battleships on the China station, are the only ones

we possess east of Bombay; and so it is of equal value to our fleet, besides being the naval base for coal, ammunition, and supplies, without which the finest ship that floats would be helpless.

Looked at from other than a military point of view, Hong Kong is an object-lesson of our Empire that should fill the hearts of Imperialists with pardonable pride. A little more than half a century ago it was but a bleak and barren island, tenanted only by a few fisherfolk. It produced nothing, and animal life could scarce be supported on it. But now, touched by the magic wand of British trade, how wonderful is the transformation! A magnificent city, with stately buildings climbing in tier after tier from the sea. The most European town between Calcutta and San Francisco. The third, some say the second, largest shipping port in the world. The harbour to which turn the countless prows of British, American, German, French, Austrian, and Japanese vessels; where the vast current of the trade of the world with the Far East flows in, to issue forth again in an infinitude of smaller streams to every part of China and the Philippines.

Yet, though the barren hillsides are covered with houses, though a large population of white men and yellow inhabit it, and its harbour is crowded with shipping, the island itself is still as unproductive as ever. Not merely is mineral wealth unknown and manufactures practically *nil*, but

Hong Kong cannot provide enough of foodstuffs to support its inhabitants for half a day. From Canton, almost a hundred miles away up the Pearl River, comes everything required to feed both Europeans and Chinese. Each morning the large, flat-bottomed steamers that ply between the two cities carry down meat or cattle, fish, rice, vegetables of all kinds, fruit, even flowers; and were communications interrupted by storm or war for a few days, Hong Kong would starve. For neither the island nor the couple of hundred square miles of adjacent mainland, the Kowloon Hinterland, which we took over in 1898, could produce enough to feed one regiment; and although two months' supply of provisions for the whole population, white and yellow, is supposed to be stored, it is never done. Therein lies Hong Kong's great danger. Let Canton refuse or be prevented from feeding her, and she must starve.

The secret of her rapid rise and present greatness lies in the fact that she is the great mart, the distributing centre, whence European or American goods, arriving in large bottoms, are sent out again in small coasting steamers or junks to reach the smallest markets for Western commerce. And her prosperity will continue and be vastly increased if the long-projected railway to Canton, to meet another tapping the great inland resources of China, is ever built; although the Americans fondly

hope that Manilla under their energetic rule will one day rival and even excel her.

Hong Kong is an island of irregular shape, about nine miles in length and six miles broad in its widest portion, and consists of one long chain of hills, that rise almost perpendicularly from the sea. Scarcely the smallest spot of naturally level ground is to be found. Around are countless other islands, large and small, all equally mountainous. It lies close to the Chinese mainland, the Kau-lung, or Kowloon Peninsula; and the portion of sea enclosed between them forms the harbour. At one extremity of the island this is a mile across; and at the other it narrows down to a strait known as the Lyeemoon Pass, only a quarter of a mile broad. In the centre the harbour is about two miles in width. The high hills of island and mainland—for the latter is but a series of broken, mountainous masses rising two or three thousand feet—shelter it from the awful typhoons that ravage the coast.

Approaching Hong Kong by steamer there lies before us a confused jumble of hills, which gradually resolve themselves into islands fronting the mountainous background of the mainland. All, without exception, spring up from the water's edge in steep slopes, with never a yard of level ground save where an occasional tiny bay shows a small stretch of sparkling sandy beach. Granite cliffs carved into a thousand quaint designs, or honeycombed with caverns by the white-fringed waves; steep

grassy slopes, with scarcely a bush upon them, rising up to a conical peak; here and there a fisher's hut, the only sign of human habitation—such are they almost all. At last one larger than the others. On the long ridge of the lofty summits of its hills the slated roofs and high walls of European buildings outlined against the sky, and we know that we are nearing Hong Kong. Swinging round a bluff shoulder of this island, we enter the land-locked harbour. On the right the myriad houses climbing in terraces above each other from the water's edge, long lines of stately buildings, the spires of churches come into view. It is the city of Victoria, or Hong Kong. The harbour, sheltered by the lofty hills of island and mainland, is crowded with shipping. The giant bulks of battleships and cruisers, the tall masts of sailing vessels, the gaily painted funnels of passenger and merchant steamers, the quaint sails and weird shapes of junks, the countless little *sampans* or native boats, a numerous flotilla of steam launches, rushing hither and thither. Ahead of us the hills of island and mainland approach each other until they almost touch, and tower up on either hand above the narrow channel of the Lyeemoon Pass. On the left a small, bush-clad, conical isle, with a lighthouse—Green Island; another, long and straggling—Stonecutters' Island, with the sharp outlines of forts and barracks and the ruins of an old convict prison.

Behind them the mainland. A small extent of

comparatively level land covered with houses, the curving line of a pretty bay, low, pine-clad hills. This is the very modern suburb of Kowloon, which has been created to take the overflow of European and Chinese population from Hong Kong. Here will be the terminus of the railway to Canton—when it is built. And behind, towering grim and dark to the sky, stands a long chain of barren mountains that guard the approach from the landward side. Behind them range upon range of other hills. Such is the Kowloon Peninsula.

Hong Kong, with the blue water of its harbour, the dark hills towering precipitously above the town, the walls of whose houses are gaily painted in bright colours, is one of the loveliest places on earth. After long days on board ship, where the eye tires of the interminable monotony of sea and sky, it seems doubly beautiful. And one marvels to find this English lodgment on the coast of China a city of stately buildings, of lofty clubs and many-storied hotels, of magnificent offices and splendid shops, of well-built barracks and princely villas.

The town of Victoria—for Hong Kong, though used for it, is really the name of the island—stretches for miles along the water's edge, being for the most part built on reclaimed ground; for the hills thrust themselves forward to the sea. Up their steep sides the houses clamber in tier upon tier until they end under the frowning face of a rocky precipice that reaches up to the summit. And there along its

ridge, which is called the Peak, 1,800 feet above the sea, are more houses. Large hotels, villas, and barracks—for it is fast becoming the residential quarter for Europeans—are perched upon its narrow breadth, seemingly absolutely inaccessible from below. But a thin, almost perpendicular, line against the face of the hill shows how they are reached by a cable tramway, which, in ten minutes, brings its passengers from the steamy atmosphere of Victoria to the cool breezes of the Peak—another climate altogether.

The city practically consists of one long street, which runs from end to end of the island and is several miles in length. On the steep landward side smaller streets run off at right angles and climb the hills, many of them in flights of steps. On the slopes above the town are one or two long roads parallel to the main street and consisting altogether of residential buildings, churches, convents, and schools.

But this main street—Queen's Road as it is named—is wonderful. At the western extremity near Belcher's Fort, the end of the island round which our steamer passed, it begins in two or three-storied Chinese houses, the shops on the ground floor being under colonnades. Then come store and warehouses, offices, and small Chinese shops where gaudy garments and quaint forms of food are sold, interspersed with saloons, bars, and drinking-shops of all kinds, which cater for merchant sailors,

soldiers, and bluejackets of every nationality, the well-paid American tars being most in evidence among their customers. Beyond this the Queen's Road is lined with splendid European-looking shops with extensive premises and large plate-glass fronts, finer than many in Bond Street or Regent Street, though not as expensive. Some of them, mostly kept by Chinamen, sell Chinese or Japanese curios, silver-work or embroideries, pottery or blackwood furniture. Others, generally, though not always, run by Europeans, are tailoring and millinery establishments, chemists, book or print shops. The sidewalks run under colonnades which afford a grateful shade. Here are found a few of the smaller hotels; and the magnificent caravanserai of the high Hong Kong hotel stretches from the harbour to the street. Then come some fine banks, the building of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation being a splendid piece of architecture. Opposite it a sloping road, with lovely fern-clad banks and trees, leads upward to the cathedral and to Government House. Past the banks, a little back from the thoroughfare, is the fine City Hall, which contains a museum and a theatre, as well as large ball and concert rooms, in which most of the social gaieties of Hong Kong take place.

Here occurs the one break in the long line of the Queen's Road. On the seaward side, fenced in by railings, lies the cricket-ground with its pretty pavilion. Between it and the harbour stands the

splendid structure of the Hong Kong Club, a magnificent four-storied building. Few clubs east of Pall Mall can rival its palatial accommodation. From the ground-floor, where billiard-rooms and a large bowling alley are found, a splendid staircase, dividing into two wings, leads to a magnificent central hall on the first floor. Off this is a large reading-room, where a great number of British, American, and Continental journals are kept. Electric fans, revolving from the ceiling, cool the room in the damp, hot days of the long and unpleasant summer. On the same floor are the secretary's offices, a luxurious public dressing-room, and a large bar, which opens on to a wide verandah overlooking the harbour. From it one can gaze over the water, crowded with shipping, to the rugged hills of the mainland. In front lie the warships of many nations. Close inshore is a small fleet of *sampans* crowded together, their crews, male and female, chattering volubly or screaming recriminations from boat to boat. From a tiny pier near the Club the steam pinnace of an American man-o'-war shoots out into the stream, passing a couple of gigs from British warships conveying officers in mufti ashore.

On the next floor are the dining-rooms and a splendid library. Above these again are the members' bedrooms, bath and dressing rooms. Altogether, internally and externally, the Club is

worthy to rank with almost any similar institution in the Empire.

On Queen's Road, facing the cricket-ground, is a small, square open space below the cathedral, raised above the level of the street, as the ground slopes upward. It is known as the Garrison Brigade Parade Ground. During the recent campaign it was used as the store-ground of the Indian Commissariat, where huge mat-sheds covered enormous piles of supplies for the troops in China. Here the hard-worked base commissariat officer, Major Williams, watched the vast stores arriving daily from India, and despatched the supplies for the army in the North and the Indian brigades at Shanghai and Kowloon. Beside the parade ground a road climbs the hill and passes the station for the cable tramway, which is but a short distance up.

Beyond this one gap in its continuous fencing of houses the Queen's Road runs on past the Naval Dockyard—where Commodore Sir Francis Powell, K.C.M.G., had such heavy labour all through the troublous time in China—and the Provost Prison on the seaward side, and the barracks of the British troops and the arsenal on the other. Then the military hospital and the ordnance yards, crowded with guns, from the twelve-inch naval monsters to the stubby howitzers or long six-inch on field-carriages. Then more barracks. Then it runs on again into Chinese shops, their upper stories used as boarding-houses for Celestials; and, turning down

to the harbour and following the shore line, it is bordered with coal-yards, godowns, and warehouses. Near this end are the two open spaces of the island, where the hills, retreating from the sea, have left valleys which the sport-loving Britisher has seized upon for recreation grounds. The first and larger one, known as the Happy Valley, is a lovely spot. All around the tree-clad hills ring it in, rising precipitously from its level stretch on which is a racecourse, its centre portion being devoted to other games. A fine grand stand is flanked by a block of red-brick buildings, the lower stories of which are used during race meetings as stables for the horses and ponies running. The upper, with open fronts looking out on the course, are used as luncheon rooms, where the regimental messes, the members of the clubs, and large *hongs* (or merchant firms) and private residents entertain their friends during the meetings. Surely no other racecourse in the world is set in such lovely scenery as this in its arena, surrounded by the mountains that tower above it on every side. And that a *memento mori* may not be wanting in the midst of gaiety, just behind the grand stand lie the cemeteries—Christian, Mussulman, Hindu, and Parsee. Up the sides of the steep hills the white crosses and tombstones gleam amongst the dark foliage of the trees; and the spirits of the dead can look down from their graves upon the scene of former pleasures.

A little farther on is another and smaller valley used as a polo ground. Previous to the advent of the Indian troops in 1900 the game was played here almost exclusively on Chinese ponies. But the Arabs used by the officers of the 22nd Bombay Infantry, by that excellent sportsman, H. H. Major, the Maharajah of Bikanir, and other members of the China expeditionary force, so completely outclassed the diminutive Chinese ponies that a revolution was caused in the class of animals required for the game. Small Walers from Australia and Arabs from India have been freely introduced, much to the benefit of polo in Hong Kong.

At the polo ground the city ends at present; though every day its limits are extending. From here the road runs along close to the sea, protected from the waves by a wall, and clinging to the flanks of the hills. It passes an occasional row of Chinese-occupied houses, a lone hotel or two, the site of the immense new docks in process of construction, large sugar works, with a colony of houses for its employees, and an overhead wire tramway leading to their sanatorium on the high peak above, until it reaches the Lyeemoon Pass. Here the hills narrow in and press down to the sea, thrusting themselves forward to meet the hills of the mainland on the other side. A strait, only a quarter of a mile broad, separates them; and here on either hand, high above the water, stand modern and well-armed forts, which, with a Brennan torpedo,

effectually close the narrow entrance of the harbour to any hostile ships that venture to force a passage.

Thus ends the northern and more important side of the island. On the southern and ocean-ward shore lie the ill-fated and practically deserted towns of Stanley and Aberdeen, where many years ago the British troops garrisoning them were so decimated by fever and disease that this side of the island was abandoned, and Victoria has become practically Hong Kong.

The Peak is altogether another world from the city that lies in the steamy atmosphere below. Let us ascend in one of the trams that are dragged up to the summit by the wire cables. Seated in the car, we are drawn up rapidly at a weird and uncomfortable angle; for the slope of the line is, in places, 1 in 2. Up the steep sides of the hill we go, feeling a curious sensation as we are tilted back on the benches and see the trees and houses on each side all leaning over at an absurd angle. Even such a respectable structure as a church seems to be lying back towards the hillside in a tipsy and undignified manner. This curious optical effect is caused by the inclined position of the roof and floor, as well as of the passengers, with the horizontal. We pass over a bridge across a pretty road lined with stone villas, by large and well-built houses that grow fewer and fewer as we mount upward. Here and there we stop at a small platform representing a station, where passengers come

on or leave the tram. The down car passes us with a rush. The long ridge of the Peak, crowned with houses, comes into view. Turning round in our slanting seats we look down on the rapidly diminishing city and the harbour, now a thousand feet below us. At last we reach the summit and step out on a platform with waiting-rooms, the terminus of the line. Now we see how the wire cable runs on over pulleys into the engine-house and is wound round the huge iron drums.

As we stand on the platform there towers above us, on the left, a large and many-windowed hotel, the Mount Austin. Along the fronts of its three stories run verandahs with arched colonnades. This is a favourite place of resort for visitors; and many residents, unwilling to face the troubles of housekeeping, take up their permanent abode here.

Outside the station is a line of waiting coolies, ready to convey passengers in their open cane sedan chairs with removable hoods. A Sikh policeman standing close by keeps them in order and cuts short their frequent squabbles. The road and paths, which are cemented and provided with well-made drains running alongside to carry off the torrential rains of the summer and thus prevent the roadway from being washed away, are too steep in their ascents and descents to make the ricksha—Hong Kong's favourite vehicle—useful up here.

Standing on the narrow ridge of the Peak, we can look down upon the sea on either hand. A wonder-

ful view unfolds itself to our gaze. On the northern side the city of Victoria lies almost straight below us, its streets and roofs forming a chessboard-pattern. We can easily trace the long, sinuous line of the Queen's Road. From this height the largest battleships and mail steamers in the harbour look no bigger than walnuts. Beyond, the suburb of Kowloon lies in sharp lines and tiny squares; and behind it rise up the hills of the mainland, dwarfed in size. Now we can see plainly the interminable ranges of mountains—chain after chain—of the Kowloon Peninsula, with the lofty peaks of Tai-mo-shan and Tai-u-shan over 3,000 feet high. The coastline is straggling and indented with numerous bays, the shores rising up in steep, grassy slopes to the hills or presenting a line of rocky cliffs to the waves. Here and there pretty cultivated valleys run back from the sea to the never-far-distant mountains.

Turning round, we look down the grass-clad slopes of the south side of the island to tiny, sandy bays and out over the broad expanse of the sea, in which lie many large and small islands. Over a hundred can be counted from the elevation of the Peak. Close by, to the west, is the largest of them all—the barren and treeless Lantau, which was once nearly chosen instead of Hong Kong as the site of the British settlement. Below us, on the southern shore of our island, lie the practically abandoned towns of Stanley and Aberdeen.

Along the ridge the road passes by large and

well-built villas, barracks, the Peak Club, a church, and many boarding-houses. The European inhabitants of Hong Kong are rapidly abandoning the lower levels and taking up their residence here, where the climate, with its cool and refreshing breezes, is delightful in the long summer when Victoria swelters in tropical heat. During the rainy season, however, the Peak is continually shrouded in damp mists; and fires are required to keep rooms and spare garments dry. The saying in Hong Kong is: "If you live on the Peak your clothes rot; if in Victoria *you* do. Choose which you value more and take up your habitation accordingly."

The cable tramway is a comparatively recent institution; so that when the houses on the summit were being built all the materials had to be carried by coolies up a steep, zigzagging road from below. Even now most of the supplies for the dwellers on the heights are brought up in the same primitive and laborious fashion. In the morning the trams are crowded with European merchants, bankers, solicitors and their clerks, descending to their offices in the city. In the afternoon they are filled with the gay butterflies of society going up or down to pay calls, shop, or play tennis and croquet at the Ladies' Recreation Ground, half-way between the Peak and Victoria. The red coats of British soldiers are seen in the cars after parade hours or at night, when they are hurrying back to barracks before tattoo.

The harbour of Hong Kong is remarkable for

the large "floating population" of Chinese, who live in sampans and seldom go ashore except to purchase provisions. Their boats are small, generally not twenty feet in length, with a single mast, decked, and provided with a small well, covered with a hood, where passengers sit. Under the planking of the deck, in a tiny space without ventilation, with only room to lie prone, the crew—consisting, perhaps, of a dozen men, women, and children—sleep. Their cooking is done with a brazier or wood fire placed on a flat stone in the bows. The children tumble about the deck unconcernedly in the roughest weather. The smaller ones are occasionally tied to the mast to prevent them from falling overboard. The babies are bound in a bundle behind the shoulders of the mothers, who pull their oars or hoist and lower the sail with their burdens fastened on to them. Thus they live, thus they die; never sleeping on land until their corpses are brought ashore to be buried amid much exploding of crackers and burning of joss-sticks.

These sampans are freely used to convey passengers to and from ships or across the harbour. Formerly cases of robbery and murder were frequent on board them; and even now drunken sailors occasionally disappear in mysterious fashion. The hood over the passengers' seats could be suddenly lowered on the occupants of the well; a few blows of a hatchet sufficed to end their efforts to free themselves; the bodies were then robbed

and flung overboard, and their fate remained a secret to all but the murderers. But stringent police regulations now render these crimes almost impossible. At night all sampans must anchor at least thirty yards from the shore. If hailed by intending passengers they are allowed to come only to certain piers where European or Indian police officers take their numbers as well as the names and destinations of those about to embark on them. So that the Hong Kong sampan is now nearly as safe a conveyance as the London hansom.

Communication between Victoria and Kowloon is maintained by a line of large, two-decked, double-ended steam ferries, that cross the mile of water between them in ten minutes. The suburb on the mainland is of very recent growth. Ten years ago the Observatory, a signal station, and a few villas were almost the only buildings; and the pinewoods ran uninterruptedly down to the sea. Now Kowloon possesses large warehouses, two hotels, two fine barracks, long streets lined with shops chiefly for Chinese customers, and terraces of houses occupied by Europeans. These are generally employees in the dockyards or clerks, or the families of engineers and mates of the small steamers that have their headquarters in Hong Kong. New streets are continually springing up, connecting it with Yaumati, a large Chinese suburb, or spreading down towards Old Kowloon City, three miles off. Near the ferry pier long wharves run out into the

harbour, alongside which the largest vessels of the P. and O. or Norddeutscher-Lloyd can berth and discharge their cargo. Close by is a naval yard, with a small space of water enclosed by stone piers for torpedo craft. Beside it are huge stacks of coal for our warships. Just above rise the grass-covered ramparts of a fort. Near this are the fine stone and brick barracks built for the Hong Kong Regiment—a corps raised and recruited in Northern India about ten years ago for permanent service in this Colony. It was recently disbanded when Hong Kong was added to the list of places overseas to be garrisoned by the Indian army. Its material was excellent; for the high rate of pay—eighteen rupees a month with free rations as compared with the nine rupees and no rations offered to the sepoy in India—gave its recruiting officers the pick of Mussulman Punjaub, for it was a completely Mohammedan regiment. But it suffered from the disadvantage of being permanently stationed in one cramped-up garrison with much guard duty, and of being officered by men coming at random from various Indian regiments rarely of the Punjaub, or, worse still, by others from British regiments, who knew absolutely nothing of the sepoy and were attracted chiefly by the higher pay.

On the Kowloon side two companies have built large and ample docks, which can take the finest battleships we have in the China seas. H.M.S. *Goliath, Ocean, Albion, Glory;* U.S.S. *Brooklyn*

and *Kentucky* have all been accommodated there. As they are the only docks in the Far East, with the exception of those at Nagasaki in Japan, they are used by all foreign as well as British warships and merchantmen; and the dividends they pay are very large. Small steamers and a yacht for the King of Siam have been constructed in them. In Yaumati and Kowloon many Chinese boat-building yards have sprung up, where numbers of large junks and sampans are turned out every year.

Past the Kowloon Docks, above which tower a couple of forts, the open country is reached. The road runs down through patches of market-gardens to Old Kowloon City, a quaint walled Chinese town, with antique iron guns rusting on its bastions. This was the last spot of territory in the peninsula handed over to the British by the Chinese. "Handed over" is, perhaps, hardly an accurate description. Although ordered by their Government to surrender it, the officials refused to do so. A show of force was necessary; and a body of regular troops, accompanied by the Hong Kong Volunteers, marched upon the place. The Chinese, locking the gates and throwing away the keys, disappeared over the walls and bolted into the country. It was necessary to effect an entry by burglary. High hills tower above the city; and just beyond it they close in to the Lyeemoon Pass.

To one unused to the East, Hong Kong is intensely interesting. The streets, lined with

European-looking shops, are crowded with a strange medley of races—white, black, or yellow. Daintily garbed English ladies step from their rickshas and enter millinery establishments, the windows of which display the latest fashions of Paris and London. Straight-limbed British soldiers, clad in the familiar scarlet of the Line and blue of the Royal Artillery or in the now as well-known khaki, stroll along the pavement, bringing their hands to their helmets in a smart salute to a passing officer. Sturdy bluejackets of our Royal Navy walk arm-in-arm with sailors from the numerous American warships in the harbour. A group of spectacled Chinese students move by, chattering volubly. Long, lithe Bengal Lancers, in khaki blouses reaching to the knee, blue putties, and spurred ankle-boots, gaudy pugris and bright shoulder-chains, stop to chat with sepoys of a Bombay infantry regiment or tall Sikhs of the Asiatic Artillery. Neat, glazed-hatted Parsis, long-haired Coreans, trousered Chinese women, and wild, unkempt Punjaubi mule-drivers go by. German man-o'-war's men, with flat caps and short jackets covered with gilt or silver buttons, turn to look back at a couple of small but sturdy Japanese bluejackets. Pig-tailed Chinese coolies push their way roughly along the side-walk, earning a well-deserved cut from the swagger-cane of a soldier against whose red coat they have rubbed their loads. Even the weird figure of a half-naked Hindu fakir, his emaciated

body coated with white ashes, the trident of Vishnu marked in scarlet on his ghastly forehead, carrying his begging-bowl and long-handled tongs, is seen. Europeans, in white linen coats and trousers or smartly-cut flannel suits, rush across the road and plunge hurriedly into offices. These are probably brokers, busily engaged in floating some of the numerous companies that spring up daily in Hong Kong like mushrooms. Globe-trotters, in weird pith hats, pause before the windows of curio-shops which display the artistic efforts of Japan or Canton. The street is crowded with rickshas bearing ladies, soldiers, civilians, or fat Chinamen in bowler hats and long, blue silk coats. Carriages are seldom seen, for horses are of little use in the colony, owing to its hilly character. Queen's Road is almost the only thoroughfare where they could be employed. Tall Sikh and Mussulman policemen in blue or red pugris direct the traffic or salute a white-helmeted European inspector as he passes.

Society in Hong Kong is less official than in India, where almost every male is to be found in either the Army or the Civil Service List. The Governor and the General are, of course, the leaders, and in a small way represent Royalty in the colony. The merchant class is supreme, and their wives rule society; naval and military people being regarded as mere birds of passage in a city where Europeans practically settle for life and England seems a very far-off country indeed. Altogether

life in Hong Kong is of a more provincially English character than it is in India. The warm-hearted hospitality of the Anglo-Indian has but a faint echo in this very British colony. One is not brought into such daily contact with friends and acquaintances. In every station, large and small, throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan there is always a club which acts as the rallying-place of European society. Ladies as well as men assemble there in the afternoons when the sun is setting, and polo, tennis, and cricket are over for the day. The fair inhabitants of the station sit on the lawn, dispense tea to their friends, talk scandal or flirt; while their husbands play whist, bridge, and billiards, or gather in jovial groups round the bar and discuss the events of the day.

But in Hong Kong, despite the large European population, there is no similar institution or gathering-place. The clubs are sternly reserved for men. Save at an occasional race meeting or gymkhana, one never sees all the white inhabitants assembled together. In the summer the climate is far too hot for indoor social functions. Even tennis parties are too exhausting. So hospitable hostesses substitute for their "At Homes" weekly mixed bathing parties; and in the comparative cool of the afternoons gay groups gather on the piers near the club and embark on the trim steam launches that lie in shoals alongside. Then out they go to some sandy bay along the coast, where mat-sheds have

been erected to serve as bathing-boxes for the ladies, who go ashore and attire themselves for the water. The gentlemen of the party don their swimming costume in the cabin of the launch, and, plunging overboard, make their way to the beach to join their fair companions. When tired of bathing, the ladies retire to the mat-sheds, the men to the launch. Then, dressed again and reunited, all steam back to Hong Kong, refreshing themselves with tea and drinks on the way. This is the favourite form of amusement in Hong Kong society during the summer.

In the cold weather dances at Government House, Headquarter House (the General's residence), and in the City Hall are frequent; and theatrical companies from England and Australia occupy the theatre. Picnics, walking or by launch, to the many charming spots to be found on the island or the mainland are given. Polo, racing, cricket, tennis, and golf are in full swing; and, as the climate during winter is cold and bracing, life is very pleasant in the colony then.

To the newly arrived naval or military officer society in Hong Kong is full of pitfalls and surprises. The English merchant or lawyer over seas is usually a very good fellow, though occasionally puffed up by the thought of his bloated money-bags; but his wife is often a sad example of British snobbery, the spirit of which has entered into her soul in the small country town or London suburb

from which she came. Society in the boarding-houses of West Kensington is a bad preparation for the rôle of *grande dame* in the hospitable East. And so the naval or military officer, accustomed to broader lines of social demarcation in England, is puzzled and amused at the minute shades of difference in Hong Kong society. He fails to see why Mrs. A., whose spouse exports tea, is to be considered quite of the *haut ton* of the colony; while Mrs. B., whose husband imports cigars, and who is by birth and breeding a better man than A., is not to be called on.

> "Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
> And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so, *ad infinitum*."

And Hong Kong looks down on Kowloon with all the well-bred contempt of Belgravia for Brixton. And even in the despised suburb on the mainland these social differences are not wanting. The wives of the superior dock employees are the leaders of Kowloon society; and the better half of a ship captain or marine engineer is only admitted on sufferance to their exclusive circle. When the first Indian troops to strengthen the garrison of Hong Kong in 1900 arrived, they were quartered in Kowloon; where the presence of a number of strange young officers, who dashed about their quiet suburb on fiery Arabs and completely eclipsed the local dandies, caused a flutter in the hearts of anxious mothers and indignant husbands. The

fires of civilian prejudice against the military burned fiercely; and I verily believe that many of the inhabitants of Kowloon would have preferred an invasion of ferocious Chinese.

THE KOWLOON HINTERLAND.

The island of Hong Kong was ceded to England in 1841. Later on a strip of the adjacent mainland, from two to three miles deep, running back to a line of steep hills from 1,300 to 2,000 feet high, was added. Then for many years the colony rested content under the frowning shadow of these dangerous neighbours; until it dawned at last upon our statesmen that the Power who possessed this range of hills had Hong Kong at its mercy. For heavy guns planted on their summits could lay the city of Victoria in ruins at the easy range of two or three miles; and no answering fire from the island forts so far below them could save it. So in 1898, by a master-stroke of diplomacy, China was induced to lease to England the Kowloon Peninsula, about 200 miles square; and our frontier was removed farther back to the safer distance of about twenty miles from Hong Kong.

The peninsula is an irregularly shaped tongue of land with rugged and indented coast-line jutting out from the province of Kwang-tung. It is of little value except to safeguard the possession of Hong Kong. It consists of range after range

of rugged, barren hills, grass-clad, with here and there tangled vegetation but with scarcely a tree upon them, separated by narrow valleys thinly occupied by Chinese. It could only support a small population; for arable land is scarce, and the few inhabitants are forced to add to their scanty crops by terracing small fields on the steep sides of the hills. Villages are few and far between. Those that exist are well and substantially built; for, as in Hong Kong, granite is everywhere present on the mainland, the soil being composed of disintegrated granite. Cattle-breeding and even sheep-raising seem difficult; for the rank grass of the hills will scarcely support animal life. Experiments made on the islands near Hong Kong, which are of similar nature to the mainland, seem to bear this out.

Winding inlets and long, narrow bays run far into the land on both sides and considerably diminish the space at the disposal of the cultivator. Occasionally narrow creeks are dammed by the villagers, and the ground is roughly reclaimed. The supply of fresh water is limited to the rainfall and the small streams that run down the hillsides. The presence of mineral wealth is unsuspected and unlikely. Altogether the Hinterland is poor and unproductive. Efforts are being made to develop its scanty resources; and if cattle, wheat, and vegetables could be raised, a ready market would be found for them in Hong Kong.

The present frontier line is exceedingly short—about ten miles if I remember aright—as at the boundary the sea runs far into the land on each side of the peninsula in two bays—Deep Bay on the west, Mirs Bay on the east. The latter is being used as the winter training-ground of the ships of our China squadron. The former is very shallow, being almost dry at low tide, and earns its name from the depth of its penetration into the land.

One strongly defined portion of the boundary is the shallow, tidal Samchun River which runs into Deep Bay. Across it the Chinese territory begins in a fertile and cultivated valley surrounding an important and comparatively wealthy market-town, Samchun. Beyond that again rises another line of rugged hills. I have never penetrated into the interior here farther than Samchun, so cannot speak with accuracy of what the country is like at the other side of these hills; but I have been told that it is flat and fertile nearly all the way on to Canton. The English firm in Hong Kong who projected the railway to Canton employed a Royal Engineer officer to survey the route for the proposed line. He told me, as well as I can remember, that he had estimated the cost from Kowloon to about ten miles north of Samchun at about £27,000 a mile, and from there on to Canton at £7,000 a mile. That seems to show that the country beyond these hills is flat and easy. The cutting, tunnelling, and embanking required for the passage of

a railway line through the continuous hills of the Kowloon Hinterland would be a very laborious undertaking. There is no long level stretch from Hong Kong harbour to the frontier; and the hills are mainly granite.

Since the Hinterland has come into their possession the colonial authorities have made an excellent road from Kowloon into their new territory. It is carried up the steep hills and down again to the valleys in easy gradients. It is of more importance for military than for commercial purposes; as the peninsula produces so little and wheeled transport is unknown.

The cession of the Hinterland in 1898 was very strongly resented by its few inhabitants. Owing to their poverty and inaccessibility, they were probably seldom plagued with visits from Chinese officials; and they objected to their sudden transfer to the care of the more energetic "foreign devils." So when the Governor of Hong Kong arranged a dramatic scene to take place at the hoisting of the British flag on the frontier, and invitations were freely issued to the officials and their wives and the society in general of the island to be present on this historic occasion, the evil-minded inhabitants prepared a surprise for them. The police and the guard of honour went out on the previous day to encamp on the ground on which the ceremony was to take place. To their consternation they found that the new subjects of the British Empire had

dug a trench on the side of a hill close by, not 800 yards from the spot on which the flagstaff was to be erected, and had occupied it in force, armed with jingals, matchlocks, Brown Besses, and old rifles—antique weapons certainly, but good enough to kill all the ladies and officials to be present next day. Information was immediately sent back to Hong Kong; and quite a little campaign was inaugurated. Companies of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the Hong Kong Regiment, and the Hong Kong and Singapore Battalion Royal Artillery, with detachments of bluejackets, chased their new fellow-subjects over the hills, exchanged shots with them, and captured enough ancient weapons to stock an armoury. Lieutenant Barrett, Hong Kong Regiment, while bathing in a pond in a Chinese village, discovered a number of old smooth-bore cannons, which had been hurriedly thrown in there. Little resistance was made; but the picnic arrangements for the dramatic hoisting of the flag did not come off.

The inhabitants of the peninsula were speedily reconciled to British rule and have since given no further trouble. A few European and Indian police constables, armed with carbines and revolvers, are stationed in it and patrol the country in pairs, frequently armed with no more lethal weapon than an umbrella.

The possession of the Hinterland has strengthened enormously the defence of Hong Kong from the

landward side. Three passes, about 1,500 feet high, cross the last range of hills above Kowloon; and these can be easily guarded. The situation of a hostile army which had landed on the coast some distance away and endeavoured to march through the difficult and mountainous country of the mainland, would be hopeless in the presence of a strong defending force. Entangled in the narrow valleys, forced to cross a series of roadless passes over which even field-guns must be carried bodily, fired at incessantly from the never-ending hilltops, it would be unable to proceed far. A couple of regiments of Gurkhas or Pathans would be invaluable in such a country. Moving rapidly from hill to hill they could decimate the invaders almost with impunity to themselves.

The garrison of Hong Kong previous to 1900 consisted of a few batteries R.A. to man the forts, some companies of the Asiatic Artillery or Hong Kong and Singapore Battalion Royal Artillery (a corps of Sikhs and Punjaubis raised in India for the defence of these two coast ports), one British infantry regiment, the Hong Kong Regiment (ten companies strong), and the Hong Kong Volunteers, Europeans, and Portuguese half-castes. The Asiatic Artillery were armed with muzzle-loading mountain guns. Such a force was absurdly small for such a large and important place. General Sir William Gascoigne, K.C.M.G., was forced to still further denude it of troops in order to send men hurriedly

to North China to defend Tientsin. He was left with his garrison companies of Royal Artillery, half of the Royal Welch Fusiliers and Asiatic Artillery, and four-fifths of the Hong Kong Regiment. The situation would have been one of extreme danger had a rising occurred in Canton and the southern provinces; and two regiments of General Gaselee's original force were stopped on their way to the North. The 3rd Madras Light Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Teversham, was composed of men of that now unwarlike presidency. But the 22nd Bombay Infantry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel R. Baillie, was formed from the fighting races of Rajputana and Central India and won many encomiums for their smartness in manœuvres over the steep hills and their satisfactory work altogether.

A story is told of a War Office official who, ignorant of the mountainous character of Hong Kong, wished to add a regiment of British cavalry to its garrison. The general in command at the time, being possessed of a keen sense of humour, gravely requested that the men should be mounted on goats, pointing out that no other animal would prove useful on the Hong Kong hills. But even in the mountainous country of the mainland mounted infantry would be of great use to enable commanding points to be speedily gained. When stationed in Kowloon I organised mounted infantry on mules captured in North China—splendid animals most of

them, one standing fifteen hands high. Even in that broken and rugged country I found that the men could move swiftly around the bases of the hills, across the narrow valleys, and up the easier slopes at a speed that defied all pursuit from their comrades on foot. In an advance overland to Canton, mounted infantry would be invaluable when the flat and cultivated country past Samchun was reached; for cavalry would be useless in such closely intersected ground.

CHAPTER IX

ON COLUMN IN SOUTHERN CHINA

A SHALLOW, muddy river running between steep banks. On the grassy slopes of a conical hill the white tents of a camp. Before the quarter-guard stands a Bombay Infantry sentry in khaki uniform and pugri, the butt of his Lee-Metford rifle resting on the ground, his eyes turned across the river to where the paddy-fields of Southern China stretch away to a blue range of distant hills. Figures in khaki or white undress move about the encampment or gather round the mud cooking-places, where their frugal meal of *chupatties* and curry is being prepared. A smart, well-set-up British officer passes down through the lines of tents and lounging sepoys spring swiftly to attention as he goes by. On the hilltop above a signaller waves his flag rapidly; and down below in the camp a Madrassi havildar spells out his message to a man beside him, who writes it down in a note-book. Coolies loaded with supplies trudge wearily up the steep path. Before the tents four wicked-looking little mountain guns turn their ugly muzzles longingly towards a walled town two thousand yards

away across the stream, where spots of red and blue resolve themselves through a field-glass into Chinese soldiers. All around on this side of the river, the country lies in never-ending hills and narrow valleys, with banked paddy-fields in chess-board pattern. And on these hills small horseshoe-shaped masonry tombs or glazed, brown earthen-ware pots containing the bones of deceased Chinamen fleck the grassy slopes. Across the stream the cultivation is interspersed with low, tree-crowned eminences or dotted with villages. There on the boundary line, between China and the English territory of the Kowloon Hinterland, a small column guards our possessions against rebel and Imperial soldier, both possible enemies and restrained from violating British soil by the bayonets of the sepoys from our distant Eastern Empire. Twenty miles away Hong Kong lies ringed in by sapphire sea. From the land it has no danger to dread while a man of this small but resolute force guarding its frontier remains alive.

The outburst of fanaticism in North China, the attacks on the foreign settlements in Tientsin and Pekin, the treachery of the Court, had their echo in the far-off southern provinces. Canton, turbulent and hostile, has ever been a plague-spot. Before now English and French troops have had to chasten its pride and teach its people that the outer barbarian claims a right to exist even on the sacred soil of China. In the troublous summer of 1900

10,000 Black Flags, the unruly banditti who long waged a harassing war against the French in Tonkin, were encamped near this populous city. Fears were rife in Hong Kong that, fired by exaggerated accounts of successes against the hated foreigners in the North and swelled by the fanatical population of the provinces of the two Kwangs, they might swarm down to the coast and attack our possessions on the mainland, or even endeavour to assail the island itself. Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of Canton, had sounded a note of warning. Purporting to seek the better arming of his soldiery to enable him to cope with popular discontent, he induced the colonial authorities to allow him to import 40,000 new magazine rifles through Hong Kong; but there was no security that these weapons might not be turned against ourselves. As it was well known that the Imperial troops in the North had made common cause with the Boxers, the wisdom of permitting this free passage of modern arms may be questioned. Rumours of a rising among the Chinese in Victoria itself, of threatened invasion from the mainland, were rife; and the inhabitants of our colony in the Far East were badly scared. The first Indian brigade under General Gaselee passed up to the more certain danger in the North; but representations made to the home authorities caused the stopping of his two line-of-communication regiments, the 3rd Madras Light Infantry and 22nd Bombay Infantry, to strengthen

the denuded garrison of Hong Kong. This and the subsequent detention of his 2nd Brigade to safeguard Shanghai left his command in the Allied Armies on the march to Pekin numerically weak and forced him into a subordinate position in the councils of the Generals. Hong Kong was by no means in such imminent peril; and the troops thus diverted would have made his force second only to the Japanese in strength, and enabled him to assert his authority more emphatically among the Allies.

Pekin fell on August 14th, 1900. But long after that date this was not credited in Canton; and the wildest rumours were rife as to the splendid successes of the Chinese, who were represented as everywhere victorious. This large southern city is situated well under a hundred miles from Hong Kong, either by river or by land. It has constant intercourse with our colony; and large, flat-bottomed steamers with passengers and cargo pass between the two places every day. Yet it was confidently stated in the vernacular newspapers, and everywhere believed, that two regiments from India arriving in Hong Kong Harbour had heard such appalling tales of the prowess of the Chinese braves that the terrified soldiers had jumped overboard from the transports and drowned themselves to a man. They had preferred an easy death to the awful tortures that they knew awaited them at the hands of the invincible Chinese. Long after the Court had fled in haste from Pekin and the

capital had been in the hands of the Allies for months, their columns pushing out everywhere into the interior, it was asserted that all this apparent success was but a deep-laid plan of the glorious Empress-Dowager. She had thus enticed them into the heart of the land in order to cut them off from the sea. She now held them in the hollow of her hand. The luckless foreigners had abjectly appealed for mercy. Her tender heart had relented, and she had graciously promised to spare them in return for the restoration of all the territory hitherto wrested from China. Tientsin, Port Arthur, Kiao-Chau, Shanghai, Tonkin, even Hong Kong, were being hastily surrendered. And such preposterous tales were readily believed.

But another confusing element was introduced into the already sufficiently complicated situation. Canton and the South contains, besides the anti-foreign party, a number of reformers who realise that China must stand in line with modern civilisation. Only thus will she become strong enough to resist the perpetual foreign aggression which deprives her of her best ports and slices off her most valuable seaboard territory. The energetic inhabitants of Canton freely emigrate to Hong Kong, Singapore, Penang, Australia, and America. There they learn to take a wider view of things than is possible in their own conservative country. When they return they spread their ideas, and are the nucleus of the already fairly numerous party of

reform, who justly blame the misfortunes of China on the effete and narrow-minded Government in Pekin and work to secure the downfall of the present Manchu dynasty. In the southern provinces they have their following; and rumours of a great uprising there against the corrupt officialdom, and even the throne itself, were rife in the autumn of 1900. 'The much-talked-of but little-known Triad Society—who claimed to advocate reform, but who were regarded with suspicion, their tenets forbidden, and their followers imprisoned in Hong Kong—started a rebellion in the Kwang-tung province. They were supposed to be led, or at least abetted, by Sun Yat Sen, an enlightened reformer. As the revolt began close to the Kowloon frontier, fears were expressed lest, despite their advertised views, the rebels should prove unfriendly to foreigners and invade our territory. Little was known of the progress of the movement. The Chinese Imperial Government, through the Viceroy of Canton, sent Admiral Ho with 4,000 troops to Samchun to suppress the rising. The rebels, hearing of his coming, moved farther inland. The soldiers, having no great stomach for bloodshed, generously forebore to follow, and settled themselves comfortably in and around the town. Lest either party should be tempted to infringe the neutrality of our territory, the Hong Kong newspapers urged the Governor to take immediate measures to safeguard our frontier. After some delay a small, compact column

was despatched to the boundary under the command of Major E. A. Kettlewell, an officer of marked ability and energy, who had seen much service in Burma and in the Tirah, and who had had long and intimate connection with the Imperial Service troops in India. The composition of the force, known as the Frontier Field Force, was as under :—

Commanding Officer.

Major E. A. Kettlewell, 22nd Bombay Infantry.

Staff Officer.

Lieutenant Casserly, 22nd Bombay Infantry.

Troops.

Three Companies, 22nd Bombay Infantry, under Captain Hatherell and Lieutenants Melville and Burke.

Four mountain guns and 50 men, Hong Kong and Singapore Battalion Royal Artillery, under Lieutenants Saunders and Ogilvie.

Detachment Royal Engineers (British and Chinese sappers), under Lieutenant Rundle, R.E.

Maxim Gun Detachment, 22nd Bombay Infantry, under Jemadar Lalla Rawat.

Signallers, 3rd Madras Light Infantry, under Captain Sharpe.

Section of Indian Field Hospital, under Captain Woolley, I.M.S.

With the mobility of Indian troops the column embarked within a few hours after the receipt of orders on a flotilla of steam launches, which were to convey us along the coast to Deep Bay, and thence up the Samchun River to the threatened point on the frontier. Stores, tents, and a few

mules to carry the Maxim and ammunition, as well as to supplement coolie transport, were towed in junks.

Our tiny vessels loaded down with their living freight, the sepoys excited at the prospect of a fight, we steam away from Kowloon and out through the crowded harbour. We pass a number of torpedo-boat destroyers and a small fleet of obsolete gun-boats rusting in inglorious ease. To our right, with its huge cylindrical oil-tanks standing up like giant drums and its docks containing an American man-o'-war, lies the crowded Chinese quarter of Yaumati. Above it towers the long chain of hills, their dark sides marked with the white streak of the new road that crosses their summit into the Hinterland. On the left is Hong Kong, the Peak with the windows of its houses flashing in the sun, the city at its feet in shadow. We pass the long, straggling Stonecutter's Island, with the solid granite walls of its abandoned prison, the tree-clad hills and the sharp outlines of forts. In among an archipelago of islands, large and small, we steam; and ahead of us lies the narrow channel of the Cap-sui-moon Pass between Lantau and the lesser islet of Mah Wan. On the latter are the buildings of the Customs station—the Imperial Maritime Customs of China. High hills on islands and mainland tower above us on every side. The lofty peak of Tai-mo-shan stands up in the brilliant sunlight. The coast is grim with rugged cliffs or gay

with the grassy slopes of hills running down to the white fringe of beach. Bluff headlands, black, glistening rocks on which the foam-flecked waves break incessantly, dark caverns, and tiny bays line the shore. A lumbering junk, with high, square stern and rounded bows—on which are painted large eyes, that the ship may see her way—bears down upon us with huge mat sails and its lolling crew gazing over the side in wonderment at the fierce, dark soldiers. A small sampan dances over the waves, two muscular women pushing at the long oars and the inevitable children seated on its narrow deck.

Along the coast we steam, gazing at its interminable masses of green hills, until it suddenly recedes into a wide bay surrounded on every side by high land. This is Deep Bay, an expanse twenty-five miles in extent which, though now covered by the sea, becomes at low tide one vast mud flat, with a small stream winding through the noisome ooze. Towards the land on the right we head. Far out from shore lies a trim, white gunboat. From the stern floats the yellow Imperial standard of China with its sprawling dragon; for the vessel belongs to the Maritime Customs Service. On the decks brass machine-guns glitter. A European in white clothing watches us through binoculars from the poop. The Chinese crew in blue uniforms, with pigtails coiled up under their straw hats, are spreading an awning.

At length we reach the mouth of the Samchun River, a small tidal stream, which, when the sea is low, is scarcely eighteen inches deep. Up between its winding banks we steam. High hills rise up on each side. We pray that neither rebel nor hostile Imperial soldier is waiting here to stop our coming; for a machine-gun or a few rifles would play havoc with our men crowded together on the little launches. Up the river we go in single file, playing "follow my leader" as the first launch swings sharply round the frequent curves. By virtue of my position "on the Staff," I am aboard it and am consequently resentful when a bump and a prolonged scraping under the keel tell us that we have gone aground. The next launch avoids the shoal and passes us, its occupants flinging sarcastic remarks and unkind jibes at us as they go by. But "pride cometh before a fall," and a little farther on their Chinese steersman runs them high and dry. Then the others leave us behind until by dint of poling we float again and follow in their wake. Round a bend in the river we swing; and ahead of us we see a number of weird-looking Chinese war-junks. From their masts stream huge pennants and gaudy flags of many colours; on their decks stand old muzzle-loading, smooth-bore cannon. Their high, square sterns tower above the banks. The motley-garbed crews are squatting about, engaged with chop-sticks and bowls of rice. The sudden appearance of

our flotilla crowded with armed men startles them. They drop their food and spring up to stare at us, uncertain whether to bolt ashore or continue their interrupted meal. Seeing no signs of hostility on our part, they grin placatingly and shout remarks to us, the tenor of which it is perhaps as well that we do not understand. These are Government war-junks and, like the Customs steamer outside, are stationed here to prevent assistance reaching the rebels from the sea; but anyone who had successfully forced their way past the gunboat would have little to fear from these ill-armed Noah's Arks. Close by stand a few substantial buildings—a Customs station. From the verandah of a bungalow two white men in charge of it watch us as we go by.

As evening was closing in we reached the spot selected for our first camping-ground and disembarked. On our side of the river a few hundred yards of level ground ran back to the steep, bare slopes of a straggling hill which rose to a conical peak five hundred feet above our heads. All around lay similar eminences, their grassy sides devoid of trees. Behind us the Hinterland stretched away to the south in range after range of barren mountains divided by narrow, cultivated valleys. Beyond the river lay a plain patched with paddy-fields or broken by an occasional low hill. In it, little more than a mile away, stood the walled town of Samchun. The British and Indian police in

the new territory had been instructed to give us intelligence of any hostile movements in the neighbourhood; and from them we learned that no immediate danger was to be apprehended. Nevertheless all precautionary measures to guard against a possible surprise were taken; for Admiral Ho's troops still lingered in Samchun, and considerable doubt existed as to their attitude towards the British. Piquets having been posted and a strong guard placed over the ammunition and supplies, the men cooked their evening meal and bivouacked for the night. But sleep was almost impossible. The heat was intense. We had evidently intruded upon a favourite haunt of the mosquitoes who attacked us with malignant persistence until dawn.

The following day was employed in strengthening our position, reconnoitring our surroundings and laying out our camp. Our arrival had evidently taken the Chinese army across the river completely by surprise. From the hill, on which our tents stood, Samchun was plainly visible about 2,000 yards away; and our field-glasses showed a great commotion in the town. Soldiers poured out of the gates or crowded on to the walls and gazed in consternation—apparent even at that distance—at the British force that had so suddenly put in an appearance on the scene. They were evidently extremely dubious as to our intentions; and we watched the troops falling in hurriedly and being marshalled under an imposing array of banners. When the

Hinterland had been ceded to us, Samchun had at first been included, and was for a short time occupied by us; but the boundary was afterwards fixed at the river as being a natural frontier, and the town was restored to the Chinese. They apparently feared that we had changed our minds and contemplated appropriating it again. As our column made no move—for our orders had been not to enter Chinese territory or take any hostile action unless attacked—they soon disappeared into the town again. Later on, on a hill that rose close to the river on their side of the boundary-line, a regiment appeared and observed us narrowly all day, endeavouring to keep out of sight themselves as much as possible. It was very tantalising to see the materials for a pretty little fight ready to hand being wasted, and we longed for the smallest hostile act on their part to give us an excuse for one. But none came; and we sighed discontentedly at the loss of such a golden opportunity. Although the Chinese force numbered 4,000, armed with guns, Mausers and Winchesters, and our column counted barely 400 all told, we felt little doubt as to the result of a fight between us.

By the following morning Admiral Ho and his mandarins had evidently come to the conclusion that we were more dangerous neighbours than the rebels; so he proceeded to move off from our vicinity. All that day and the next we watched bodies of troops, clad in long red or blue coats, with enormous straw hats slung like shields on their backs or covering

their heads like giant mushrooms, marching out of the town and stringing out into single file along the narrow paths between the paddy-fields as they moved off into the mountains beyond Samchun. Above their heads waved innumerable banners—green, red, blue, parti-coloured, or striped in many lines horizontally or vertically. By the following evening all had disappeared, with the exception of about 400, as we afterwards ascertained, left behind to garrison the town. This forlorn hope, I doubt not, were none too well pleased at remaining in such unpleasant proximity to us.

Our arrival at the frontier was undoubtedly responsible for the retirement of Admiral Ho's army. For he had been for some time comfortably settled in Samchun without evincing the least anxiety to follow up the rebels, who were reported to be laying waste the country farther on, pillaging the villages, torturing the officials, and levying taxes on the inhabitants. His departure removed a constant source of danger; for his undisciplined troops might have been tempted to cross the boundary into our territory and harass the villagers under our protection.

We now employed ourselves in patrolling the frontier, exercising the troops and making sketches to supplement the very inadequate information as to the surrounding country in our possession. Although the Hinterland had been ceded to the British two years before, and although it lies in such close

proximity to Hong Kong, no accurate survey of it had ever been made. The only map which could be found to provide the expedition with was one done by a Jesuit missionary in 1840. It was fairly correct as regards outlines, but contained absolutely no details except a number of names, which might refer to villages or to features of the ground. For instance, at the spot on the map where our camp stood, we read the word "Lo-u." This, before we arrived there, we concluded referred to a village. But there was not a house in the vicinity, and we found that it was the name of the hill on which our tents were pitched. Our energetic commander employed himself in surveying and filling in the details of the surrounding country, marking the positions of the hamlets and paths—for roads there were none—and ascertaining the ranges and heights of the various prominent features around us.

About a mile away down the river lay the Chinese Customs station that we had passed on our way up. I strolled there one afternoon and made the acquaintance of the officers in charge. They were both Britishers. One of them, Mr. Percy Affleck-Scott, told me that our arrival had been a great relief to them. When the rebels had been in the vicinity they had received several messages from the leaders who threatened to march down upon their station, burn it, and cut their heads off. In view of the repeated declarations of the Triads, that no hostility is felt by them to foreigners, these threats are

significant. As they had little reliance on the prowess of the Chinese soldiers if attacked by the rebels, these two Britishers had been considerably relieved at the arrival of our force, in whose neighbourhood they knew that they would be safe.

The position of the European Custom House officials in the Outdoor Branch, stationed as they generally are in out-of-the-way places in Chinese territory with no society of their own kind, is scarcely enviable. Their work, which consists in levying duty on imports into the country, frequently brings them into unpleasant contact with Chinese officials, who regard the existence of their service with intense dislike, as it robs them of chances of extortion. Those employed in the Indoor Branch are generally stationed in cities like Hong Kong, Shanghai, Pekin, or other large centres where life is enjoyable.

When visiting the Samchun Custom House on another occasion, at a later period, I saw a number of small, two-pounder rifled breechloading guns belonging to Admiral Ho's force being embarked on a war-junk. I examined them with interest. They were mounted on small-wheeled carriages and bore the stamp of the Chinese arsenal where they had been made. The breech ends were square, with a falling block worked by a lever at the side. They were well finished; for the work turned out at these arsenals by native workmen, often under European supervision, is generally very good.

Early one morning, a few days after Admiral Ho's departure, the camp was roused by a sudden alarm. About four a.m., when it was still pitch dark, we were awakened by the sound of heavy firing in the Chinese territory. The continuous rattle of small arms and the deeper booming of field-guns were distinctly audible. We rushed out of our tents and the troops got ready to fall in. The firing seemed to come from the immediate neighbourhood of Samchun; and it appeared that a desperate fight was in full swing. Our impression was that the rebels, learning of Ho's departure, had eluded his force and doubled back to attack the town, which, being wealthy, would have proved a tempting prize. We gazed from the hillside in the direction from which the sound came; but a thick mist lay over the fields beyond the river and prevented the flashes from being visible. We waited impatiently for daylight. The rattle of rifle-firing now broke out suddenly from around the Customs station; and we trembled for the safety of Affleck-Scott and his companion. As the sound came no nearer in our direction, it became evident that no hostile movement against us was intended. We cursed the tardy daylight. At last day broke; but still the low-lying mists obscured our view of the town and the plain beyond the river. Then the sun rose. The fog slowly cleared away. We looked eagerly towards Samchun, expecting, as the firing still continued, to see the contending forces

engaged in deadly battle. But to our surprise, though every house in the town, every field and bank around it, stood out distinct in the clear light, scarcely a human being was visible. Before the gates a few soldiers lounged about unconcernedly. But the firing still continued. We could see nothing to account for it and began to wonder if it was a battle of phantoms. Gradually it died away and left us still bewildered. Later on in the day came the explanation. In view of our imaginary combat it was simple and ludicrous. The day was one of the innumerable Chinese festivals; and the inhabitants of Samchun and the neighbouring villages had been ushering it in in the usual Celestial fashion with much burning of crackers and exploding of bombs. To anyone who has heard the extraordinary noise of Chinese fireworks, which accurately reproduces the rattle of musketry and the booming of guns, our mistake is excusable. At the attack on the Peiyang Arsenal outside Tientsin, on June 27th, 1900, by the British, Americans, and Russians, the Chinese defenders, before evacuating it when hard pressed, laid strings of crackers along the walls. As our marines and bluejackets, with the Americans, advanced to the final assault these were set fire to. The explosions sounded like a very heavy fusillade and the assailants took cover. The Chinese meanwhile bolted out of the arsenal and got safely away before the attackers discovered the trick and stormed the place.

A week or two after this false alarm, I obtained permission to cross into Chinese territory and visit Samchun. The town looked very interesting at a distance, with its high walls and two square stone towers, which were in reality pawn-shops. For these establishments in China are looked upon as safe deposit offices. A rich man about to leave home for any length of time removes his valuables to the nearest pawn-shop and there stores them. They are the first places attacked when a band of robbers seizes some small town, as frequently happens. So they are built in the form of strong towers with the entrance generally several feet from the ground, in order that the proprietor and his friends may retire within and defend them.

Accompanied by Captain Woolley, I.M.S., I set out to visit the town, having received many injunctions to be careful not to embroil ourselves with the inhabitants or the soldiery, who were not likely to prove over friendly. We were provided with interpreters in the persons of a Chinese policeman in British employ and a Sikh constable who had learned to converse very well in the language of the country. As we intended to make a formal call on the mandarin in command of Samchun and had heard that in China a man's importance is gauged by the size of his visiting-card, we wrote our names on sheets of foolscap—the largest pieces of paper we could find. Red, however, is the proper colour, In mufti and taking no weapons, we left the camp

and crossed the river in a small, flat-bottomed ferry-boat. Landed on the far side, we set off along the tops of the mud banks between the paddy-fields, the only roads available. Those which are used as general paths are laid with flat stones, which, not being fastened in any way, occasionally tilt up and slide about in a disconcerting manner. As we neared the town we were observed with interest by a number of Chinese soldiers lounging about in front of the principal gateway. We felt a little nervous as to our reception but putting a bold face on the matter directed our way towards them. We were stopped, however, by our Chinese policeman, who told us that we should not approach this entrance as it faced the mandarin's Yamen and was reserved for important individuals. We being *merely* foreigners—this although he was in British employment!—must seek admittance through the back gate into the town. Irritated at his insolent tone, the Sikh constable shoved him aside, and we approached the guard. The soldiers, though not openly hostile—for the white tents of our camp, plainly visible across the river, had a sobering effect—treated us with scarcely-veiled contempt. On our Sikh interpreter informing them that we were English officers who had come to visit their mandarin, they airily replied that that dignitary was asleep and could not see us. Annoyed at their impertinent manner, we ordered them to go and wake him. Rather impressed by our audacity, they held a consultation.

Then one went into the Yamen. He returned in a few minutes with a message to the effect that the mandarin regretted that he could not see us as he was not dressed. Seeing the effect of our previous curtness, we haughtily bade the soldier tell the mandarin to put on his clothes at once; see him we must. Visibly impressed this time, he hastened inside again and promptly returned with an invitation to enter the Yamen. We passed through the gate with as important an air as we could assume. It had been a game of bluff on both sides and we had won; for on the verandah of the house inside the entrance we were received by the mandarin, correctly attired. With hands folded over each other, he bowed low and led the way into the interior. The room was small and plainly furnished. High-backed, uncomfortable chairs stood round a square blackwood table. On the walls hung crude pictures or tablets painted with Chinese characters. Our host, who was really a most courteous old gentleman, bowed again and, pointing to the chairs, begged us—as we judged from his manner—to be seated. We politely refused until he had taken a chair himself. He then addressed us in sing-song Chinese words, which our Sikh interpreter assured us were an expression of the honour he felt at our condescending to visit such an unworthy individual. We framed our reply in equally humble terms. He then inquired the reason of the coming of our force to the frontier. We informed him that it was

merely to guard our territory from invasion and assured him that we had no evil designs on Samchun. He pretended to feel satisfied at this, but doubt evidently still lingered in his mind. The conversation then dragged on spasmodically until we asked his permission to visit the town. He seemed to hail our request with relief as a chance of politely ridding himself of us and ordered four soldiers to get ready to accompany us as an escort. One of the attendants, at a sign from him, then left the room and returned with three little cups covered with brass saucers.

"Now we shall taste really high-class Chinese tea," said Woolley to me in an undertone.

We removed the saucers. The cups were filled with boiling water. At the bottom lay a few black twigs and leaves. Imitating the mandarin's actions, we raised our cups in both hands and tried to drink the hot and tasteless contents. The Chinese tea was a distinct failure.

A few black, formidable-looking cigars were now placed upon the table. Mindful of the vile odours that inevitably possess the filthy streets of the native towns in China, we took some. Then as our escort appeared in the courtyard in front of the house, we rose. Expressing profuse thanks to our courteous host through the interpreter, we folded our hands and bowed ourselves out in the politest Chinese fashion.

Following our military guides, we entered the

town. They led us first to the house of a lesser mandarin, whom we visited. He was as surly as his superior was amiable. He very speedily ordered tea for us as a sign of dismissal. However, as a mark of attention, he sent two lantern-bearers to accompany us. Quitting him with little hesitation, we followed our escort and plunged again into the town. The streets were narrow and indescribably filthy. Deep, open drains bordered them, filled with refuse. Extending our arms, we could nearly touch the houses on each side. On either hand were shops, some with glass-windowed fronts, others open to the street. Some were fairly extensive, filled with garments or rolls of cloth. Others exhibited for sale clocks, cheap embroidery, tinsel jewellery, or common pottery. Every third one at least sold food, raw or cooked. Dried fish or ducks split open, the heads and necks of the latter attached to the bodies; pork, meat, and sucking-pigs; rice, flour, or vegetables. Near one shop stood a grinning Chinaman who spoke to us in pidgin-English. Beside him was an open barrel filled with what looked like dried prunes. I pointed to them and asked what they were.

"That?" he said, popping one into his mouth and munching it with evident relish. "That belong cocky-loachee. Velly good!"

They were dried cockroaches!

Farther on another pig-tailed individual spoke to us in fluent English with a Yankee twang.

"Do you live in Samchun?" I asked him, in surprise.

"Not much, you bet!" he replied. "I don't belong to this darned country any more. I live in 'Frisco."

He explained that he had come to Hong Kong as a sailor on an American vessel, and had wandered out to Samchun to see a relative. With a "So long, boss!" from him we passed on.

Every fifth or sixth house was a gambling-den. Around the tables were seated Chinamen of all ages engaged in playing *fan-tan*, that slowest and most exasperating of all methods of "plunging." The interiors of these establishments were gay with much elaborate gilt carving.

It was now growing dark, and our lantern-bearers lighted the paper lamps swinging at the end of long sticks they carried. We directed our escort to lead us out of the town. We wished to dismiss them at the gate; but they assured the interpreter that their orders were strict—not to quit us until they had seen us safely out of Chinese territory. So we made our way to the river. Arrived there, my companion and I discussed the question as to whether we should reward our escort with a tip or whether they would be insulted, being soldiers, at the offer. Finally we resolved to give them a dollar. If they did not look satisfied, we would increase the amount. So a bright English dollar was handed to the Sikh to be given to them. Satisfied! They seemed as

if they had never seen such wealth before. They crowded round us with voluble thanks; and with quite an affecting farewell we went down to the water's edge. To our surprise we found our commanding officer with a party of armed sepoys crossing over to us in the ferry-boat. Alarmed at our long absence, he had feared that something untoward had happened to us and was coming in search of us. When we arrived at the camp we found the others rather uneasy about us; though some cheerfully assured us that they had been hoping that the Chinese had at least captured us to give them an excuse for attacking and looting Samchun.

Shortly afterwards, interested at our description of our adventures, our commanding officer determined to visit Samchun. A letter in Chinese was sent to the mandarin to acquaint him with our chief's intention. Next morning we were surprised by the sight of eight Chinese soldiers, armed with carbines and accompanied by the Sikh interpreter, crossing the river and ascending the path to the camp. As they approached the tents our sepoys, anxious to see the redoubtable warriors at close range, rushed out and flocked round them. Terrified at the sight of these strange black men, the Chinese soldiers dropped on their knees, flung their carbines on the ground, and held up their hands in abject supplication, entreating the interpreter to beg the fierce-looking foreign devils not to beat them.

The sepoys roared with laughter, patted them on the backs, and bore them off to their tents to soothe them with tea and cigarettes. The Sikh constable was the bearer of a message from the mandarin, expressing his pleasure at the intended visit of our commandant and informing him that an escort had been sent as a mark of honour. Accompanied by twenty of our tallest sepoys we crossed the river and set out for Samchun.

As we approached the town we found that the whole garrison of 400 men had been turned out to welcome us and were formed up to line the road near the gate of the Yamen. Fourteen huge banners of many colours waved above the ranks. In front of the entrance stood the mandarin and his suite in their gala dress, waiting to receive us. Our commanding officer had ridden up on his Arab charger, which must have seemed an immense horse to the Chinamen present, accustomed only to the diminutive ponies of their own country. The mandarin came forward to welcome our chief and apologised for not receiving him with a salute of cannon, as, he said, he had been afraid of startling his steed!

While compliments were being exchanged, I walked down the ranks of the Chinese troops and inspected them closely. They were nearly all small and miserable-looking men, clad in long red or blue coats, with huge straw hats. They were armed with single-loading Mausers or Winchester repeating

carbines. I looked at a few of these. The outside of the barrels were bright and had evidently been cleaned with emery paper; but inside they were completely choked with rust and the weapons were absolutely useless. The men were evidently merely coolies, hurriedly impressed by the mandarins when called upon by the Viceroy of Canton to produce the troops for whom they regularly drew pay. This is a favourite device of the corrupt Chinese officials, who receive an allowance to keep up a certain number of soldiers. They buy and store a corresponding number of uniforms and rifles. When warned of an approaching inspection by some higher authority, they gather in coolies and clothe and arm them for the duration of his visit. The superior official—his own palm having been well greased—forbears to inspect them too closely, and departs to report to the Viceroy of the province that the troops are of excellent quality. Then the uniforms and rifles are returned to store, and the coolies dismissed with—or more probably without—a few cents to recompense them for their trouble.

Latterly in the North this does not always occur; and some of the troops, trained by foreigners and armed with the latest quick-firing guns and magazine rifles, are very good. The Imperial forces which opposed Admiral Seymour's advance and attacked Tientsin were of very different calibre to those employed in the suppression of the Triad rebellion. The shooting of their gunners and riflemen was

excellent. The army of Yuan-Shi-Kai, who was Governor of the province of Shantung during the troubles in the North, is a good example of what Chinese soldiers can be when well trained.

The interview between the mandarin of Samchun and our commanding officer was an elaborate repetition of my own experience. The visit over, we entered the town, inspected some of the temples, and bought some curiosities in the shops. Then, escorted by our original party of Chinese soldiers, we returned to the river.

At the end of November we were roused one night by urgent messages from the British police in the Hinterland to the effect that parties of rebels were hovering on the frontier and it was feared that they intended to raid across into our territory. In response to their request, a strong party was sent out at once to reinforce them. About four a.m. a European police sergeant arrived in breathless haste with the information that the rebels had crossed the boundary and seized two villages lying inside our border. They had fired on the police patrols. Two companies of the 22nd Bombay Infantry, under Captain Hatherell and Lieutenant Burke, fell in promptly and marched off under the guidance of two Sikh policemen sent for the purpose. Preceded by scouts and a strong advanced guard, under a Pathan native officer, Subhedar Khitab Gul, they bore down at daybreak on the villages reported captured. But the rebels had apparently

received information of their coming and had fled back across the border. The troops, bitterly disappointed at being deprived of a fight, returned about nine a.m. to camp, where the remainder of the force had been ready to support them if necessary.

No further attempts were ever made against our territory, and shortly afterwards the Frontier Field Force returned to headquarters.

ROYAL BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

CHAPTER X

IN THE PORTUGUESE COLONY OF MACAO

FORTY miles from Hong Kong, hidden away among the countless islands that fringe the entrance to the estuary of the Chukiang or Pearl River, lies the Portuguese settlement of Macao. Once flourishing and prosperous, the centre of European trade with Southern China, it is now decaying and almost unknown—killed by the competition of its young and successful rival. Long before Elizabeth ascended the throne of England the venturesome Portuguese sailors and merchants had reached the Far East. There they carried their country's flag over seas where now it never flies. An occasional gunboat represents in Chinese waters their once powerful and far-roaming navy.

In the island of Lampacao, off the south-eastern coast, their traders were settled, pushing their commerce with the mainland. In 1557 the neighbouring peninsula of Macao was ceded to them in token of the Chinese Emperor's gratitude for their aid in destroying the power of a pirate chief who had long held sway in the seas around. The Dutch, the envious rivals of the Portuguese in the East, turned covetous eyes on the little colony which

speedily began to flourish. In 1622 the troops in Macao were despatched to assist the Chinese against the Tartars. Taking advantage of their absence, the Governor of the Dutch East Indies fitted out a fleet to capture their city. In the June of that year the hostile ships appeared off Macao and landed a force to storm the fort. The valiant citizens fell upon and defeated the invaders; and the Dutch sailed away baffled. Until the early part of the nineteenth century the Portuguese paid an annual tribute of five hundred taels to the Chinese Government in acknowledgment of their nominal suzerainty. In 1848, the then Governor, Ferreira Amaral, refused to continue this payment and expelled the Chinese officials from the colony. In 1887, the independence of Macao was formally admitted by the Emperor in a treaty to that effect.

But the palmy days of its commerce died with the birth of Hong Kong. The importance of the Portuguese settlement has dwindled away. Macao is but a relic of the past. Its harbour is empty. The sea around has silted up with the detritus from the Pearl River until now no large vessels can approach. A small trade in tea, tobacco, opium, and silk is all that is left. The chief revenue is derived from the taxes levied on the numerous Chinese gambling-houses in the city, which have gained for it the title of the Monte Carlo of the East.

Macao is situated on a small peninsula connected

by a long, narrow causeway with the island of Heung Shan. The town faces southward and, sheltered by another island from the boisterous gales of the China seas, is yet cooled by the refreshing breezes of the south, from which quarter the wind blows most of the year in that latitude. Victoria in our colony, on the other hand, is cut off from them by the high Peak towering above it; and its climate in consequence is hot and steamy in the long and unpleasant summer. So Macao is, then, a favourite resort of the citizens of Hong Kong. The large, flat-bottomed steamer that runs between the two places is generally crowded on Saturdays with inhabitants of the British colony, going to spend the week-end on the cooler rival island.

The commercial competition of Macao is no longer to be dreaded. But this decaying Portuguese possession has recently acquired a certain importance in the eyes of the Hong Kong authorities and our statesmen in England by the fears of French aggression aroused by apparent endeavours to gain a footing in Macao. Attempts have been made to purchase property in it in the name of the French Government which are suspected to be the thin end of the wedge. Although the colony is not dangerous in the hands of its present possessors, it might become so in the power of more enterprising neighbours. Were it occupied by the French a much larger garrison would be required in Hong Kong. Of course, any

attempt to invade our colony from Macao would be difficult; as the transports could not be convoyed by any large warships owing to the shallowness of the sea between the two places until Hong Kong harbour is reached. One battleship or cruiser, even without the assistance of the forts, should suffice to blow out of the water any vessels of sufficiently light draught to come out of the port of Macao. If any specially constructed, powerfully armed, shallow-draught men-o'-war—which alone would be serviceable—were sent out from Europe, their arrival would be noted and their purpose suspected. Still an opportunity might be seized when our China squadron was elsewhere engaged and the garrison of Hong Kong denuded. On the whole, the Portuguese are preferable neighbours to the aggressive French colonial party, which is constantly seeking to extend its influence in Southern China. In 1802 and again in 1808 Macao was occupied by us as a precaution against its seizure by the French.

When garrison duty in Hong Kong during the damp, hot days of the summer palled, I once took ten days' leave to the pleasanter climate of Macao. I embarked in Victoria in one of the large, shallow-draught steamers of the Hong Kong, Canton, and Macao Steamboat Company, which keeps up the communication between the English and Portuguese colonies and the important Chinese city by a fleet of some half-dozen vessels. With the exception of

one, they are all large and roomy craft from 2,000 to 3,000 tons burden. They run to, and return from, Canton twice daily on week-days. One starts from Hong Kong to Macao every afternoon and returns the following morning, except on Sundays. Between Macao and Canton they ply three times a week. The fares are not exorbitant—from Hong Kong to Macao three dollars, to Canton five, each way; between Macao and Canton three. The Hong Kong dollar in 1901 was worth about 1*s.* 10*d.*

The steamer on which I made the short passage to Macao was the *Heungshan* (1,998 tons). She was a large shallow-draught vessel, painted white for the sake of coolness. She was mastless, with one high funnel, painted black; the upper deck was roomy and almost unobstructed. The sides between it and the middle deck were open; and a wide promenade lay all round the outer bulkheads of the cabins on the latter. Extending from amidships to near the bows were the first-class staterooms and a spacious, white-and-gold-panelled saloon. For'ard of this the deck was open. Shaded by the upper deck overhead, this formed a delightful spot to laze in long chairs and gaze over the placid water of the land-locked sea at the ever-changing scenery. Aft on the same deck was the second-class accommodation. Between the outer row of cabins round the sides a large open space was left. This was crowded with fat and prosperous-

looking Chinamen, lolling on chairs or mats, smoking long-stemmed pipes with tiny bowls and surrounded by piles of luggage.

Below, on the lower deck, were herded the third-class passengers, all Chinese coolies. The companion-ways leading up to the main deck were closed by padlocked iron gratings. At the head of each stood an armed sentry, a half-caste or Chinese quartermaster in bluejacket-like uniform and naval straw hat. He was equipped with carbine and revolver; and close by him was a rack of rifles and cutlasses. All the steamers plying between Hong Kong, Macao, and Canton are similarly guarded; for the pirates who infest the Pearl River and the network of creeks near its mouth have been known to embark on them as innocent coolies and then suddenly rise, overpower the crew and seize the ship. For these vessels, besides conveying specie and cargo, have generally a number of wealthy Chinese passengers aboard, who frequently carry large sums of money with them.

The *Heungshan* cast off from the crowded, bustling wharf and threaded her way out of Hong Kong harbour between the numerous merchant ships lying at anchor. In between Lantau and the mainland we steamed over the placid water of what seemed an inland lake. The shallow sea is here so covered with islands that it is generally as smooth as a mill-pond. Past stately moving junks and fussy little steam launches we held our way.

Islands and mainland rising in green hills from the water's edge hemmed in the narrow channel. In about two and a half hours we sighted Macao. We saw ahead of us a low eminence covered with the buildings of a European-looking town. Behind it rose a range of bleak mountains. We passed along by a gently curving bay lined with houses and fringed with trees, rounded a cape, and entered the natural harbour which lies between low hills. It was crowded with junks and sampans. In the middle lay a trim Portuguese gunboat, the *Zaire*, three-masted, with white superstructure and funnel and black hull. The small Canton-Macao steamer was moored to the wharf.

The quay was lined with Chinese houses, two- or three-storied, with arched verandahs. The *Heungshan* ran alongside, the hawsers were made fast, and gangways run ashore. The Chinese passengers, carrying their baggage, trooped on to the wharf. One of them in his hurry knocked roughly against a Portuguese Customs officer who caught him by the pigtail and boxed his ears in reward for his awkwardness. It was a refreshing sight after the pampered and petted way in which the Chinaman is treated by the authorities in Hong Kong. There the lowest coolie can be as impertinent as he likes to Europeans, for he knows that the white man who ventures to chastise him for his insolence will be promptly summoned to appear before a magistrate and fined. Our treat-

ment of the subject races throughout our Empire errs chiefly in its lack of common justice to the European.

Seated in a ricksha, pulled and pushed by two coolies up steep streets, I was finally deposited at the door of the Boa Vista Hotel. This excellent hostelry—which the French endeavoured to secure for a naval hospital, and which has since been purchased by the Portuguese Government—was picturesquely situated on a low hill overlooking the town. The ground on one side fell sharply down to the sea which lapped the rugged rocks and sandy beach two or three hundred feet below. On the other, from the foot of the hill, a pretty bay with a tree-shaded esplanade—called the Praia Grande—stretched away to a high cape about a mile distant. The bay was bordered by a line of houses, prominent among which was the Governor's Palace. Behind them the city, built on rising ground, rose in terraces. The buildings were all of the Southern European type, with tiled roofs, Venetian-shuttered windows, and walls painted pink, white, blue, or yellow. Away in the heart of the town the gaunt, shattered façade of a ruined church stood on a slight eminence. Here and there small hills crowned with the crumbling walls of ancient forts rose up around the city.

Eager for a closer acquaintance with Macao, I drove out that afternoon in a ricksha. I was whirled first along the Praia Grande, which runs

around the curving bay below the hotel. On the right-hand side lay a strongly built sea-wall. On the tree-shaded promenade between it and the roadway groups of the inhabitants of the city were enjoying the cool evening breeze. Sturdy little Portuguese soldiers in dark-blue uniforms and *képis* strolled along in two and threes, ogling the yellow or dark-featured Macaese ladies, a few of whom wore mantillas. Half-caste youths, resplendent in loud check suits and immaculate collars and cuffs, sat on the sea-wall or, airily puffing their cheap cigarettes, sauntered along the promenade with languid grace. Grave citizens walked with their families, the prettier portion of whom affected to be demurely unconscious of the admiring looks of the aforesaid dandies. A couple of priests in shovel hats and long, black cassocks moved along in the throng.

The left side of the Praia was lined with houses, among which were some fine buildings, including the Government, Post and Telegraph Bureaus, commercial offices, private residences, and a large mansion, with two projecting wings, the Governor's Palace. At the entrance stood a sentry, while the rest of the guard lounged near the doorway. At the end of the Praia Grande were the pretty public gardens, shaded by banyan trees, with flower-beds, a bandstand, and a large building beyond it—the Military Club. Past the gate of the Gardens the road turned away from the sea and ran between

rows of Chinese houses until it reached the long, tree-bordered Estrada da Flora. On the left lay cultivated land. On the right the ground sloped gently back to a bluff hill, on which stood a light-house, the oldest in China. At the foot of this eminence lay the pretty summer residence of the Governor, picturesquely named Flora, surrounded by gardens and fenced in by a granite wall. Continuing under the name of Estrada da Bella Vista, the road ran on to the sea and turned to the left around a flower-bordered, terraced green mound, at the summit of which was a look-out whence a charming view was obtained. From this the mound derives the name of Bella Vista. In front lay a shallow bay. To the left the shore curved round to a long, low, sandy causeway, which connects Macao with the island of Heung Shan. Midway on this stood a masonry gateway, Porta Cerco, which marks the boundary between Portuguese and Chinese territory. Hemmed in by a sea-wall, the road continued from Bella Vista along above the beach, past the isthmus, on which was a branch road leading to the Porta, by a stretch of cultivated ground, and round the peninsula, until it reached the city again.

After dinner that evening, accompanied by a friend staying at the same hotel, I strolled down to the Public Gardens, where the police band was playing and the "beauty and fashion" of Macao assembled. They were crowded with gay pro-

menaders. Trim Portuguese naval or military officers, brightly dressed ladies, soldiers, civilians, priests and laity strolled up and down the walks or sat on the benches. Sallow-complexioned children chased each other round the flower-beds. Opposite the bandstand stood a line of chairs reserved for the Governor and his party. We met some acquaintances among the few British residents in the colony; and one of them, being an honorary member of the Military Club situated at one end of the Gardens, invited us into it. We sat at one of the little tables on the terrace, where the élite of Macao drank their coffee and liqueurs, and watched the gay groups promenading below. The scene was animated and interesting, thoroughly typical of the way in which Continental nations enjoy outdoor life, as the English never can. Hong Kong, with all its wealth and large European population, has no similar social gathering-place; and its citizens wrap themselves in truly British unneighbourly isolation.

The government of Macao is administered from Portugal. The Governor is appointed from Europe; and the local Senate is vested solely with the municipal administration of the colony. The garrison consists of Portuguese artillerymen to man the forts and a regiment of Infantry of the Line, relieved regularly from Europe. There is also a battalion of police, supplemented by Indian and Chinese constables—the former recruited among the natives

of the Portuguese territory of Goa on the Bombay coast, though many of the sepoys hail from British India. A gunboat is generally stationed in the harbour. The troubles all over China in 1900 had a disturbing influence even in this isolated Portuguese colony. An attack from Canton was feared in Macao as well as in Hong Kong; and the utmost vigilance was observed by the garrison. One night heavy firing was heard from the direction of the Porta Cerco, the barrier on the isthmus. It was thought that the Chinese were at last descending on the settlement. The alarm sounded and the troops were called out. Sailors were landed from the *Zaire* with machine-guns. A British resident in Macao told me that so prompt were the garrison in turning out that in twenty minutes all were at their posts and every position for defence occupied. At each street-corner stood a strong guard; and machine-guns were placed so as to prevent any attempt on the part of the Chinese in the city to aid their fellow-countrymen outside. However, it was found that the alarm was occasioned by the villagers who lived just outside the boundary, firing on the guards at the barrier in revenge for the continual insults to which their women, when passing in and out to market in Macao, were subjected by the Portuguese soldiers at the gate. No attack followed and the incident had no further consequences. At the close of 1901 or the beginning of 1902, more serious alarm was caused by the con-

duct of the regiment recently arrived from Portugal in relief. Dissatisfied with their pay or at service in the East, the men mutinied and threatened to seize the town. The situation was difficult, as they formed the major portion of the garrison. Eventually, however, the artillerymen, the police battalion, and the sailors from the *Zaire* succeeded in overawing and disarming them. The ringleaders were seized and punished, and that incident closed.

The European-born Portuguese in the colony are few and consist chiefly of the Government officials and their families and the troops. They look down upon the Macaese—as the colonials are called—with the supreme contempt of the pure-blooded white man for the half-caste. For, judging from their complexions and features, few of the Macaese are of unmixed descent. So the Portuguese from Europe keep rigidly aloof from them and unbend only to the few British and Americans resident in the colony. These are warmly welcomed in Macao society and freely admitted into the exclusive official circles.

On the day following my arrival, I went in uniform to call upon the Governor in the palace on the Praia Grande. Accompanied by a friend, I rickshaed from the hotel to the gate of the courtyard. The guard at the entrance saluted as we approached; and I endeavoured to explain the reason of our coming to the sergeant in command. English and French were both beyond his under-

standing; but he called to his assistance a functionary, clad in gorgeous livery, who succeeded in grasping the fact that we wished to see the aide-de-camp to the Governor. He ushered us into a waiting-room opening off the spacious hall. In a few minutes a smart, good-looking officer in white duck uniform entered. He was the aide-de-camp, Senhor Carvalhaes. Speaking in fluent French, he informed us that the Governor was not in the palace but would probably soon return, and invited us to wait. He chatted pleasantly with us, gave us much interesting information about Macao, and proffered his services to make our stay in Portuguese territory as enjoyable as he could. We soon became on very friendly terms and he accepted an invitation to dine with us at the hotel that night. The sound of the guard turning out and presenting arms told us that the Governor had returned. Senhor Carvalhaes, praying us to excuse him, went out to inform his Excellency of our presence. In a few minutes the Governor entered and courteously welcomed us to Macao. He spoke English extremely well; although he had only begun to learn it since he came to the colony not very long before. After a very pleasant and friendly interview with him we took our departure, escorted to the door by the aide-de-camp.

On the following day I paid some calls on the British and American residents and then went down to the English tennis-ground, which is situated close

to Bella Vista. Here, in the afternoons, the little colony of aliens in Macao generally assemble. The consuls and their wives and families, with a few missionaries and an occasional merchant, make up their number. Close by the tennis-courts, in a high-walled enclosure shaded by giant banyans, lies the English cemetery.

That night a civilian from Hong Kong, Mr. Ivan Grant-Smith, and I had an unpleasant adventure which illustrates the scant respect with which the ægis of British power is regarded abroad. We are prone to flatter ourselves that the world stands in awe of our Empire's might, that the magic words, "I am an English citizen!" will bear us scatheless through any danger. The following instance—by no means an isolated one—of how British subjects are often treated by the meanest officials of other States may be instructive.

We had dined that evening at the house of one of the English residents in Macao. The dinner, which was to celebrate the birthday of his son, was followed by a dance; so that it was after one o'clock in the morning before we left to walk back to the hotel, about a mile away. Leaving the main streets, we tried a short cut along a lonely road hemmed in by high garden walls. The ground on one side sloped up, so that the level of the enclosures was but little below the top of the wall fronting the road. As we passed one garden some dogs inside it, roused by our voices, climbed on the wall and began to

bark persistently at us. In the vain hope of silencing them, Grant-Smith threw a few stones at the noisy animals. They barked all the more furiously. A small gate in the wall a little distance farther on suddenly opened and a half-dressed Portuguese appeared. I had happened to stop to light a cigar, and my companion had gone on ahead. The newcomer on the scene rushed at him and poured forth a torrent of what was evidently abuse. My friend very pacifically endeavoured to explain by gestures what had happened; but the Portuguese, becoming still more enraged, shouted for the police patrol and blew a whistle loudly. An Indian constable ran up. The infuriated citizen spoke to him in Portuguese and then returned inside his garden, closing the gate. The sepoy seized Mr. Grant-Smith by the shoulder. I asked him in Hindustani what my friend had done. The constable replied that he did not know. I said, "Then why do you arrest the sahib?"

"Because that man"—pointing to the garden—"told me to do so."

"Who is he?" I demanded, naturally concluding that we must have disturbed the slumbers of some official whom the sepoy recognised.

To my astonishment he replied—

"I do not know, sahib. I never saw him before."

As Grant-Smith was ignorant of Hindustani and the Indian of English, I was forced to act as interpreter.

"Then," said I, "as you don't know of what the sahib is guilty or even the name of his accuser, you must release him."

"I cannot, sahib. I must take him to the police-station."

Another Indian constable now came on the scene. I explained matters to him and insisted on his entering the garden and fetching out the complainant. He went in, and in a few minutes returned with the Portuguese hastily clad. He was in a very bad temper at being again disturbed; for, thinking that he had comfortably disposed of us for the night, he had calmly gone to bed.

We all now proceeded to a small police-station about a mile away, passing the hotel on the road. Furious at the unjust arrest and irritated at the coolness of the complainant and the stupidity of the sepoy, my friend and I were anxious to see some superior authority. We never doubted that a prompt release and apology, as well as a reprimand to the over-zealous constable, would immediately follow. British subjects were not to be treated in this high-handed fashion!

Arrived at the station, we found only a Portuguese constable, with a Chinese policeman lying asleep on a guard-bed in the corner. The accuser now came forward and charged my companion with "throwing stones at a dwelling-house," as the Indians informed me. Using them to interpret, I endeavoured to explain the affair to the Portuguese constable. He

simply shrugged his shoulders, wrote down the charge, and said that the prisoner must be taken to the Head Police Office for the night. He added that, there being no charge against me, I was not concerned in the matter, and could go home.

However, as my unfortunate friend required me as interpreter, I had no intention of abandoning him, and accompanied him when he was marched off to durance vile. The Portuguese policeman at first wished to send him under the charge of the Chinese constable, whom he woke up for the purpose; but we explained that if such an indignity were offered us we would certainly refuse to go quietly with the Chinaman and might damage him on the way. He then allowed the Indian sepoys, who were very civil, to escort us. My luckless companion was then solemnly marched through the town until the Head Police Office was reached, over two miles away. It was a rambling structure in the heart of the city, with ancient buildings and tree-shaded courts. Down long corridors and across a grass-grown yard we were led into a large office. A half-open door in a partition on the left bore the inscription, "Quarto del Sargento." On the right, behind a large screen, a number of Portuguese policemen lay asleep on beds. The sepoys roused a sergeant, who sat up grumbling and surveyed us with little friendliness. The scene was rather amusing. My friend and I in correct evening dress, as haughtily indignant as Britishers should be under

such circumstances, the Indian sepoys standing erect behind us, the surly complainant, whom the light of the office lamps revealed to be a very shoddy and common individual, the half-awakened policemen gazing sleepily at us from their beds, would have made a capital tableau in a comedy. The sergeant rose and put on his uniform. Seating himself at a table in the office he read the charge. Without further ado he ordered a bed to be brought down and placed for the prisoner in the empty "Quarto del Sargento." He then rose from the table and prepared to retire. I stopped him and demanded that our explanation should be listened to. I told him, through the interpreters, that if the ridiculous charge against my friend was to be proceeded with, he could be found at the hotel. There was no necessity for confining him for the night, as he could not leave Macao without the knowledge of the authorities. The sergeant curtly replied that as there was no complaint against me I had better quit the police-station as soon as possible. If I wished to give evidence for my friend, I could attend at the magistrate's court in the morning and do so. I informed him that I was an officer in the British Army, and demanded to see a Portuguese officer. He replied that he was a sergeant, and quite officer enough for me. His manner throughout was excessively overbearing and offensive. I then threatened to appeal to the British Consul. I am afraid that this only amused the

Portuguese policemen, who had left their beds to come into the office and listen to the affair. They laughed amusedly; and the sergeant, smiling grimly, bade the interpreting sepoy tell me that he did not care a snap of his fingers for our Consul. I then played my trump card. I demanded that a message should be immediately conveyed to the aide-de-camp of the Governor, to the effect that one of his English friends with whom he had dined the previous night had been arrested. The effect was electrical. As soon as my speech had been translated to them, all the Portuguese policemen became at once extremely civil. The sergeant rushed to a telephone and rang up the police officer on duty. I caught the words "ufficiales Inglesos" and "amigos del Senhor Carvalhaes." After a long conversation over the wire he returned smiling civilly, saluted, and said that my companion could leave the station at once. Would he have the supreme kindness to attend at the magistrate's court at ten o'clock in the morning? If he did not know where it was, a constable would be sent to the hotel to guide him.

We marched out with the honours of war. With profuse courtesy we were escorted out of the police-station, a sentry shouldering arms to us as we passed; and the sergeant accompanied us to the outer gate, where he parted from us with an elaborate salute.

We reached the hotel about 3.30 a.m. Before

nine o'clock I presented myself at the palace, where I interviewed Senhor Carvalhaes and recounted the whole affair to him. He was indignant at the conduct of the police. He told me that we need not attend the court, as he would settle the matter himself. Later on my friend and I saw the British Consul, whom we knew personally, and told him all that had happened. He said that he could not have helped us in the least had we appealed to him. Some time previous an English colonel, in company with several ladies, had been arrested by the police for not removing his hat when a religious procession passed. As this officer happened to be a Roman Catholic, his action was not meant to be disrespectful. He was not released until the British Consul had interviewed the Governor. By a curious coincidence I met this colonel some months later in Seöul, the capital of Corea.

That afternoon Grant-Smith and I were invited to the Portuguese Naval Tennis Club ground near Flora, the Governor's summer residence. Carvalhaes, who was present, came to me and told me that the affair was settled. The trumpery charge had been dismissed; and the Indian constable who had arrested Grant-Smith had been punished with six weeks' imprisonment. As the unfortunate sepoy had only done what he considered his duty and had been very civil throughout, as well as helping me considerably by interpreting, I begged that the punishment should be transferred

from him to the discourteous Portuguese sergeant. On my representations the Indian was released; but I doubt if the man of the dominant caste received even a reprimand.

Our adventure was now common property. We were freely chaffed about the arrest by the Portuguese officers and the British residents present at the Tennis Club. The wife of the Governor laughingly bade one of the English ladies bring up the "prisoner" and present him to her.

When one reflects that this quaint and old-world little Portuguese colony is only forty miles from Hong Kong with its large garrison, our treatment by its insolent subordinate officials does not say much for the respect for England's might which we imagine is felt throughout the world.

I had another experience of an arrest in Japan. The spy mania is rife in that country; and no photographing is permitted in the fortified seaports or in large tracts of country "reserved for military purposes." In the important naval station of Yukosŭka, an hour's journey by train from Yokohama, an American gentleman and I were taken into custody by a policeman for merely carrying a camera which, knowing the regulations, we had been careful not to use. We found afterwards that our ricksha coolies had given information. I was fortunately able to speak Japanese sufficiently well to explain to our captor that we had no intention of taking surreptitious photographs of the warships in

the harbour. I pointed out that as most of these vessels had been built in England it was hardly necessary for a Britisher to come to Japan to get information about them. Our little policeman—with the ready capacity of his countrymen for seeing the feeblest joke—was immensely tickled. He laughed heartily and released us. But shortly afterwards an Italian officer, on his way to attend the Japanese military manœuvres, innocently took some photographs of the scenery near Shimoneseki. He was promptly arrested and subsequently fined forty yen (£4) for the offence. A few days later an Englishman at Moji was taken into custody for the same crime. Moral: do not carry a camera in Japan; content yourself with the excellent and cheap photographs to be obtained everywhere in that country of delightful scenery.

To return to Macao. Its greatly advertised attraction is the famous Chinese gambling-houses, from the taxes on which is derived a large portion of the revenues of the colony. Most visitors go to see them and stake a dollar or two on the *fan-tan* tables. I did likewise and was disappointed to find the famed saloons merely small Chinese houses, the interiors glittering with tawdry gilt wood carving and blazing at night with evil-smelling oil lamps. On the ground floor stands a large table, at the head of which sits the *croupier*, generally a very bored-looking old Chinaman. Along the sides are the players, who occasionally lose the phlegmatic

calm of their race in their excitement. On the "board" squares are described, numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4. On them the money is staked. The *croupier* places a handful of "cash," which are small coins, on the table and covers them with an inverted bowl. The number of them is not counted, as he takes them at random from a pile beside him. As soon as all the stakes are laid down, he lifts the bowl and with a chopstick counts the coins in fours. The number left at the end, which must be one, two, three, or four, represents the winning number. The bank pays three times the stake deposited, less ten per cent., which is kept as its own share of the winnings. In a gallery overhead sit European visitors and more important Chinamen who do not wish to mix with the common herd around the table. Their stakes are collected by an attendant who lowers them in a bag at the end of a long string, and the *croupier* places them where desired. *Fantan* is not exciting. The counting of the coins is tedious and the calculations of the amounts to be paid out to the winners takes so long that the game becomes exceedingly wearisome.

Other attractions of Macao are the ruins of the old cathedral of San Paulo, built in 1602 and destroyed by fire in 1835, of which the façade still remains in good preservation; and the Gardens of Camoens, with a bust of the famous Portuguese poet placed in a picturesque grotto formed by a group of huge boulders. Camoens visited Macao,

after voyaging to Goa and the East by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

In the basements of some of the older houses in Macao are the Barracoons, relics of the coolie traffic suppressed in 1874. They are large chambers where the coolies, to be shipped as labourers to foreign parts, were lodged while awaiting exportation. Among other points of interest near the city is the curious natural phenomenon known as the Ringing Rocks. They are reached by boat to Lappa. They consist of a number of huge granite boulders, supposed to be of some metallic formation, picturesquely grouped together, which, when struck, give out a clear bell-like note, which dies away in gradually fainter vibrations. Altogether Macao is well worthy of a visit. The contrast between the sleepy old-world city, which looks like a town in Southern Europe, and bustling, thriving Hong Kong, all that is modern and business-like, is very striking. For the moneymaker the English colony; for the dreamer Macao.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

CHAPTER XI

A GLIMPSE OF CANTON

CANTON is, to foreigners, probably the best-known and most frequently visited city of China. Its proximity to, and ready accessibility from Hong Kong, whence it is easily reached by a line of large river steamers, renders it a favourite place with travellers to the East to spend a portion of the time the mailboats usually stop in the English harbour. A small colony of Europeans, consuls and merchants of several nationalities, reside in its foreign settlement. Its considerable trade and its occupation by the Allies after the war of 1856–7 directed much attention to it. Owing to its easy access, no other city in the Chinese Empire has been so frequently described by European writers. Rudyard Kipling, in his fascinating "From Sea to Sea," paints a marvellous word-picture of the life in its crowded streets. But it is so bound up with the interests of Hong Kong, its constant menace to our colony, and the suspected designs of French aggression, that still something new may be said about it. Despite its constant trade intercourse with Europeans, Canton remains anti-foreign. Its inhabitants have not forgotten or forgiven its

capture and occupation by the English and French in the past. After the Boxer movement in the North in 1900, many fears were entertained in Hong Kong lest a still more formidable outbreak against foreigners in the South might be inaugurated by the turbulent population of the restless city. The Europeans in Canton sent their families in haste to Hong Kong and Macao; wealthy Chinamen transferred their money to the banks in the former place; gunboats were hurried up; and the garrison of our island colony stood ready.

The history of Canton's intercourse with foreigners dates as far back as the eighth century. Two hundred years later it was visited by Arab traders, who were instrumental in introducing Mohammedanism, which still remains alive in the city. In 1517 Emmanuel, King of Portugal, sent an ambassador with a fleet of eight ships to Pekin; and the Chinese Emperor sanctioned the opening of trade relations with Canton. The English were much later in the field. In 1596, during the reign of Elizabeth, our first attempt to establish intercourse with China ended disastrously, as the two ships despatched were lost on the outward voyage. The first English vessel to reach Canton arrived there in 1634. In the light of the present state of affairs in the East, it is curious to note that an English ship which visited China in 1673 was subsequently refused admittance to Japan. In 1615 the city was captured by the Tartars.

About half a century later the famous East India Company established itself under the walls of Canton, and from there controlled the foreign trade for nearly one hundred and fifty years. After much vexatious interference by the native authorities, the influence of the Company was abolished early in the nineteenth century. The conduct of the Chinese Government as regards our commerce led to our declaring war in 1839. In 1841 a force under Sir Hugh (afterwards Lord) Gough surrounded Canton and prepared to capture it. But negotiations were opened by the Chinese, which ended in their being allowed to ransom the city by the payment of the large sum of six million dollars. The war was transferred farther north and ended with the Nan-king Treaty of August, 1842, which threw open to foreign trade the ports of Shanghai, Ning-po, Foochow, and Amoy. It was further stipulated that foreigners were to be permitted to enter the city of Canton. This provision, however, the Chinese refused to carry out. More vexatious quarrels and an insult to the British flag by the seizure of a Chinaman on the *Arrow*, a small vessel sailing under our colours, led to a fresh war in 1856. The outbreak of hostilities was followed by the pillaging and destruction of the "factories" of the foreign merchants in Canton by an infuriated mob in the December of that year. In 1857 the city was taken by storm by a force under Sir Charles Straubenzee. For four years afterwards it was

occupied by an English and French garrison. The affairs of the city were administered by three allied commissioners—two English and one French officer—under the British General. They held their court in the Tartar General's Yamen, part of which is still used by the English Consul for official receptions. Since the allied garrison was withdrawn Canton has been freely open to foreigners.

On the conclusion of peace it was necessary to find a settlement for the European merchants whose factories had been destroyed. It was determined to fill in and appropriate an extensive mud-flat lying near the north bank of the river and south-west of the city. This site having been leased, was converted into an artificial island by building a massive embankment of granite and constructing a canal, 100 feet wide, between the northern face and the adjacent Chinese suburb. The ground thus reclaimed measures about 950 yards in length and 320 yards broad in its widest part. It is in shape an irregular oval, and is called Shameen, or, more proper, Sha-mien, *i.e.* sand-flats. The island is divided into the English and the French Concessions. On it the consulates and the residences of the foreign merchants are built. The canal is crossed by two bridges, called respectively the English and the French, which can be closed by gates. They are guarded by the Settlement police. The cost of making the island amounted to 325,000 dollars (Mex.); of which the English Government

paid four-fifths and the French one-fifth. At first foreigners hesitated to occupy it; but after the British Consulate was erected in 1865, our merchants began to build upon it with more confidence.

The journey from Hong Kong to Canton is very comfortably performed on the commodious shallow-draught steamers that ply between the two cities. I left the island one afternoon with a party of friends. The scenery along the rugged coast and among the hilly islands to the flat delta at the mouth of the estuary with its countless creeks, still haunted by pirates, is charming. As we steamed up the river we could see, moving apparently among the fields, the huge sails of junks which in reality were sailing on the canals that intersect the country. After dinner I sat on deck with a very charming companion and watched the shadowy banks gliding past in the moonlight. Turning in for the night in a comfortable cabin, I slept until eight o'clock next morning, and awoke to find the steamer alongside the river bank at Canton.

The scene from the deck was animated and picturesque. On one side lay the crowded houses and grim old walls of the city. The wharves were thronged with bustling crowds. On the other, beyond the island suburb of Honam, the country stretched away in cultivation to low hills in the distance. The river was thronged with countless covered boats; for the floating population of Canton amounts to about a quarter of a million souls, and

the crowded sampans lying in a dense mass on the water form a separate town from the city on the land." It is almost self-containing and its inhabitants ply every imaginable trade. Peddlers of food, vegetables, fruit, pots, pans, and wares of all kinds paddled their boats along and shouted their stock-in-trade. Here and there a sampan was being extricated with difficulty from the closely packed mass, its crew earning voluble curses from their neighbours as they disentangled their craft and shot out into the stream.

I gazed over the steamer's side at the crowded wharf. Chinese or half-caste Portuguese Customs officers rapidly scanned the baggage of the pig-tailed passengers as they landed, now and then stopping one and making him open the bundles he carried. Opium-smuggling is the chief thing they guard against, for Hong Kong is a free port.

The city of Canton lies on the north bank of the Pearl River, about seventy or eighty miles from the sea. It is surrounded by an irregular masonry wall, twenty-five feet high, twenty feet thick, and six or seven miles in circumference. This fortification is by no means as strong as the famous Wall of the Tartar city in Pekin and could be easily breached by the fire of heavy guns. Good artillery positions are to be found all round. A few miles north of the city lie hills rising 1,200 feet above the river. As the southern wall is only a few hundred yards from the bank, it could be destroyed and the city

bombarded without difficulty by gunboats, some of which—English, French, and German—are nearly always lying off Shameen. The Chinese, however, are reported to be quietly erecting modern, well-armed forts around the city; but were a powerful flotilla once anchored opposite it, it would be doomed.

Canton is divided into the old and the new city. The latter, the southern enclosure, was added in 1568, extending the ramparts almost to the river bank. The wall of the older portion still divides the two as in Pekin. On the north this wall rises to include a hill. On the other three sides Canton is surrounded by a ditch, which is filled by the rising tide. There are twelve outer gates and four in the partition wall. Two water-gates admit boats along a canal which pierces the new city east and west. The gates are closed at night; and in the daytime soldiers are stationed near them to preserve order. As the policing of the city is very bad, the inhabitants of streets and wards frequently join in maintaining guards for the protection of their respective quarters.

The old city, which is very much the larger of the two, contains most of the important buildings. In it are the yamens of the Viceroy, the Major-General, the Treasurer, the Chancellor, the Tartar General and Major-General, and of the British Consul, as well as the prisons, the Examination Hall, the pagodas, and the numerous temples, of which there

are over 120 in or about Canton. The streets number over 600 in both cities.

In the new town facing the river is the French Missions Roman Catholic Cathedral, a beautiful building of the perpendicular Gothic style of architecture with lofty spires. It is embellished with magnificent stained-glass windows and polished teak-wood carvings. It is built on the site of the old residence of the Governor-General, destroyed during the bombardment by the Allies.

On the south, west, and east sides of the city and across the river on Honam Island, suburbs have sprung up, and including them it has a circumference of nearly ten miles. The houses stretch for four miles along the river; and the banks of boats extend for four or five miles. Out in the stream may often be seen huge junks 600 to 1,000 tons burden, which trade with the North and the Straits Settlements.

In 1874 the population of Canton was 1,500,000, including the floating town of 230,000, and the inhabitants of Honam 100,000. The number has probably largely increased.

Going ashore we installed ourselves in long-poled open chairs, borne by energetic coolies. As they went along rapidly at a shambling half-trot, they shouted loudly to the lounging crowds to clear the way. Into the network of narrow streets in the city we plunged. The houses are different to those in Pekin. They are generally of more than one

story, well built of brick, with thick walls and verandahs along the fronts of the upper floors. The shops have little frontage, but extend far back. The streets, paved with stone or brick, are darkened by overhead reed matting, supported by wooden frames, which stretch across them to shade them from the sun. So narrow are even the principal thoroughfares that two chairs can hardly pass each other. With much shouting and sing-song abuse the coolies carrying one are forced to back into the nearest shop and let the other go by. The vistas along these narrow, shaded streets, with their long, hanging, gilt-lettered sign-boards—red, white, or black—are full of quaint charm. The busy crowds of Chinese foot passengers hurry silently along, their felt-soled shoes making no sound on the pavement. Contrary to what I had always heard of them, the Canton populace struck me as not being so insolent or hostile to Europeans as they are reputed. As our chairs moved along, the bearers thrusting the crowds aside with scant ceremony, very little notice was taken of us. A few remarks were made by the bystanders, which one of our party, who spoke Cantonese, told me were anything but complimentary. But all that day throughout the city I found the demeanour of the people much less offensive than a Chinaman in the lower quarters of London would.

The shops were filled with articles of European manufacture. Clocks, cloth, oleographs, lamps, kero-

sene oil tins, even sewing-machines were for sale. Eating-houses, tea shops, stalls covered with the usual weird forms of food, raw or cooked, abounded. The Chinaman has a catholic taste. Horseflesh, dogs, cats, hawks, owls, sharks' fins, and birds' nests are freely sold in Canton for human consumption. Carpenters were busy making the substantial furniture to be found in almost every Chinese house. Blacksmiths and coppersmiths added the noises of their trades to the din that resounded through the narrow streets. Peddlers with their wares spread about them on the ground helped to choke the congested thoroughfares. Beggars shouted loudly for alms and drew the attention of the passers-by to their disgusting sores and deformities.

Canton is famous for its ivory carvers and the artists in the beautiful feather work, the making of which seems to be confined to this city. As I wished to purchase some specimens of this unique art, our party stopped at an establishment famed for its production. The shop was lofty but dark. The owner came forward to receive us, and spread on the counter a large selection of ornaments for our inspection. Trinkets of all kinds, lace-pins, pendants, brooches were exhibited, all evidently made for European purchasers. The designs were very pretty. Large butterflies shone with the reflected lights and golden lustre of the beautiful green and blue plumage of the kingfisher. Tiny fishes delicately fashioned, birds of paradise, flowers

were all reproduced in flimsy gold or silver work. Learning that I was anxious to see the process of the manufacture, the proprietor led me over to watch one of the workmen who sat around busily employed. On a metal ground-work with raised edges and lines the feathers are fastened to reproduce the colours of the designs. With nimble fingers and delicate pincers the tiny strips of plumage are laid on and cemented. Keen sight is required for the work; and the proprietor told me that the eyes of the workmen engaged in it soon fail. It takes five years for an apprentice to thoroughly learn the art; and after he has laboured at it for two years more his vision becomes so obscured that he has to give it up and seek some other occupation. It is little wonder; for the shops in these narrow, shaded streets are always dark, and the artificial light generally used is furnished only by the cheapest European lamps. The prices of the various articles are very moderate, when one considers the delicacy and beauty of the work. Butterflies an inch across can be purchased for two or three dollars.

Our next visit was paid to the workers in ivory. Here, in a similarly dark shop, men were employed in carving most exquisitely delicate flowers, scenes, and figures. Brushes, mirror-frames, fans, glove-stretchers, penholders, card-cases, and boxes of all sizes were being fashioned and adorned. I was particularly interested in the making of those curious

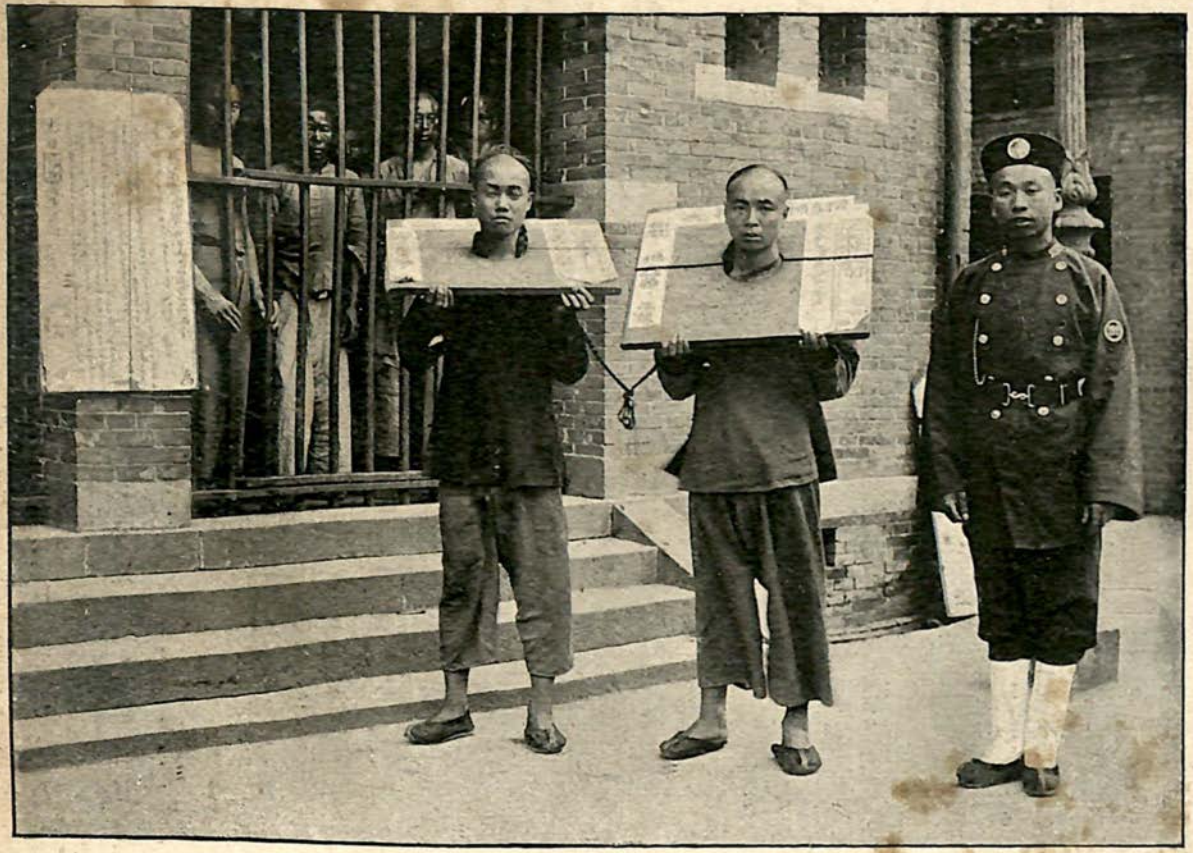
Chinese puzzle-balls, which contain one within another a dozen or more spheres, all down to the innermost one covered with beautiful carvings which can be seen through the round holes pierced in the sides. The owner of the shop showed me an apprentice learning how to make them and practising on an old billiard ball. Holes are drilled down to the depth which will be the circumference of the second outermost ball. A graving tool, hooked like a hoe, is introduced into them and worked round until there is a complete solid sphere detached inside. It is then carved in designs, every part being reached by turning the ball round until each portion of the surface has come opposite one of the holes through which the carving instrument can reach it. Then a similar process is gone through at a greater depth from the outside, which gives the third outermost sphere; and so on until the innermost ball is reached, which is carved and left solid. There are sometimes as many as twenty-four of these graduated spheres. To one who has never seen how they are made it seems impossible to understand how these balls within balls are carved. Sections of elephants' tusks lay about in the shop to prove to the customers that only real ivory is employed; but bone is often used in the making of cheaper articles.

In this trade, too, good sight is necessary; and the proprietor of this establishment told me that the eyes of his workmen soon give out. Here, again,

the bad light was responsible. In Kioto, in Japan, I have watched men engaged in damascene or inlay work in dingy attics lighted only by small, smoky oil lamps, and was not surprised to learn that their sight did not last long.

We next inspected some embroidery shops, where specimens of wonderful work, both new and old, were to be seen. The latter come chiefly from the numerous pawnshops, the tall towers of which rise everywhere throughout the city; for they receive annually large quantities of old garments, sold by members of ancient but impoverished families who are forced to part with the wardrobes that have come down to them through many generations. Magnificent mandarins' state costumes may be obtained for from forty to eighty or a hundred dollars. Some of the embroidery is undoubtedly antique and valuable; but a good deal of it sold as old consists of new and inferior substitutions and even of European-manufactured imitations of the real article. This the white man in his innocence buys and goes on his way rejoicing, until some connoisseur among his female friends points out his error and leaves him abashed at his own ignorance.

Porcelain, jade, blackwood furniture, silk, bronze, and curio shops abound in the city. The contrast between the energetic, business-like tradesmen of Canton, always ready to cater for the European market, and the phlegmatic shopkeepers of Pekin is very marked.



THE CANGUE

We now visited the Flowery Forest Monastery or Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, which is said to have been founded in A.D. 500, and which was rebuilt some forty years ago. It stands outside the western wall of the city. It comprises many buildings and courts; but the most interesting portion is the hall, which contains the images of the five hundred disciples of Buddha. The statues are life-size. Their countenances are supposed to represent the supreme content of Nirvana; but their weird and grotesque expressions and the air of jollity and devil-may-careness on some of them is unintentionally ludicrous. Among the images is one said to represent Marco Polo, one of the earliest pioneers of discovery in the East. No one knows why the celebrated Italian traveller is included among the immortals.

A more interesting sight was the prison in the old city. On a stone outside the open gate sat a criminal weighted down with the *cangue*, a heavy board fastened round the neck. It prevents the luckless wearer from using his hands to feed himself or brush away the tormenting swarms of flies which settle on his face. He cannot reach his mouth, and must starve unless a relative or some charitable person can be found to give him food. As the *cangue* is never removed night or day he cannot lie down, but is forced to sit on the ground and prop himself against a wall and snatch what sleep he can in that uncomfortable and constrained

position. I must say that this particular gentleman seemed very indifferent to his wooden collar. He was chatting pleasantly with some passers-by in the street and turned his head to survey us with mild curiosity. The *cangue*, by the way, is only a minor penalty used for thieves, petty larcenists, and such small fry. For the punishment of graver crimes much more elaborate tortures have been reserved. As we passed into the prison we saw a few offenders chained to iron bars in the outer court. A Chinese warder unlocked a gate leading into a small yard crowded with prisoners, who rushed towards us and insolently demanded alms; for the Government waste no money in feeding their criminals who are obliged to rely on the kindness of the charitable. One particularly cheeky youth — a pickpocket, I was told—coolly demanded the cigar I was smoking. When I gave it to him he put it in his mouth and strutted up and down the yard to the amusement of his companions in misfortune. His gratitude was not overpowering, for he uttered some remarks, which my Cantonese-speaking friend told me were particularly insulting. As the prisoners became very troublesome in their noisy demands, the warder pushed them back into the yard and shut the gate, having to rap some of them over the knuckles with his keys before he could do so. There were no especial horrors to be seen. The prisoners seemed cheerful enough; and none of the awful misery I had always associated with Chinese jails was apparent.

But when the Celestial authorities wish to punish an offender severely they have a varied and ingenious collection of tortures on hand. The *ling-chi*, or death of a thousand cuts, is hardly to be surpassed for fiendish cruelty. The unfortunate criminal is turned over to the executioner, who stabs him everywhere with a sharp sword, carefully avoiding a vital spot. Then he cuts off fingers, toes, hands, feet, arms, and legs in succession, and finally severs the head, if the unhappy wretch has not already expired. If the doomed man is possessed of money he can bribe the executioner to kill him at the first blow; and the subsequent mutilations are performed only on a lifeless corpse. Another ingenious device is to place the criminal naked in a net and trice it up tightly around him, until his flesh bulges out through the meshes. Then, wherever it protrudes the executioner slices it off with a sharp knife. The unhappy wretch is taken back to prison, released from the net and thrown into a cell. No attempt is made to staunch the blood or salve the wounds unless death is feared. This must be averted; for a week or so later he has to be brought out again and the process repeated. Along the river bank near Canton criminals were exposed in cages, through the top of which their heads protruded in such a fashion that the weight of the body was supported only by the chin and neck. The feet did not touch the bottom of the cage, but a sharp spike was

placed to rest them on when the strain on the neck became unendurable. Here the poor wretches were left to expire of exhaustion or die of starvation. After such tortures beheading seems a merciful punishment.

When I considered the Chinaman's innate love of cruelty, I could understand why the next spot we visited was a very popular place of worship and a favourite resort for all the loafers of the city. It was the Temple of Horrors. Along each side of the principal court ran sheds, divided by partitions. In them behind wooden palings was a weird collection of groups of figures modelled to represent the various punishments of the Buddhist hell. The sheds were dark and it was difficult to see the interiors plainly. But quite enough was visible. In one compartment a couple of horrible devils were sawing a condemned wretch in two. In another, demons were thrusting a man into a huge boiler. Judging from the agonised expression on his face, the water must have been uncomfortably warm. In a third, the condemned soul or body was being ground in a press. Others were being roasted before huge fires, stuck all over with knives, having their eyes gouged out, being torn limb from limb. I fancy that the artist who designed these groups could have commanded a large salary as Inventor of Tortures from the Chinese authorities of his day.

Another place of interest is the Examination

Hall, where every three years candidates from all parts of China assemble to compete for Government appointments. Young men and old, boys of eighteen and dotards of eighty, attend, eager to grasp the lowest rung of the official ladder which may lead them, though with soiled hands, to rank and wealth. The coveted buttons which mark the various grades of mandarin are here dangled before their eyes.

When one reflects that success in these competitions will lead to posts, not only as magistrates, but also as officers in the army, as officials of modern-equipped arsenals, of departments of customs and telegraphs, or to positions which will bring them into contact with foreigners, one naturally thinks that the previous course of studies of the candidates will have fitted them for such appointments. Far from it. At the examinations a single text from Confucius or some other ancient author is set as a subject for a lengthy essay. For twenty-four hours or longer the candidates are shut up in their cells to expand upon it. The examiners then read the result of their labours and recommend them on their proficiency in composition and acquaintance with the ancient classics of China. Even an English university curriculum is better fitted to equip a student for success in the world.

The Examination Hall consists of rows of closely-packed lanes of small brick cells (about 12,000 in number) running at right angles off a long paved

causeway, which is approached through an archway called the Dragon Gate. At the far end of this causeway are apartments for the examiners—twelve in number, two chiefs and ten juniors—who have been sent from Pekin. Quarters are also provided for the Viceroy and the Governor of the province, who are both obliged to be present during the examinations. The cells in which the candidates are immured are 6 feet high, $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and less than 4 feet broad, and open only on to the narrow lanes between the rows of sheds. From a high tower strict watch is kept to prevent any collusion between the competitors.

Tired of sight-seeing, our party now returned to the river and crossed into Shameen by the small English Bridge spanning the canal between island and shore. A good lunch at the pretty little hotel prepared us for a stroll around the foreign settlement.

Shameen is now a pretty island with fine avenues of banyan trees, charming gardens, a row of excellent tennis-courts, and handsome, well-built houses, the residences of the foreign consuls and merchants. A tree-shaded promenade lined the southern bank along the river. Moored to the shore were several English, American, French, and German gunboats. Their flags and the European-looking houses made us almost forget that we were still within a stone's-throw of a large Chinese city. But the swarms of sampans, the curious country-boats moved by

stern-wheels worked by men on a treadmill-like contrivance, the banging of crackers and booming of gongs in a temple behind the island recalled us to the remembrance. We walked along by the river bank, crossed the canal by the French Bridge, and returned on board our steamer.

Canton, with its acres of crowded houses, its old walls, and ancient shrines, is a curious contrast to modern, up-to-date Hong Kong. Yet each in its way is equally alive and humming with busy trade, for the Chinese city exports and imports largely. It is the channel through which the commerce of Europe flows in and the products of China find their way out to the foreign markets. It manufactures largely glassware, pottery, metal work, paper, black-wood furniture, preserved ginger, medicine, etc. It is the granary and supply depôt of Hong Kong. The Cantonese merchants are keen business men and cater largely for the European customer. Nearly all the native silver work, embroidery, silks, and curios in the large shops of our colony come from Canton.

The focus of trade with Southern China, the proposed terminus of the railway to Kowloon, the food-supplier of Hong Kong, its development and retention in Chinese hands is of vast importance to English commerce. The French are freely credited with designs upon it. Their determined efforts to firmly establish their own influence there and displace the British favour the suspicion. In their Con-

cession on Shameen they have established, without the consent of China, their own post office, where they use their colonial stamps surcharged "Canton." Their gunboats anchor where they like in the river, the commanders calmly ignoring the efforts of the Chinese officials to restrict them to the part allotted to foreign warships. On the occurrence of any outrages on their subjects or the converts of their missionaries, the French consuls act with energy and determination. When any such happen in the vicinity of Canton or up the West River, not content with complaints or remonstrances to the Chinese authorities, which usually have little effect, they insist on immediate redress. They generally accompany in person the official deputed to proceed to the scene of the outrage and investigate the affair. This energetic conduct is in marked contrast to the supineness of some of our consuls. A late British representative aroused much disgust among naval and military officers and our merchants by his want of resolution and his tender regard for Chinese susceptibilities. When one of our gunboats was fired on up the river, its commander immediately reported the matter to him. Our official feebly remonstrated with the authorities, and instructed the commander to return with his ship to the village near the scene of the outrage and fire off a Maxim into the river-bank! This was to show the misguided peasantry of what the gunboat was capable, if action were necessary. As the Orientals

respect only those who can use as well as show their power, the Chinese are not much impressed with us. The contrast between our forbearance and the determined conduct of the French is too marked. Their gunboats patrol the rivers and show the flag of their country everywhere. Their efforts seem directed towards spreading the region of their influence inland from the south to meet the Russian sphere in the north. This is to cut us off from our possessions in Burma and prevent any British railway being constructed from that country to the eastern coast of China, thus tapping the hitherto undeveloped resources of the interior.

An attack on Canton from the sea would be a far more difficult task now than formerly. The Bogue forts on the Pearl River, up which an invading flotilla must force its way, have been modernised and re-armed with powerful guns. Hills are found within easy range of the river, from which the gunboats and shallow-draught vessels, which alone could attempt the passage, could be shelled at a range precluding any response from their feebler weapons. And the Chinese gunners are not all to be despised, as Admiral Seymour's column and the gallant defenders of Tientsin found to their cost.

The land approach would not be much easier. The country near the mouth of the river is intersected by creeks and canals. Even farther up, no roads are available for wheeled transport. An advance from the British territory of the Kowloon

Hinterland would probably be preferable to a landing on the coast, though the route is longer. The hills beyond Samchun might prove a formidable barrier; but those once passed the difficulties would not be insuperable. The inhabitants of the southern provinces are not warlike; and the troops there have not been reorganised and disciplined like some in the north.

CHAPTER XII

CHINA—PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

LOOKING upon the map of China to-day, England might well say with Clive, "I stand amazed at my own moderation." If thirty years ago she had seized upon the whole of that vast empire, no other Power in the world would have dared to say her nay. She was undisputed mistress of the Eastern seas. Russia had not then reached the shores of the Pacific and her hands were busily employed in the centre of Asia. Germany had only just become a nation, and had not yet dreamt of contending with England for the commerce of the world. France lay crushed beneath the weight of an overwhelming defeat; and her voice was unheard in the councils of the nations. The United States of America had no thought of realms beyond the sea; their fleet was small, and the markets of Asia held no temptation for their merchants. Japan was but a name. The Meiji, the eventful revolution that freed her from the iron fetters of hide-bound ignorance, was scarcely ten years old; and even its authors scarce dared to hope that their little islands would one day rank high among the civilised Powers of the world.

And China itself, that unwieldy Colossus, lay a helpless prey to any strong nation that placed aggrandisement before the claims of abstract justice. The prize was tempting. An immense empire that stretched from the snows of the North to the burning heats of the torrid zone; a land of incredible fertility, of vast mineral wealth, the value of which can even now be only vaguely guessed at; a teeming population of industrious and easily-contented millions; an enormous seaboard with natural harbours that could shelter the navies of the world; navigable rivers that pierced to the heart of the land and offered themselves as veritable highways of commerce; all the riches that the earth could bear on its surface or hide in its bosom—what a guerdon to the victor!

The conquest of China might daunt the faint-hearted from the apparent immensity of the task; but few countries would have proved an easier prize. Her army was composed of a heterogeneous collection of ill-armed militia, whose weapons were more frequently the spear and the bow than the modern rifle. The Chinaman is, by nature, a lover of peace. War he abhors; and the profession of a soldier, honoured among other races, is held by him in utter contempt. Unpaid, uncared for, ill-treated, and despised, the troops had to be driven to battle and could not withstand a determined attack. And behind them was no high-spirited nation ready to risk all in the defence of the motherland. Patriot-

ism is unknown. The love of country, so strong in other peoples, is non-existent in the heart of the average Chinaman. With aught beyond the limits of his village, he has no concern. No other race in the world can boast so deep a love of family. To save his relatives from poverty, the Celestial will go willingly to his death. According to their laws a criminal cannot be slain unless he has confessed his crime. To wring this confession from him, tortures inconceivable in their fiendish malignity are heaped upon him. A speedy death would be a boon. But to acknowledge his guilt and die by the hands of the public executioner would entail the forfeiture of all his property to the State, and his family would be beggared. So, grimly uncomplaining, he submits for their sake to agonies that no white man could endure. A rich man condemned to death can generally purchase a substitute, can find a poverty-stricken wretch willing to die in his stead for a sum of money that will place his starving relatives in comparative affluence.

All this the poor Chinaman will do for those he loves. How many white men would do the same? But why should he die for his country? he asks. Why sacrifice himself and those near and dear to him for the honour of a shadowy Emperor? Why should he lay down his life that the officials who oppress the poor and wrest his hard-earned money from him may flourish unmolested? He is told that the Japanese, yellow men like himself, have invaded

the land and defeated the Imperial troops. Well, the enemies are thousands of miles away from *him*, and the soldiers are paid to fight. What is it to him that strangers have seized upon some seaport, the name of which he has never heard before? Let those whom it concerns go out and fight them. *His* duty is to stay at home and till the ground that his family may not lack food.

A few of the more enlightened Chinamen of the upper classes, those who have lived abroad in Europe or America, in Australia, Hong Kong, and the Straits Settlements, or who have been educated in European colleges, may be inspired with the love of country as we understand it. But have the leaders of the nation, the nobles and the mandarins, ever been ready to sacrifice themselves for China? They batten on its misfortunes. The higher in rank they are the readier they prove themselves to intrigue with its enemies and sell their country for foreign gold. They drive the common folk to battle and stay at home themselves. The generals and the officers, with few exceptions, are never found in front of their troops in action, unless when a retirement is ordered. Occasionally isolated cases occur when a defeated commander commits suicide. But it is generally because he prefers an easy death by his own hand to the degradation and tortures that await the vanquished general.

To prate of the patriotism of the Chinese is as though one spoke of the "patriotism of India."

Still, the latter is a favourite phrase of some of our ignorant politicians who pose as the champions of "the down-trodden black brother." They talk of India being made self-governing and wish to fill its Civil Service with "enlightened natives." They fail to see why a Calcutta Babu or a Bombay Parsee, who boasts a university degree and has passed a brilliant examination, should not be set to rule over a Punjaub district or to deal with the unruly Pathans on the frontier. They do not realise that Englishmen would sooner submit to be governed by the knout of a Russian official than the haughty Sikh or fierce Pathan would endure the sway of men they regard as lower than dogs. Our Indian Empire is composed of a hundred warring nations, all different in speech, in blood, almost in religions. We, the dominant race, hold them all in the *Pax Britannica*, and keep them from each other's throats.

In like manner few realise that China is not a united and homogeneous nation. It consists of many provinces, the inhabitants of which belong practically to different races and speak in different tongues. They have little intercourse or sympathy with each other. Inter-village wars are almost as frequent as among Pathans. Rebellions are common occurrences. The Mohammedans hold themselves aloof and regard the other Chinese with little love. The written language is the same throughout China; but the man of Canton cannot speak with the inhabitant of Pekin or the coolie from Amoy. Occa-

sionally the curious sight may be seen of two Chinamen from different provinces holding converse with each other in pidgin-English, the only medium of intercourse intelligible to both.

In the outbreak of 1900 the Boxers and the Pekinese showed themselves almost as hostile to the Cantonese trading or residing in the north as they were to Europeans. They considered that the southern city's long intercourse with the white man must have rendered its inhabitants favourable to foreigners; though, indeed, this is very far from the truth.

So the Chinaman can have no patriotism. To any but the most enlightened—or the mandarins from more sordid motives—it is a matter of comparative indifference who rules the Empire. Provided that he is allowed to live in peace, that taxes do not weigh upon him too heavily or his religion be not interfered with, the peasant cares not who reigns in Pekin. Justice he does not ask for; he is too unused to it. All that he demands is that he be not too utterly ground down by oppression. Patient and long-suffering, he revolts only against the grossest injustice. Not until maddened by famine or unable to wring a bare living from the ground does he rise to protest against the unjust officials, whose exactions have kept him poor. If he once realised the fairness of European rule, he would live content under any banner, happy in being allowed to exist in undisturbed possession

of the fruit of his toil. The Chinamen in our possessions in the East are satisfied and happy under the mild law of England. Large numbers of them make their home there, content to live and die under a foreign government, and ask only that their corpses may be conveyed back to China to be interred in its sacred soil.

The average Celestial in his own land feels no pride or interest in the glory of his country. In its government he has no voice. Of its history, its achievements in the past, he is ignorant. He is content with it because it is the only one he knows and so must be the best. Of other lands beyond its confines he has dimly heard. But their inhabitants are mere barbarians. Those of them who have intruded themselves into his country are uncivilised according to his standard. They worship false gods; their manners are laughable. All they do is at variance with his customs, and so must be wrong. They cannot read his books and know nothing of the maxims of Confucius. So they must be illiterate as well as irreligious. Yet these strange beings are content with themselves, and scorn his ways! This proves their ignorance and their conceit. How can they boast, he asks, of the superiority of their own countries when they cannot stay there and, in face of contempt and hostility, seek to force their way into his? And as their coming means interference with customs hallowed by age and the uprooting of his dearest prejudices,

he resents it. They strive to introduce innovations which he can very well do without. What sufficed for his father and his father's father is good enough for him. The barbarians come only to disturb. They wish to defile the graves of his worshipped ancestors by constructing railways over the soil in which their bones rest. The shrieks of the chained devils in their engines disturb the *Feng Shui*, the tutelary deities of his fields, and hence follow drought and famine. And that these accursed, unneeded iron highways may be constructed, he is forced to sell the land which has been in the possession of his family for generations. The price for it passes through the hands of the mandarins and officials, and so but little reaches him. Has he not heard that to secure the safety of their bridges little children are kidnapped and buried under their foundations? Out upon the accursed intruders! China has flourished through countless ages without their aid, and wants them not.

And so, in a measure, hatred of foreigners supplies the place of patriotism. It binds all classes together. The ruling clique dread them for the reforms they seek to introduce; for these would overthrow the frail structure of oligarchical government in Pekin and hurl the privileged class from power. The mandarins tremble at their interference with the widespread corruption and unjust taxation on which the officials now batten. The educated

hate them for their triumphs over China in the past, their continual territorial aggression, and their constant menace to the integrity of China. The fanatical hatred of the white man exhibited by the lower classes is the result of the blindest ignorance. It is stirred into mad rage by the exhortations of the priests, who naturally resent with true clerical bigotry the introduction of other creeds. The zealous but too often misdirected efforts of the missionaries, who tactlessly trample on his dearest beliefs, rouse the Chinaman to excesses against the strangers who seem to have intruded themselves upon him, only to insult all that he holds most sacred. Every misfortune, whether it be drought and subsequent famine or devastating floods, storm or pestilence, is ascribed to the anger of the gods, irritated at the presence of the unbelievers. If the crops fail or small-pox desolates a village, the eyes of the frenzied peasants turn to the nearest mission house where live the accursed strangers whose false teachings have aroused the anger of the immortals. Urged on by the priests and mandarins, they fall upon it and slay its inmates. But retribution comes swiftly. Their own Government are forced by dread of foreign interference to punish the misguided wretches who have, as they consider, wreaked only a just revenge. The officials are degraded. Heads fall and houses are razed to the ground. The Imperial troops quarter themselves on the luckless villagers who pay dearly in blood and silver for the harm

they have wrought in their madness. And a sullen hatred of the white man spreads through all classes and bears bitter fruit in subsequent graver outbreaks.

Can we justly blame them? Would we act differently in their place? What if the cases were reversed? Suppose England to be a weak and backward country and China wealthy and powerful, with a great navy and a large army. Her merchants are enterprising and seek to push their trade into other countries, even against the wish of the inhabitants. Chinese vessels force their way up the Thames and sell the cargoes they carry to our merchants in defiance of the laws we have passed against the importation of foreign commodities. Refusing to leave, they are fired upon. Chinese missionaries make their way into England and preach ancestor-worship and the tenets of Buddha in the East End of London. The scum of Whitechapel mob them—as the Salvation Army has often been mobbed. A missionary or two is killed. The Chinese Government seeks revenge. A strong fleet is sent to bombard the towns along the South Coast. Bristol is seized. A demand is made that the Isle of Wight should be ceded in reparation for the insult to the Dragon flag. We are forced to surrender it. A Chinese town grows up on it; and the merchants in it insist that their goods should have the preference over home-made articles. The Chinese Government demands that tea from

the Celestial Kingdom should be admitted duty free and a tax put upon Indian growths. A criminal or an anarchist, fleeing from justice, takes refuge on a small Chinese ship, which is boarded and the fugitive seized. We are only an ignorant people, and do not understand the Law of Nations. We are soon instructed. Again China sends a fleet; a force is landed and Liverpool captured. To redeem it we must pay a large ransom. To obtain peace we are obliged to grant the Chinese settlements in Liverpool, Bristol, and Southampton. This inspires other Asiatic Powers—Corea, Kamschatka, and Siam, which we will imagine to be as progressive and powerful as our supposititious China—to demand equal privileges and an occasional slice of territory. Kent, Hampshire, and Norfolk pass into their hands.

Buddhist and Taoist missionaries now flood the land. The common people regard them with fear and hatred. The clergy of the Church of England preach against them. The ignorant peasantry and the lowest classes in the towns at last rise and expel them. A few of them are killed in the process. The flame spreads. The settlements of the hated intruders are everywhere assailed. The Asiatic Embassies in London are attacked by the mob. Our Government, secretly sympathising with the popular feeling, are powerless to defend them. Even if they wished to do so, the soldiers would refuse to fire on the rioters.

Then the Allied nations of Eastern Asia band together; a great army invades our unhappy country. A dire revenge is taken for the outrages on the missionaries and the attacks on the Embassies. Middlesex is laid waste with fire and sword; neither age nor sex is spared. The brutal Kamschatkans slay the children and violate the women. London is captured and looted. The flags of China, Corea, Kamschatka, and Siam fly from the roofs of Buckingham Palace; Marlborough House shelters the invaders; Windsor Castle is occupied by a garrison of the Allied troops. Flying columns march through the land, pillaging and burning as they go; the South of England is occupied by the enemy. Before the Allied nations evacuate the devastated land a crushing war indemnity is laid upon us.

Would we love the yellow strangers then? True, we are backward and unprogressive. *They* are civilised and enlightened; and even against our will our country must be advanced. Still, I fear that we should be ungrateful enough to resent their kind efforts to improve us and persist in regarding them as unwelcome intruders.

All this that I have imagined as befalling England has happened to China. For similar causes Canton was bombarded and captured. The treaty ports were forced to welcome foreign trade. Hong Kong, Tonkin, Kiau-chau, Port Arthur, all

have been torn from China. Fire and sword have laid waste the province of Chi-li. Death to the men and disgrace to the women have been unsparingly dealt. Can we wonder that the Chinese do not love the foreigner?

Our missionaries go forth to earn the crown of martyrdom. But if they gain it their societies demand vengeance in blood and coin from the murderers. The Gospel of Love becomes the Doctrine of Revenge. "Forgive your enemies!" O ye saintly missionaries who are so shocked at the ungodly lives of your sinful fellow-countrymen in foreign lands, will you not practise what you preach? Think of the divine precept of the Master you profess to serve and pardon the blind rage of the ignorant heathen!

So much for the China of the present. What of the future? She is now fettered by the shackles of blind ignorance, by the prejudices and retrogressive spirit of the tyrannical Manchu oligarchy who rule the land. Her strength is sapped by the poison of corruption. The officials, almost to a man, are mercenary and self-seeking. Extortion and dishonesty are found in every class. Suppose a tax is laid upon a certain province. The Viceroy orders the mandarins to collect it from their districts. They send forth their myrmidons to wring it from the people, by threats and torture if need be. Enough must be raised to satisfy the many vultures

through whose claws it will pass before it reaches Pekin. Twice, three times the amount of the sum asked for originally must be gathered from the unfortunate taxpayers, in order that each official through whose hands it goes on its way to the Imperial Treasury may have his share of the spoil. And how is all the money raised in the vast Empire spent? Not on the needs of the land, certainly. Few roads or bridges exist. They have mostly been constructed by charity. The railways—and there are not many—were built by foreign capital.

Is there no hope for China? Must she remain for ever the spoil of the strong? Or will she one day recognise the secret of her weakness, reform and become a power too formidable to be lightly offended? She has an example always before her eyes. Forty years ago Japan was as ignorant and prejudiced. Foreigners were hated; the country was closed to them. The Mikado was then as powerless as the Emperor of China is now. The spear and the sword were the weapons which the soldiers of Japan opposed to the cannons and rifles of the Europeans. Foreign fleets bombarded the coast-towns and wrung concessions from the rulers of the helpless land. The country was divided between powerful chieftains of warlike clans.

Yet at one stroke of a magic wand all was changed. Japan now ranks among the Great Powers of the world. Her army commands respect

and fear; on war-footing it numbers over half a million—and the Japanese have always been gallant soldiers. Her navy is as modern and well-equipped as any afloat. The resources of the country have been developed. A network of railways covers the land; telegraphs and telephones link the important towns. Her manufacturers compete with Europe in every market in Asia. Her merchant ships are all but built in her own dockyards. The fleets of her steamship companies, such as the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, would not discredit Liverpool or New York. Lines of splendid passenger steamers, some of them over 6,000 tons, run to Europe, America, and Australia. Smaller lines keep up communication between Japan and the coasts of Siberia, Corea, and China. Education is widespread; universities and schools abound. Manufactures are encouraged by a liberal policy. The forest of factory chimneys in Osaka gives that town the semblance of Birmingham as one approaches it in the train. The water-power universal throughout the islands is utilised freely. Electric light is found in almost every city in the empire. It is installed in even the smaller private houses. Automatic public telephone kiosks dot the streets of the capital. In provincial towns like Nagoya electric trams run.

All that Japan has become, China may yet be. Nay, more. The former is poor, her territory small,

the greater part of the country encumbered with unprofitable mountains. The undeveloped wealth of the latter is enormous. Gold, silver, copper, iron, and coal are all found. Vast stretches of forest cover the interior. The soil is incredibly fertile; and her people are naturally intelligent. The Chinese in Hong Kong and elsewhere, as merchants, as shipowners, as professional men, prove it. The schools and colleges of our island colony are filled with the clever, almond-eyed students. In the Straits Settlements, as in Hong Kong, they compete with the Europeans in commerce and vie with them in wealth. All that he is, in other countries the Chinaman can become in his own under the liberal rule of an enlightened Government. The foreigners who trade with the Chinese say that the latter are far more trustworthy in business than many a white man. The Chinese merchant's word is his bond. The Japanese are not so reliable; and their artisans are by no means as industrious as their Celestial neighbours. The latter, under no compulsion, will toil day and night to complete some work by the time they have agreed to finish it.

The Chinese soldier is regarded with universal contempt. His achievements in the past, when pitted against European troops, have not exalted his name. But in 1900 he first showed what splendid material he is. With the passive courage of fatalism, incomprehensible to more highly strung

races, the Chinaman will face death without a struggle. When roused by fanaticism he will fight blindly to the end; but in cold blood he has no ambition for military glory. When led to battle for a cause of which he knows or cares nothing, he is ready to save his life by a timely flight with no feelings of shame or self-reproach. He has never been taught otherwise. In China moral suasion or deceit are looked upon as more glorious weapons than sword or gun.

But if he were well disciplined and led to understand the meaning of *esprit de corps*, well treated and well led, he would prove no contemptible soldier. The Boxers who with knives and spears charged up to within fifty yards of Seymour's well-armed men and faced the withering fire of magazine rifles with frenzied courage; the Imperial troops who harassed his brave column day and night; the students who fought their guns to the last when the Tientsin Military College was taken by the Allies—were these cowards?

What the Chinaman can be made to do with proper leading may be seen in the behaviour of our Chinese Regiment, little more than a year raised, all through the campaign of 1900. When the British, American, and Russian stormers had captured the Peiyang Arsenal, on June 27th, an attempt to cut them off from Tientsin was made by a large body of Imperial troops and Boxers who tried to get between them and the river, across which they had

to pass on their return. Lieutenant-Colonel Bower, intrepid explorer and gallant soldier, led out his Chinese Regiment and drove off the enemy. The conduct of the men under fire was excellent.

It is absurd to suppose that the Chinaman cannot learn the art of modern warfare. The example of the Imperial troops who attacked Seymour and besieged Tientsin amply proves this statement. They took advantage of cover with cleverness and knowledge. They used their magazine rifles with accuracy and effect. Their gunners were excellently trained. Their shooting was so good that at first it was falsely supposed that the guns were served by renegade Europeans. The arms with which they were equipped were excellent. The troops were well supplied with quick-firing Krupps and magazine rifles. That they could use these weapons was proved by the heavy losses among the Allied sailors and soldiers in the early part of the campaign.

The Chinese offered so little resistance to the Allies on the march to Pekin, the war collapsed so suddenly on the fall of the capital, that scant justice has been done to the courage displayed on both sides during the heavy fighting with Seymour's column and around Tientsin. The losses among the Europeans show how desperate it was. Admiral Seymour's column, out of less than 2,000 men, lost 295 killed and wounded in sixteen days. The casualties among the British contingent of 900 blue-

jackets and marines, amounted to 27 killed and 97 wounded. The Americans out of 120 men lost 4 killed and 25 wounded. The stormers of the Taku forts also lost heavily.

In the beginning of the attack on the Peiyang Arsenal by the Russians, they lost over 200 men and had to send for help to the Americans and the British.

In the Boxer night attack on Tientsin railway station in July, the British, French, and Japanese defending it had 150 casualties.

Out of a total of 5,000 men engaged in the taking of Tientsin native city on July 13th and 14th, the Allies lost nearly 800 men.

The Egyptian *fellah* was once considered to be utterly hopeless as a fighting-man. But British officers nursed him, strengthened his moral fibre, and then led him into battle. Witness his behaviour at the Atbara and at Omdurman. The army that the genius of Lord Kitchener had moulded so skilfully proved invincible; and the *fellah* did his fair share of the fighting.

The Chinaman in natural courage, in physique, and in stamina is far superior to the Egyptian. Why should he not become a more formidable fighting-man? Think what the Celestial Empire could do if its soldiers were properly armed, trained, and led; if the spirit of self-respect were instilled into them and their natural passive courage fanned into active bravery! Think of a warlike army

recruited from a population of 400,000,000; and at its back a reformed China, its resources developed, its immense wealth properly utilised, its people free and filled with patriotic pride!

What Japan has accomplished, China, once her leader and her conqueror, may yet achieve. And signs of the Great Awakening are at hand!

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE

INDEX

Aberdeen, 181
Admiral Ho, 201, 214, 215
Admiral Seymour at the siege of Tientsin, 24; his advance on Pekin, 30
Affleck-Scott, Mr., 216
Ah Ting, Naval Dairy Farm, 4
Alarm in Hong Kong, 204
Alarm in Macao, 242
Allied Armies, men and methods of, 34
Allied Commissioners in Canton, 259
Allied Fleet at Taku, 8
American Army, Continental criticism, 51; excellence of the men, 51; elastic discipline, 51; courage of, 52; gallantry at Tientsin, 53; comradeship with British troops, 53; contempt for Continentals, 53; discomfiture of British subaltern, 54
Army, American, 50; Chinese in the past, 280; of the future, 298; Dutch, 54; French, 42; German, 34; Indian, 55; Japanese, 47; Russian, 44; Italian, 54
Arrest, in Japan, 252; in Macao, 246; of an English colonel in Macao, 251
Arrow, incident of the, 258
Astor House Hotel, Tientsin, 22

Barracoons in Macao, 255
Barrett, Lieut., Hong Kong Regiment, 199
Bathing parties in Hong Kong, 191
Bayly, Captain, R.N., gallantry at Tientsin, 45
Belcher's Fort, 176
Belgian Legation in Pekin, 78, 80
Bella Vista, Macao, 240
Bengal Lancers, 1st, 59
Bersagliere, 54, 176
Bikanir, H.H. the Maharajah of, 180
Black Flags, 204
Boa Vista Hotel, 238
Boer Campaign, lessons of, 34; foreign ignorance respecting, 41
Bogue Forts, 277
Bombay Light Cavalry, 3rd, 60; a sowar's opinion of the Russians, 164
Bombay Infantry, 22nd, 200, 204, 208, 229
Bombay Pioneers, 28th, 57
Bower, Lieut.-Col., Chinese Regiment, 296
Boxers, night attack on Tientsin station, 15; courage of, 24, 295; losses, 25; hostility to Cantonese traders, 284
Brigands, 136
Bridge of boats at Tientsin, 19
Bridge, marble, at Summer Palace, 127
Bronze Pagoda, 130
Bronzes in Forbidden City, 90, 93
Browning, Major, 48, 135, 168
Buddha, images of, 109

Buddhist monks, 108
Buddhist temple, 107
Burke, Lieut., 22nd Bombay Infantry, 208, 229

Cable tramway to the Peak, 181
Camoens, Gardens of, 254
Cangue, punishment of the, 269
Canton, history of intercourse with foreigners, 257; food supplier to Hong Kong, 171; projected railway to, 171, 196; turbulence, 204; reformers in, 206; land and river approach, 278; description, 261; population, 263; its streets, 264; its shops, 265; prison, 269; its trade, 275; its importance to English commerce, 275; an attack on, 277; energy of French consuls in, 276
Cap-sui-Moon Pass, 209
Carvalhaes, Senhor, A.D.C. to Governor of Macao, 244, 250, 251
Casserly, Lieut., 208
Cathedral, Roman Catholic, in Pekin, 95; its siege, 97; at Canton, 263; San Paulo at Macao, 254
Cavalry, French, 43; Japanese, 47; Indian, 59; in Hong Kong, 200
Cemetery at Wei-hai-wei, 4; Macao, 245
Centre of the Universe, 70
Cession of the Kowloon Hinterland, 197
Chasseurs d'Afrique, 43, 66
Chifu, 6
China an easy prize, 280; her sufferings in the past from foreigners, 290; of the present-291; of the future, 293
Chinese Army of the past, 280; want of patriotism, 281; family love, 281; Mohammedans, 283; difference in languages, 283; dislike to foreigners, 286; extortion of mandarins, 291; as merchants abroad, 294; trade honesty of, 294; splendid material for soldiers, 296; in modern warfare, 296; soldiers in the South, 227; in the North, 228; examinations, 273
Chinese Arsenal at Tientsin, 15; guns made at, 217
Chinese Regiment, guard at Wei-hai-wei, 7; barracks, 6; behaviour in action, 295, 296
Chinese workmen, 97
Chong Wong Foo, 83
City Hall, Hong Kong, 176
Clocks in Emperor's palace, 91
Club, Hong Kong, 176; Tientsin, 20; German at Tientsin, 22; English Tennis at Macao, 244; Portuguese Naval Tennis Club, Macao, 251; Military Club, Macao, 241
Cloisonné in Pekin, its manufacture, 111
Coal Hill, Pekin, 74
Cockroaches as an article of diet, 224
Concessions, European, in Tientsin, 17; in Canton, 259, 274
Confucius, Temple of, 111
Consulate, British, at Tientsin, 20; foreign, at Canton, 274
Coolie Corps, 10
Cossacks at play, 163
Customs, Imperial Chinese, station on Mah Wan, 209; at Samchun, 212; officers of, 217
Curzon, Lord, *Problems of the Far East*, 69.

Dagoes, 53
Daibutsu at Kamakura and Hiogo, 109
Death of a thousand cuts, 271
De Boulay, Major, R.A., 121
Deep Bay, 196, 210
Development of Japan, 293
Dobell, Major, D.S.O., Royal Welch Fusiliers, 85
Docks, Kowloon, 187
Dockyard, Royal Naval, at Wei-hai-wei, 4; at Hong Kong, 178
Dorward, General, his eulogy of American troops, 52
Dowager-Empress, her pavilion in the Forbidden City, 92; palace in Pekin, 74; Summer Palace, 115; seizure of the Emperor, 115; supposed plan to entrap the Allies, 206
Dragon Gate in Canton, 274
Drummond, Mr. Ivor, C.I.C., 31
Dutch Expeditionary Force, 54; their envy of the Portuguese colonies in the past—attempt on Macao, 232

East India Company in Canton, 258
Efficiency of British officers of the Indian Army, 57; of the Japanese Intelligence Department, 49
Egyptian *fellah* compared to the Chinaman, 297
Elderton, Commander, D.S.O., good work at Taku, 8
Embroidery in Canton, 268
Emperor, his powerlessness, 64; his palace, 89; throne room, 89; harem, 90; private apartments, 91
English Concession at Tientsin, [17
English Legation at Pekin, 78
English officers, friendship with the Americans, 21; linguists in China, 19; supposed ungraciousness of manners, 81; plain campaigning dress, 27
Examinations, Chinese system of, 273
Examination Hall in Canton, 273
Examiners, Chinese, at Canton, 274
Executions at Tientsin, 28; in Canton, 271
Extortion of mandarins, 291

Fair, Lieut., R.N., Flag-Lieutenant to Admiral Seymour, 24
Family love of the Chinese, 281
Fans, 106
Fan-tan in Samchun, 225; in Macao, 253
Fares from Hong Kong to Canton and Macao, 235
Favrier, Archbishop, defends the Peitan gallantly, 95; captures a Chinese gun, 96; introduction to him, 99
Ferreira Amaral, Governor of Macao, refuses to pay tribute to the Chinese, 232
Fighting races of India, 56
Fireworks, Chinese, 219
Flags of Chinese troops in Samchun, 215, 227
Floating population of Canton, 260; of Hong Kong, 185
Flora, Governor's summer residence, 240
Flowery Forest Monastery, 269
Forbidden City, 73, 86
French Army, 42; intimacy between French and German soldiers in Tientsin, 40; Infanterie —

Coloniale, 42; infantry, 43; officers, 43; method of maintaining discipline, 43; training and organisation, 44; Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Afrique, 43
French colonial party, suspected designs on Macao, 233; on Canton, 275
French post-office in Canton, 276
Frontier Field Force, 208
Frontier of the Kowloon Hinterland, 196
Fusiliers, Royal Welch, attack on a patrol, 23; in the Hinterland, 198; Hong Kong garrison, 200

Garrison of Hong Kong, 199; of Macao, 241
Gascoigne, Major-General Sir W., 199
Gaselee, General Sir A., K.C.B., 204
German Army, 34; adherence to close formations and antiquated tactics, 35; campaigning dress in China, 39; failure of transport, 39; soldiers, 40; their friendship with the French, 40; officers of, 37
German Club at Tientsin, 22
German Imperial Navy, 40; mercantile marine, 40
Gordon Hall, Tientsin, 22, 28
Gough, Sir Hugh, attacks Canton, 258
Government of Macao, 241
Governor of Macao, 244
Grant-Smith, Mr. Ivan, 245, 252
Gray, Captain, 4th P.I., 167
Green Island, 173
Gunboats, allied, at Taku, 9, 10; at Canton, 274; British fired at, 276
Gurkhas, friendship with Japanese, 50, 166; ingratitude of foreign troops sheltered by them, 166; officers at Shanhaikwan, 138

Hall, Examination at, Canton, 273
Hall of Five Hundred Genii, 269
Hall of Ten Thousand Ages, 123
Happy Valley, 179
Hardy, Rev. Mr., 1
Harem, Emperor's, in Pekin, 90
Ha-ta-man Street, 102; Gate, 77
Hatherell, Captain, 22nd Bombay Infantry, 208, 229
Heaven, Temple of, 67
Heungshan, s.s., 235
Heung Shan, Island of, 233
Hinterland, Kowloon, 194; character and description of, 195; projected railway through, 196; cession, 196; advantages to Hong Kong, 198; column guarding it, 202; want of maps of, 216; British police in, 198
Honam, Cantonese suburb of, 260, 263
Hong Kong, importance as a naval and military base, 167; harbour, 184; menace of famine, 170; commercial importance, 171; geography, 172; description, 174–184; Club, 177; climate, 184; society in, 190; value of dollar, 235
Hong Kong Regiment, bravery at Tientsin, 15; barracks, 187; disbanded, 187
Hong Kong, Canton to Macao Steamboat Co., 234
Hong Kong and Singapore Artillery, 199
Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, ruins in Pekin, 71; building in Hong Kong, 176

Hong Kong Volunteers, 188, 199
Horrors, Temple of, 272
Hôtel du Nord, Pekin, 71
Hsi-ku Arsenal, 30
Hsin-ho, British landing-place at, 10
Hutchinson, Lieut., R.N.R., 25, 135

Imperial apartments, 91
Imperial Maritime Customs, Chinese, gunboat, 210; officers, 217; station at Samchun, 212
Imperial troops, Chinese, 24, 296
Indian Army, 55; fighting races of, 56; Lord Roberts chiefly responsible for its efficiency, 57; its British officers, 57; organisation of a regiment, 58; foreign criticisms, 59; Russian opinion of, 156; cavalry, 59; infantry, 60; impossibility of another Mutiny, 62; loyalty of the sepoy, 63
India as a training-ground for troops, 61
Indian Expeditionary Force, 33, 55
Indian Commissariat at Wei-hai-wei, 5; at Hong Kong, 178
Indian Marine, Royal, officers of, 12
Infanterie Coloniale, 42
Infantry, excellence of Japanese, 48; Indian, foreign criticisms of, 60; composition of a native regiment of, 58
Intelligence Department, Japanese, 49
Italian Expeditionary Force, 54
Ivory carving in Canton, 266

Japan in the past, 292; its modern development, 293; arrests in, 252
Japanese Army captures Wei-hai-wei, 3; transport, 47; campaigning dress, 47; cavalry, 47; infantry, 48; infantry in action, 48; organisation, 49; Intelligence Department, 49; officers as intelligence agents in Pekin, 49; excellent discipline, 49; courage and moderation, 50; friendship for Indian troops, 50, 165
Japanese Fleet, arrival at Shan-haikwan, 149
Johnstone, Major, R.M.L.I., 30
Junks, marble junk, 127; junks in Hong Kong harbour, 210; war junks, 211

Kell, Lieut., S. Stafford Regt., 144
Kettler, murder of Baron, 83; monument, 83
Kettlewell, Major, commands Frontier Field Force, 208
Kipling, Rudyard, his description of Canton, 256
Kowloon, 174, 186; docks, 187; society, 193
Kowloon, Chinese city of, 186, 188
Kowloon Peninsula, 172, 183, 194
Kowloon Hinterland, *see* Hinterland.
Kwang-tung, 194; rebellion in, [207

Labertouche, Captain, 22nd Bombay Infantry, 146
Ladies' Recreation Ground, Hong Kong, 184
Lama Temple, Great, Pekin, 107
Lampacao, Portuguese settlement on, 231
Language, difference in Chinese languages in various provinces, 283; polyglot, 20; British officers as interpreters, 19

Lantau, Island of, 183
Legation Street, Pekin, 70, 80
Legations, Pekin, 78; defence of, 78; visit to English Legation, 79; guard, 79; new defensive wall, 107
Li Hung Chang, 128, 204
Ling-chi, torture of, 271
Liscum, Colonel, U.S. Army, his death, 53
Liu-kung-tao, Island of, 3
Losses of Allies at Tientsin, 296, 297
Lo-u, 216

Macao, 231; its past history, 231; its present decay, 232; danger to Hong Kong, 233; passage to, 236; description, 237–40; public gardens, 240; government, 241; society, 243; affair with police, 245; gambling houses, 253; sights, 254
Madrassis, decay of, 56
Madras Sappers and Miners, 56
Madras Light Infantry, 3rd, 200, 204, 208
Mandarins at Samchun, 222; corruption of Chinese, 228; extortion, 291
Manchuria, Russian soldiers in, 45
Map of Kowloon Hinterland, 216
Marble junk, 127
Marble bridge at Summer Palace, 127
Marco Polo, 269
Melville, Lieut., 22nd Bombay Infantry, 208
Mikado, 292
Military Club, Macao, 241
Military College, Tientsin, 295
Moji, 253
Monte Carlo of the East, 232
Moon, Temple of, 70
Mosquitoes, 141
Mount Austen Hotel, 182
Mounted Infantry in Tientsin, 26; usefulness in Hong Kong, 200
Mud of Pekin, 82
Mutiny in Macao, 242
Mutiny, impossibility of another Indian, 62

Nagoya, electric cars in, 293
Naval Dockyard at Wei-hai-wei, 4; at Hong Kong, 178
Navy, German, 40
Newchwang, Russian church parade in, 45; railway to, 133
Nippon Yusen Kaisha, 293

Ogilvie, Lieut., R.A., 208
Old Kowloon City, 186, 188
Osaka, 293
Outrages on foreigners in China, 287

Pagoda, bronze, 130
Patriotism, want of, 281; of India, 282
Peak in Hong Kong, 175, 181, 183
Pearl River, 236, 261
Peddlers in Pekin, 102; in Canton, 261
Peiho River, 9, 19
Peitan, Roman Catholic Cathedral, 95; siege, 97
Peiyang Arsenal, taking of, 219, 295; Russian losses at, 297
Pekin, journey to, 65; station, 66; description, 71; walls of, 72; Tartar and Chinese cities, 72; Tartar city, 72; Legations, 78; mud, 82; Allied occupation of, 83; Forbidden City, 87

Pigmy, H.M.S., takes Shanhaikwan forts, 134
Pioneers, 28th Bombay, 57
Police of Macao, 241; affair with, 246
Police of new territory, British, 213
Polo ground in Victoria, 180
Polo in Hong Kong, 180
Ponies, troublesome Chinese, 116
Population of Canton, 263
Port Arthur, reinforcements from, 46; retention of, 156
Portuguese colony of Macao, 231; tribute to China, 232; police, 246; Naval Tennis Club, 251
Powell, Sir Francis, R.N., 178
Pottery, 106
Praia Grande, 238
Punjaub Infantry, 4th, in action with Japanese troops, 48; guarding the railway, 135; under Lieut. Stirling, D.S.O., 168
Purple or Forbidden City, 73
Puzzle-balls, Chinese, 267

Quarto del Sargento, 248
Queen's House, Wei-hai-wei, 5
Queen's Road, Hong Kong, 248

Railways in North China, 133; from Tong-ku to Pekin, 13, 65; to Shanhaikwan, 135
Railway, projected, to Canton, 196
Railway Siding incident, 32
Railway Staff Officers, British, 14
Reformers in Southern China, 206
Ringing Rocks at Macao, 255
Roberts, Lord, 57
Royal Indian Marine Officers, 12
Royal Welch Fusiliers, attack on patrol, 23; in the Hinterland, 198; Hong Kong garrison, 200
Rudkin, Lieut., 20th Bombay Infantry, his tact and firmness, 33
Rue du General Voyron, Pekin, 97
Rundell, Lieut., R.E., 208
Russian Army, 44; troops, 44; endurance of soldiers, 45; piety, 45; courage, 46; comradeship between officers and men, 47
Russian Railway Staff Officer at Shanhaikwan, 144
Russians seize railways in North China, 133; seize rolling stock at Shanhaikwan, 146; dinner party at Shanhaikwan on the cliffs, 149; a dinner with Russian officers, 154; causes of dislike to England, 155

Samchun, 207, 212, 214; visit to, 221; river, 217
Sampans in Hong Kong, 185
San Paulo, ruined cathedral of, 254
Satow, Sir Ernest, 128
Saunders, Lieut., R.A., 208
Sepoys, opinion of foreign contingents, 61, 164; loyalty of, 62
Seymour, Admiral Sir Edward, courage in Tientsin, 24; his advance on Pekin, 30
Shameen, 259, 274
Sharpe, Captain, 3rd Madras Light Infantry, 208
Siberian Army, 45
Siege of Tientsin, 30
Siege of the Peitan, 97
Siege train, disappointment of British, 26
Sikhs, 61
Silks in Pekin, 105

Shanhaikwan, 138; strategic importance of, 134; railway journey to, 135; town of, 146; Great Wall of China at, 148; arrival of Japanese Fleet at, 149; forts at, 151; Japanese and Indians at, 167
Society in Hong Kong, 190, 192; Kowloon, 193; in Macao, 243
Spirit Path, 88
Stanley, abandoned town of, 181
Stirling, Lieut., D.S.O., 4th Punjaub Infantry, 168
Straubenzee, General Sir Charles, 258
Streets of Canton, 263
Streets of Pekin, 75
Summer Palace, 115
Sun Yat Sen, 207

Tai-mo-shan, 183
Tai-u-shan, 183
Taku, 8, 9; forts, 9
Taku Road, 23
Tartar City, 72
Temple of Heaven, 67; Sun, 69; Moon, 70; in Forbidden City, 90, 93; Lama, 107; Confucius, 111; Five Hundred Genii, 269; of Horrors, 272
Terrible, H.M.S., at Shanhaikwan, 155; gunners, 25
Tientsin station, 15; concessions, 17; Chinese City, 17; Club, 20; siege of, 30
Tommy Atkins in Tientsin, 27
Tong-ku, 10, 11; Allies at, 11; station, 134
Tong-shan, 137
Tortures, Chinese, 271
Traders, Chinese as, 294
Transport officers, 8,
Transport of Germans defective, 39; of Japanese, 47; Indian, 55
Treaty Ports, 258
Triad Society, 207, 216
Tung Chow, 117

Valley, Happy, 179
Vasilievski, General, wounded at Pekin, 118
Victoria, Hong Kong, 173
Victoria Road, Tientsin, 22
Vladivostock, 156
Vodki, 154
Von Waldersee, Count, and our Royal Horse Artillery, 68

Wall, Great, of China, 147
Walls of Canton, 261
Walls of Pekin, 72, 76
Walls of Wei-hai-wei, 5
Want of patriotism among the Chinese, 281
Water-gate of Tartar City, 78; of Canton, 262
Wei-hai-wei by night, 2; by day, 3; Chinese village of, 6; taken by Japanese, 3
Welch Fusiliers, Royal, 79, 85, 198, 200
West River, 276
Whittall, Major, Hyderabad Contingent, 18
Williams, Major, Base Commissariat Officer, 178
Woolley, Captain, I.M.S., 208, 220
Workmen, Chinese, 97

Yamen, Wei-hai-wei, 4; Canton, 262; Samchun, 221; British Consuls in Canton, 259

Yangtsun, 66
Yaumati, 186, 209
Yuan Shi Kai, army of, 229

Zaire, Portuguese gunboat, 237; lands sailors, 242
Zouaves, 43

00065918

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 28 December, 2018